CENTENNIAL EDITION

The Service of Song.

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THE

SERVICE OF SONG

FOR

BAPTIST CHURCHES.

CENTENNIAL EDITION.

The Service of Song in the House of the Lord.

1 CHRONICLES vi. 31.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON AND COMPANY.
1877.

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EDITIONS

OF

THE SERVICE OF SONG.

First.

THE COMPLETE EDITION, New and Improved, containing about 1,200 Hymns and Tunes.

All the Editions are in large type.

With Hymns and Tunes, printed on tinted paper $2.00
" Hymns only, bound in sheep 1.25
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PREFACE.

THIS book follows the larger collection bearing the same name, not only in order of time, but in general character, with such changes, whether by reduction, transposition, addition, or omission of hymns, as adapt it to its purpose, and will be found to **make it really a new book.**

There are congregations and occasions for which a smaller collection is more useful, and for such this is designed. Of course it will be understood that in order to be small, many hymns, excellent and desirable, each of them perhaps a favorite with some person, must be left out. Abridgment has also been preferred to a large reduction in the number of hymns, and has been required often in order to match hymn and tune and page. We have attempted to avoid serious mutilation, though well aware how much some good hymns suffer by being shortened. The author and date of each hymn are given when known, and in connection with the hymn rather than in an index. While adhering to the original text as a rule, alterations which have gained general currency, and which justify themselves, have usually been accepted, and the fact of alteration is indicated.

Tunes of the same metre are placed on opposite pages, if possible, thus giving a double choice. While the book is made up principally from the old and familiar hymns and tunes, much of the recent music of a more popular and animated kind has been introduced, in order to meet what seems to be a present want. For the use of some of these compositions, the editors

7693

are indebted to authors and proprietors. They have occasion especially to acknowledge their obligations to Mr. G. C. Stebbins, Dr. Eben Tourjée, and Dr. E. G. Taylor.

They also take pleasure in acknowledging, for themselves and in behalf of the publishers, the encouragement and help they have had from the suggestions and friendly interest of their brethren, Drs. Lathrop, Raymond, Elder, Burlingham, D. Read, D. Moore, Sage, T. G. Jones, Winkler, J. B. Taylor, Kendrick, and Rev. H. F. Colby.

S. L. CALDWELL.
A. J. GORDON.

MAY 1, 1876.

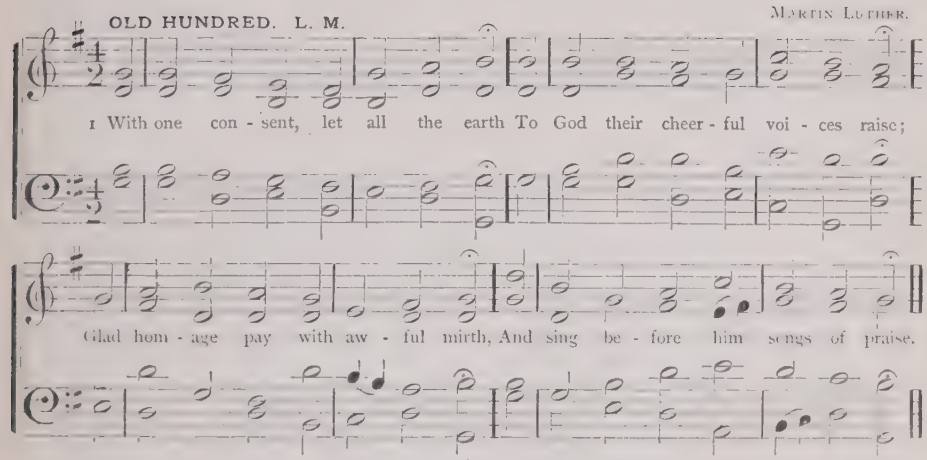
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THE
SERVICE OF SONG.



1. PSALM 100.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

2. PSALM 100.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

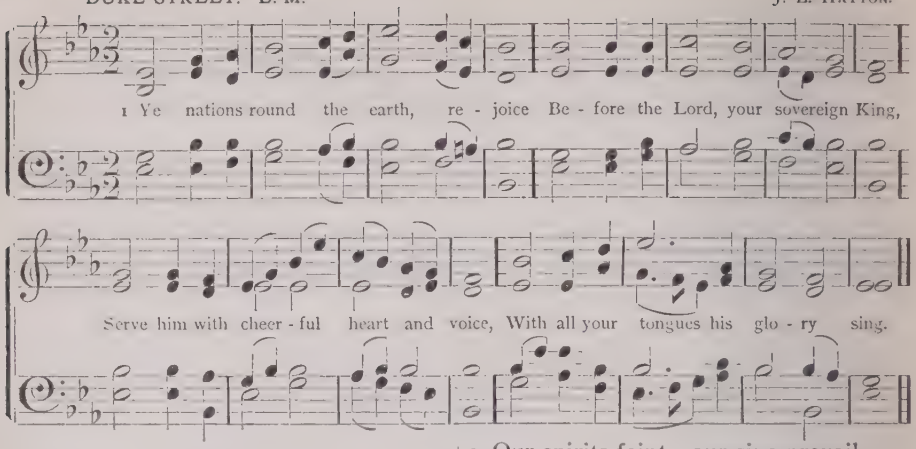
3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719; alt. by J. Wesley, 1741.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. L. HATTON.



3. PSALM 100.

2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

4. PSALM 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

5. PSALM 65.

1 PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

6. PSALM 36.
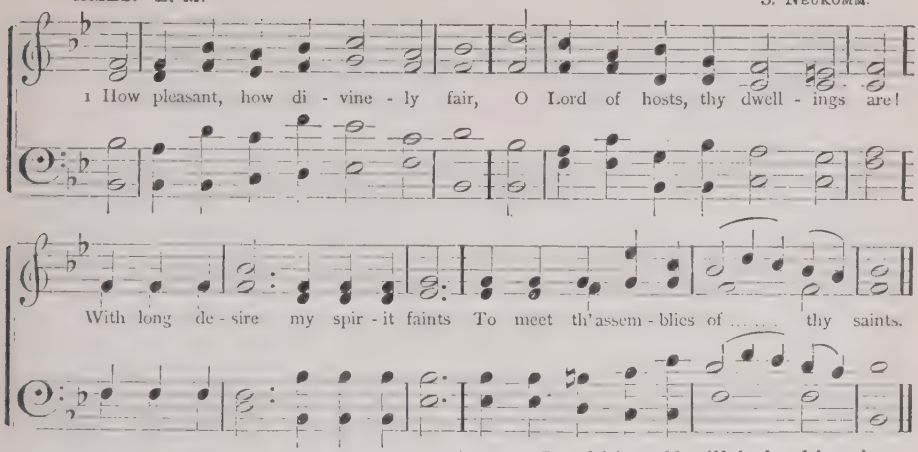
1 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

2 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

3 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord!
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

AMES. L. M. S. NEUKOMM.



7. PSALM 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8. PSALM 135.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord! the Lord is good!
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints:
He treats his servants as his friends;
And, when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Bless him, all ye who taste his love!
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

9.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
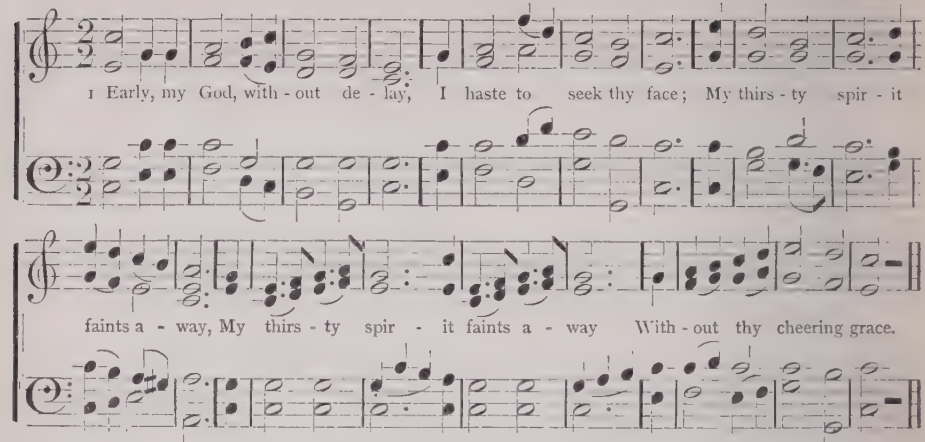
2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1779.

LANESBORO'. C. M. L. MASON.



10.

PSALM 63.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

11.

PSALM 5.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

12.

PSALM 27.

1 THE Lord of glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
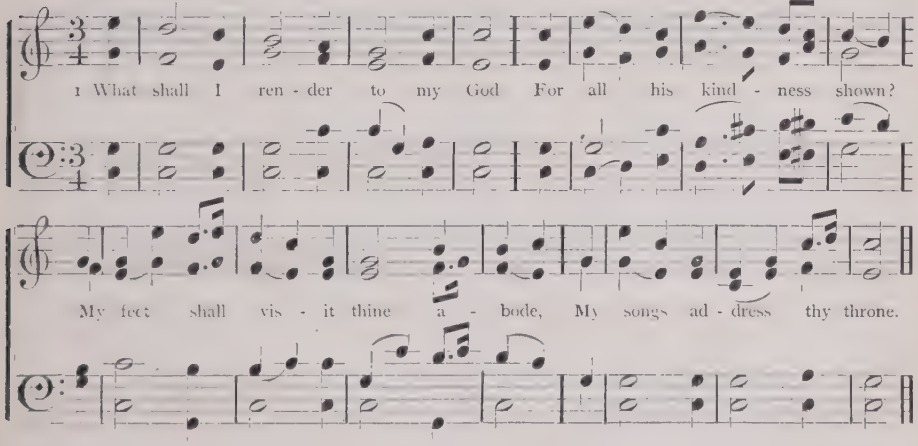
3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



13.

PSALM 116.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

14.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

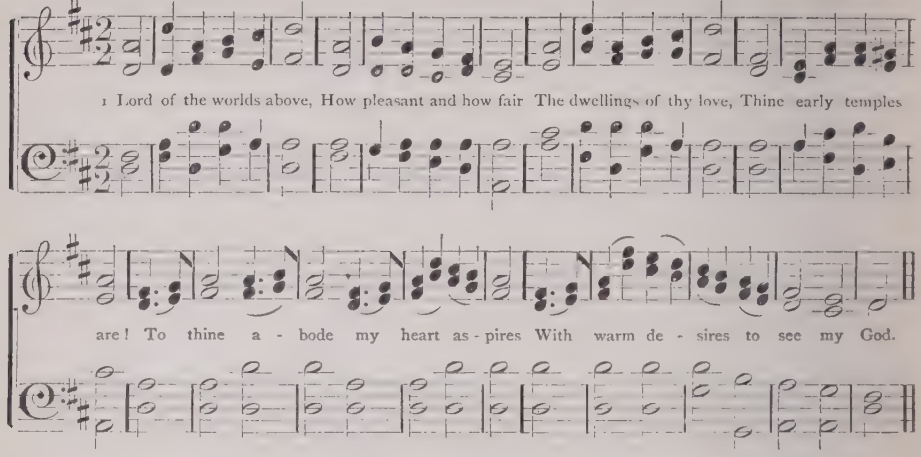
2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1805.

HADDAM. H. M. L. MASON.



15.

PSALM 84.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

16.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

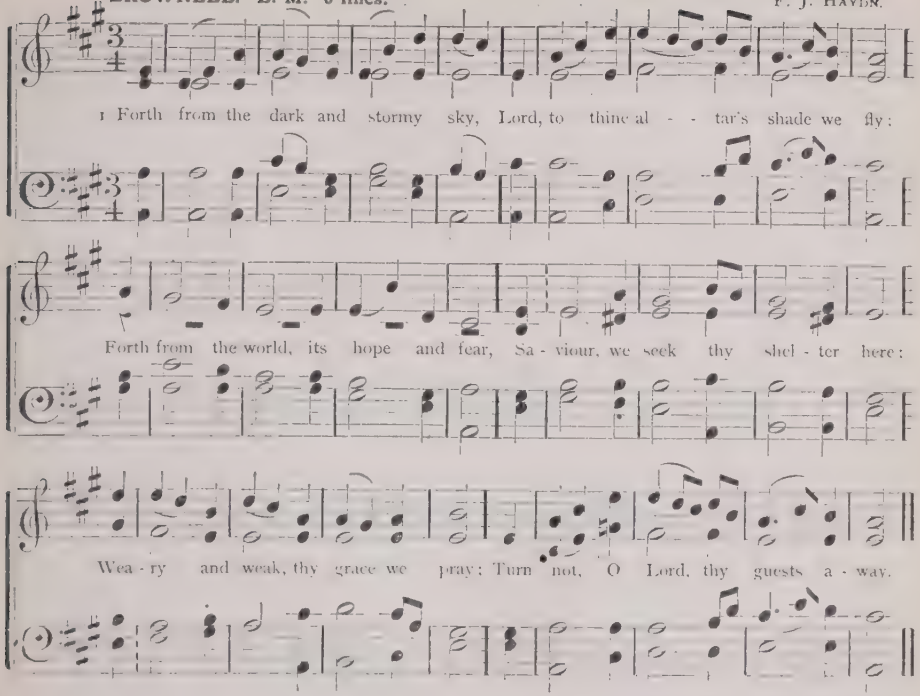
2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display.
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway.
And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton, 1824.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines. F. J. HAYDN.



17.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

18.

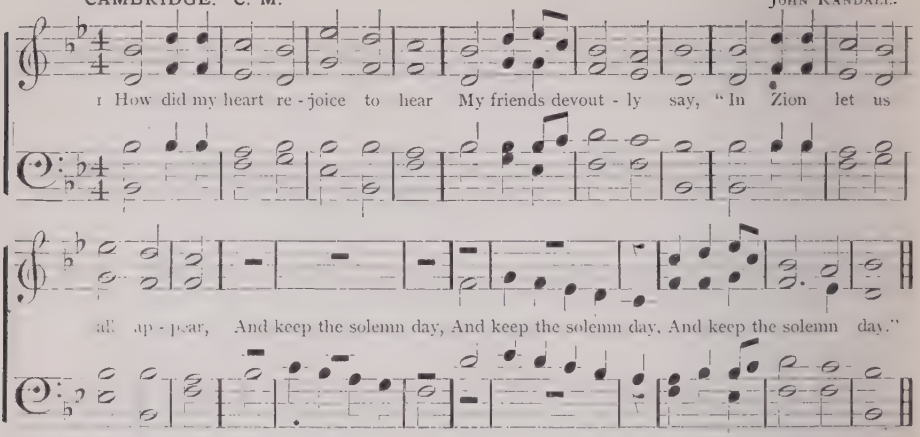
1 Lo! God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730. Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. JOHN RANDALL.



19. PSALM 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

20.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele. 1760.

21. PSALM 84.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

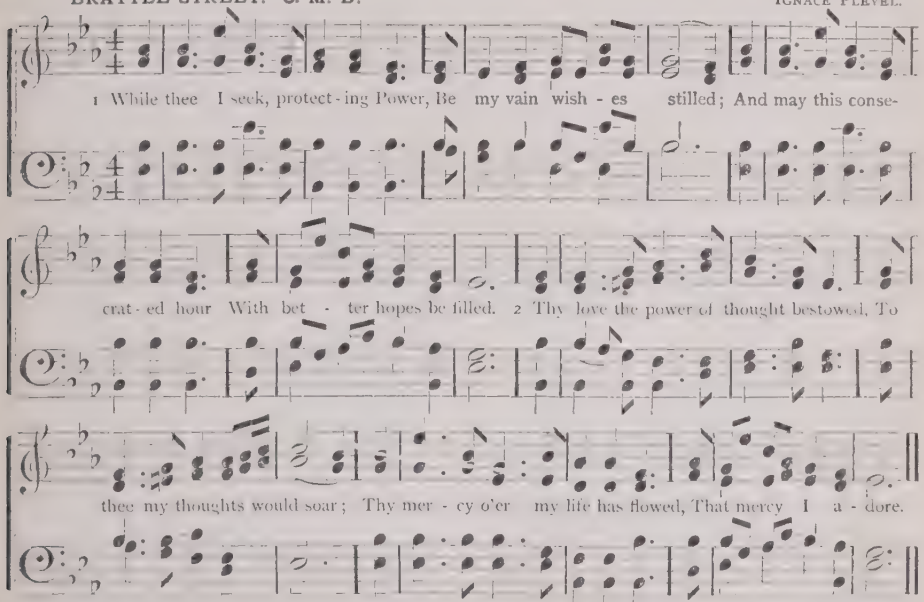
3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

Isaac Watts, 1719.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. IGNACE PLEYEL.



22.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

23.

1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

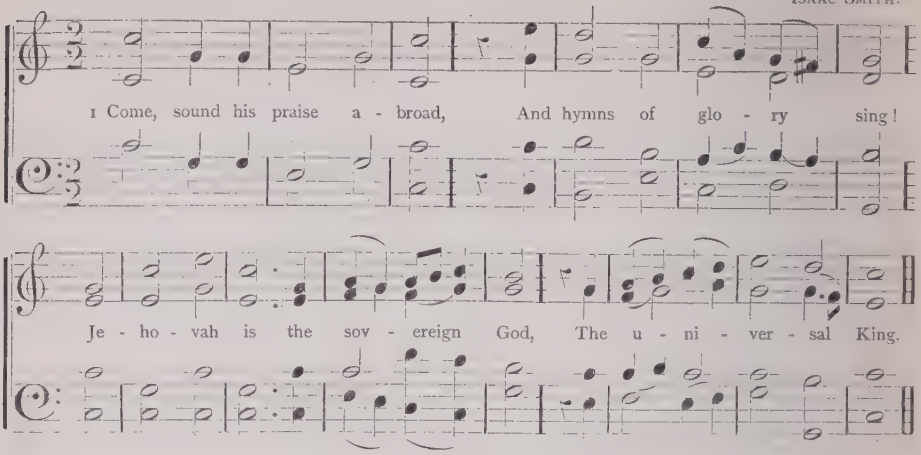
2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele, 1760.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.



24. PSALM 95

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

25.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth forevermore.

James Montgomery, 1825.

26. PSALM 48.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

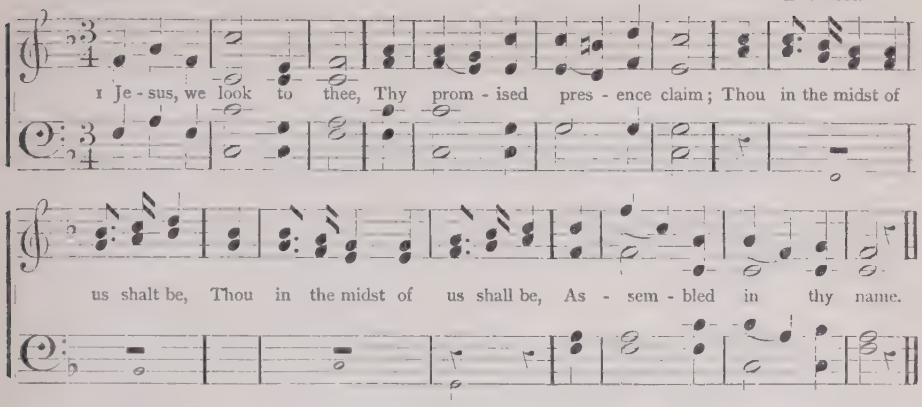
3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair,
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GERAR. S. M. L. MASON.



27.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know thou art,
But oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

28.

1 LORD God the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery, 1819.

29.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.
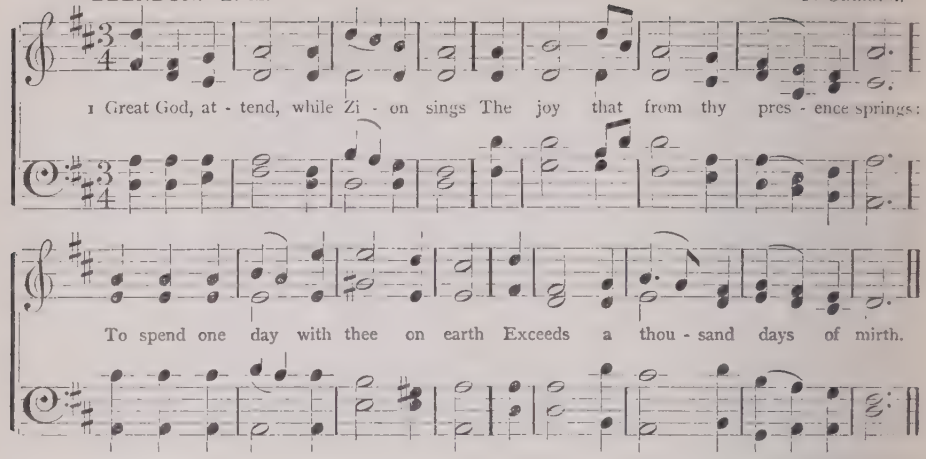
2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble, 1827, a.

BLENDON. L. M. F. GIARDINI.



30.

PSALM 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

31.

PSALM 103.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

32.

1 O LORD, how joyful 't is to see
The brethren join in love to thee;
On thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength thy grace supplies.
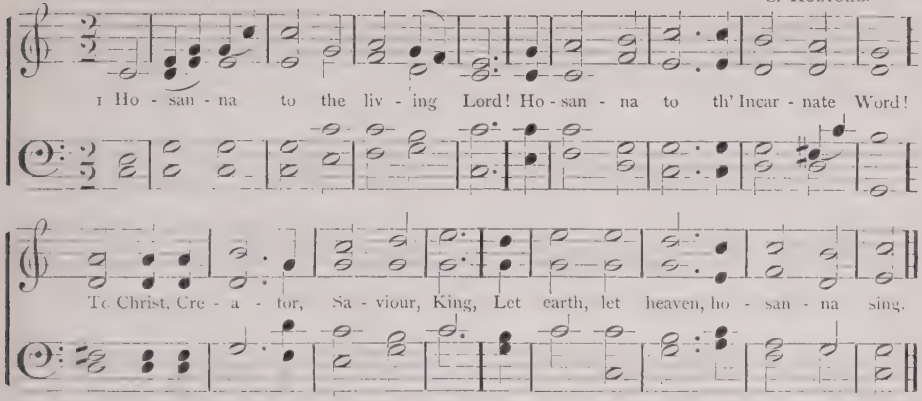
2 How sweet, within thy holy place,
With one accord to sing thy grace,
Besieging thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O, may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O, may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

John Chandler, 1837.

ARNHEIM. L. M. S. HOLYOKE.



33.

2 Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord, thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Here we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

34.

EPH. 3: 17-23.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

35.

1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

John Dracup, 1787.

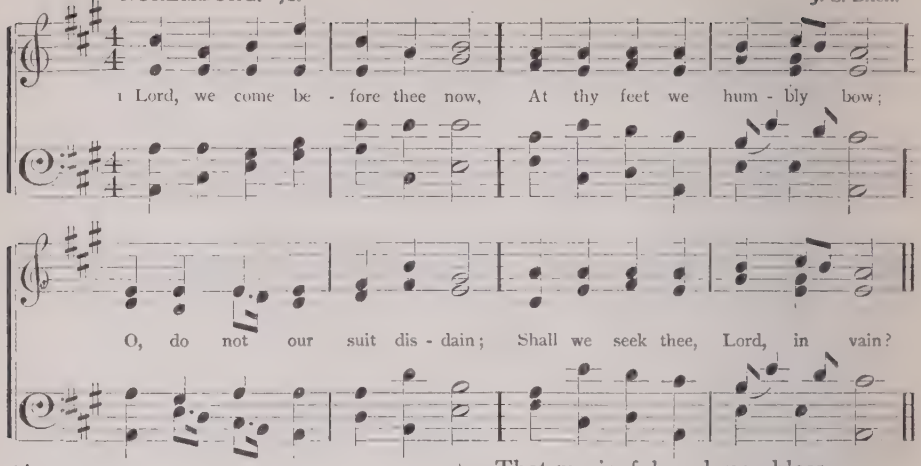
36.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

NUREMBURG. 7s. J. S. Bach.



37.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

38.

1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day!

James Montgomery, 1825.

39.

1 Lord of hosts, how bright, how fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

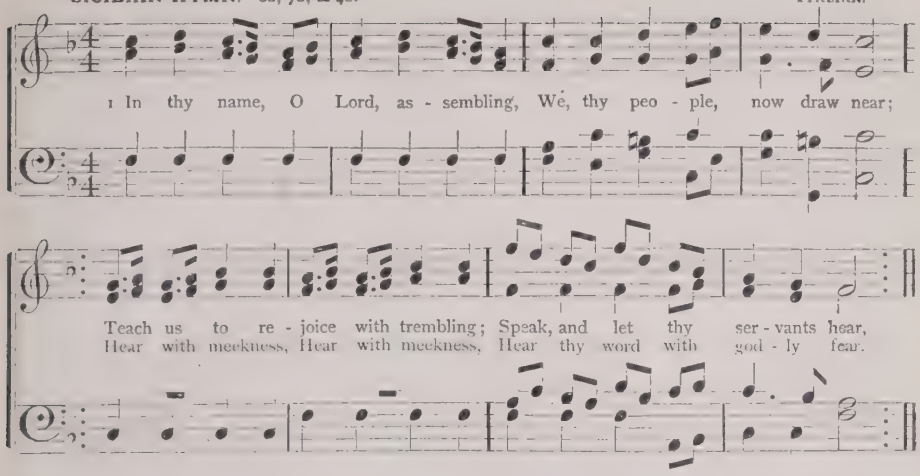
2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

Daniel Turner, 1787, a.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, & 4s. ITALIAN.



40.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before, —
Full enjoyment, —
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

41.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

Walter Shirley, 1779.

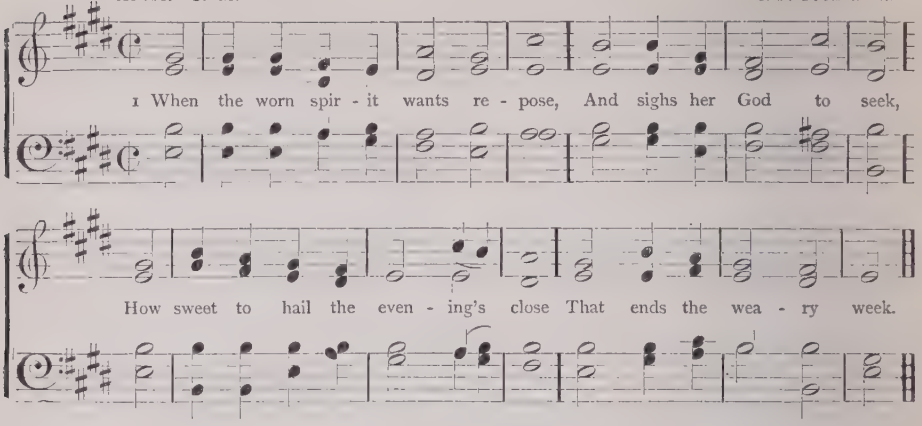
42.

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.

FAITH. C. M. S. P. TUCKERMAN.



43.

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done;
The world's long week be o'er;
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun;
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.

44.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope;
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays;
And, with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

Simon Browne, 1720.

45.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

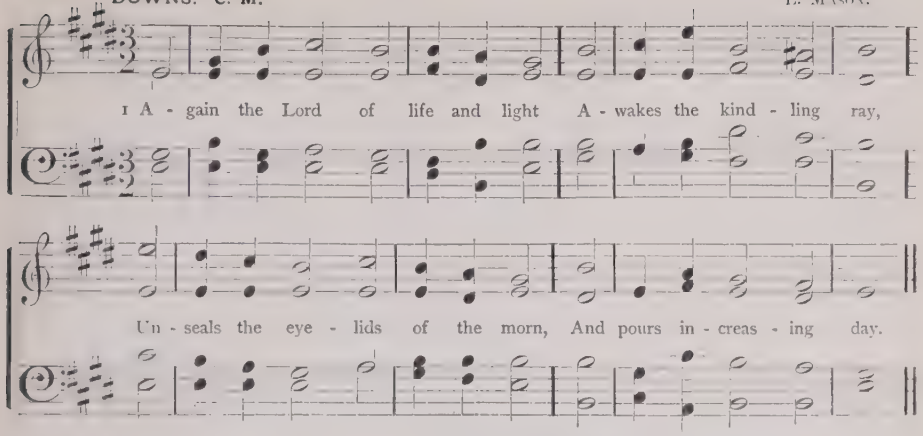
2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

DOWNS. C. M. L. MASON.



46.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

4 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1773, a.

47.

PSALM 118: 24 - 26.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

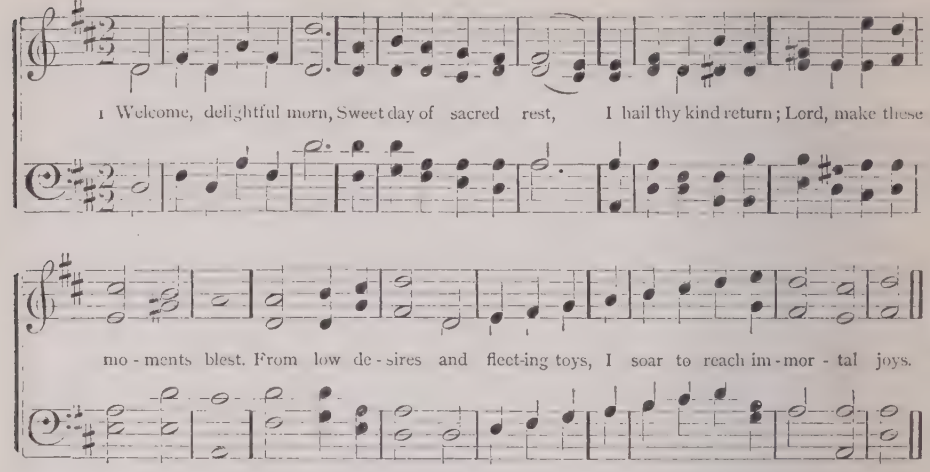
3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

DARWELL. H. M. JOHN DARWELL.



48.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low desires and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

Hayward, 1806.

49.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confined:
The angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

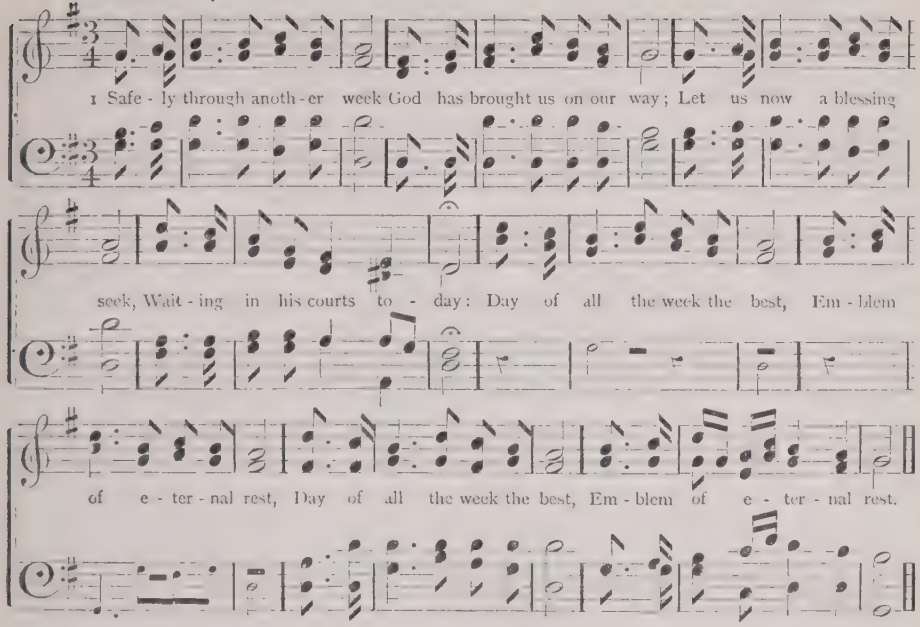
3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

Elizabeth Scott, 1763.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines. L. MASON.



50.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779, a.

51.

1 On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day th' Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

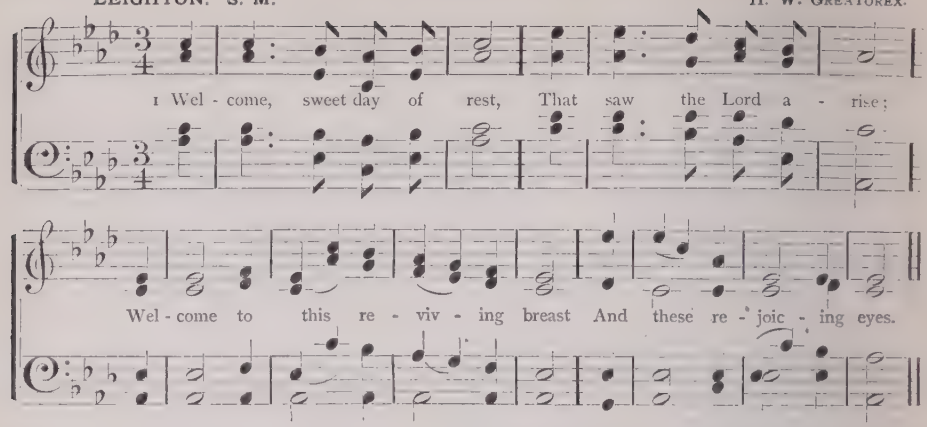
4 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

6 God, the blessed THREE IN ONE,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee.

From the Latin by Sir H. W. Baker, 1860.

LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



52.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

53.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829, a.

54.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
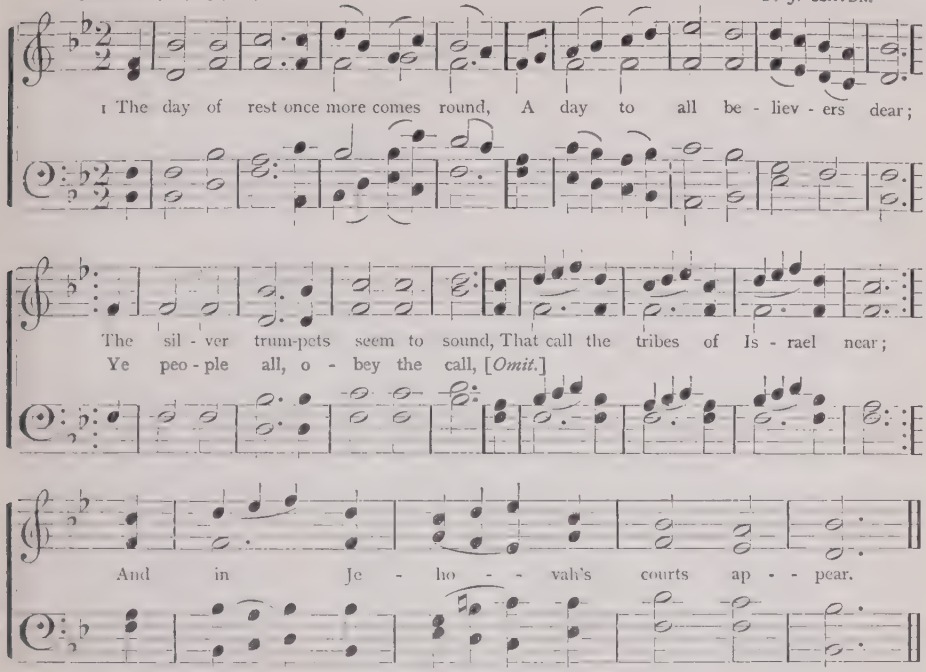
3 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

CREATION. L. M. F. J. HAYDN.



55.

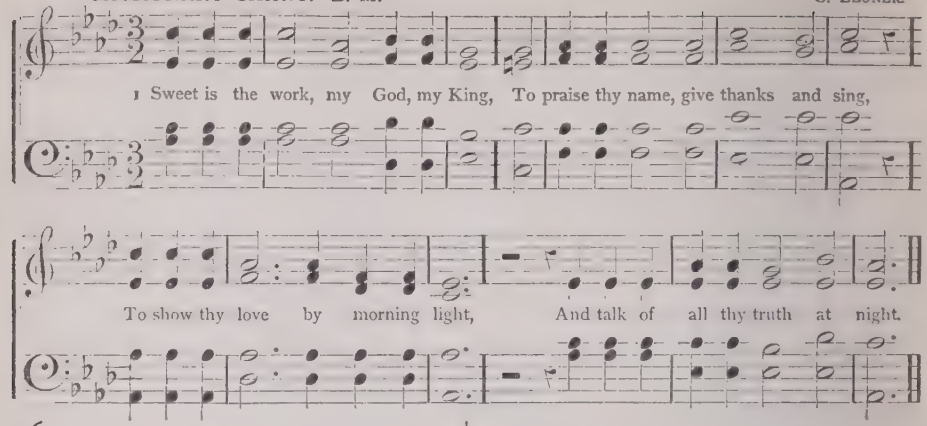
1 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home;
Of thee our King oh! may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!

3 O, hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suffering shall forever close,
And they shall reach their destined place;
Then shall they rest supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace!

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. C. ZEUNER.



56.

PSALM 92.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

57.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett, 1734, a.

58.

1 HAIL, morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

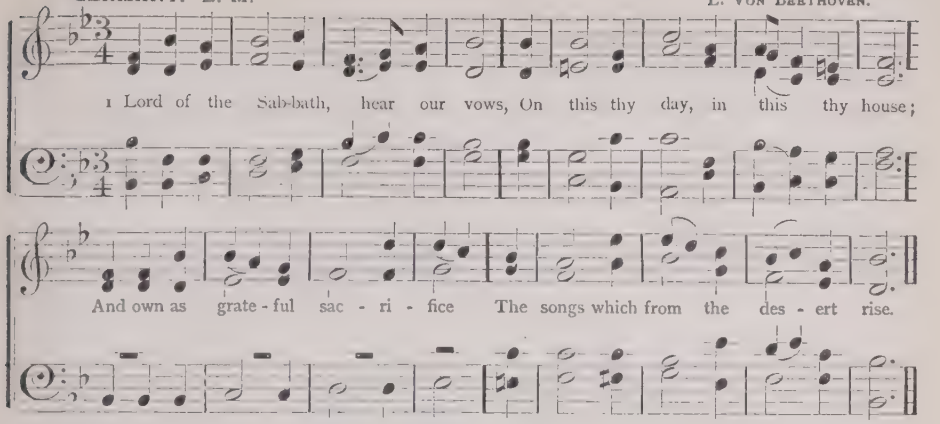
2 Blest be the Father of our Lord, [Son;
Who from the dead hath brought his
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope, with gladness, raised her head.

4 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord,
Thy fire to every bosom bring;
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.

GERMANY. L. M. L. VON BEETHOVEN.



59.

HEB. 4: 9.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues:

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

60.

1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long:
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston, 1820.

61.

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

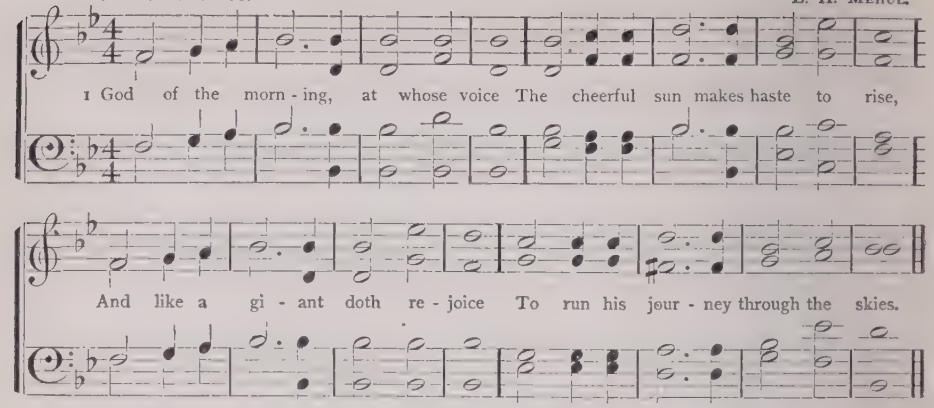
2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh:
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more! — and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus LORD!

James Montgomery, 1853.

GILEAD. L. M. E. H. MEHUL.



62.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way!

4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

63.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.

64.

1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray!

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
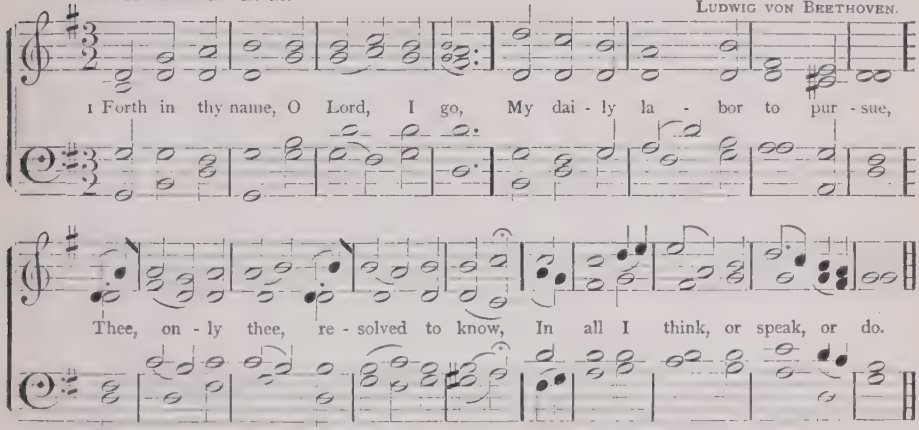
4 O, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

5 O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

Ambrose, 340 – 397; tr. by John Chandler, 1837.

ETHELBERG. L. M.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



65.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day;

5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

66.

1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

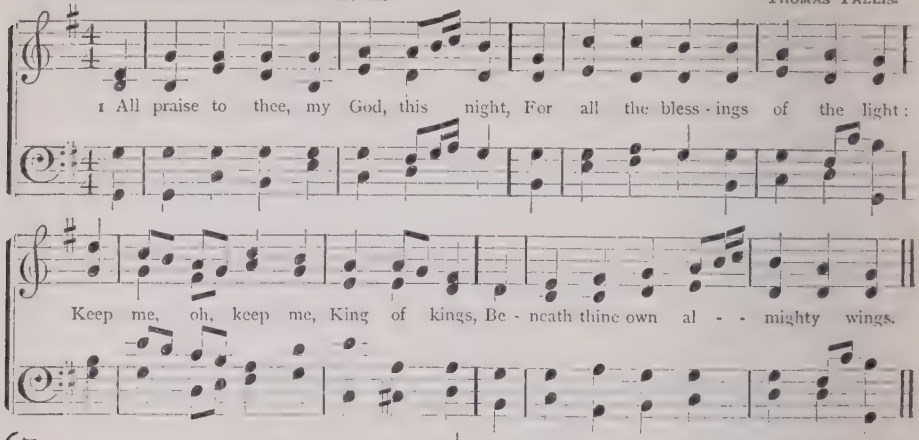
3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M. THOMAS TALLIS.



67.

1 ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O, may my soul on thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.

68.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

69.

1 O GOD, my God, my all thou art;
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

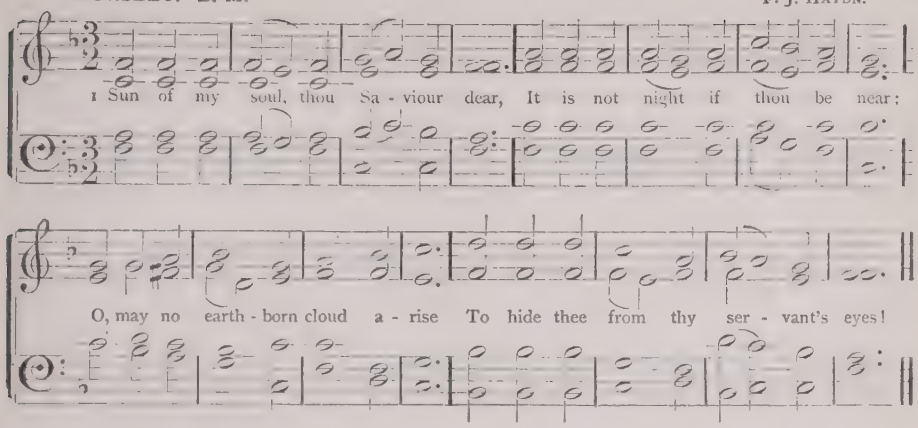
2 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

3 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I 'll pay.

4 Abundant sweetness, while I sing —
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

Translated from the Spanish by John Wesley, 1738.

HURSLEY. L. M. F. J. HAYDN.



70.

1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

71.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

72.
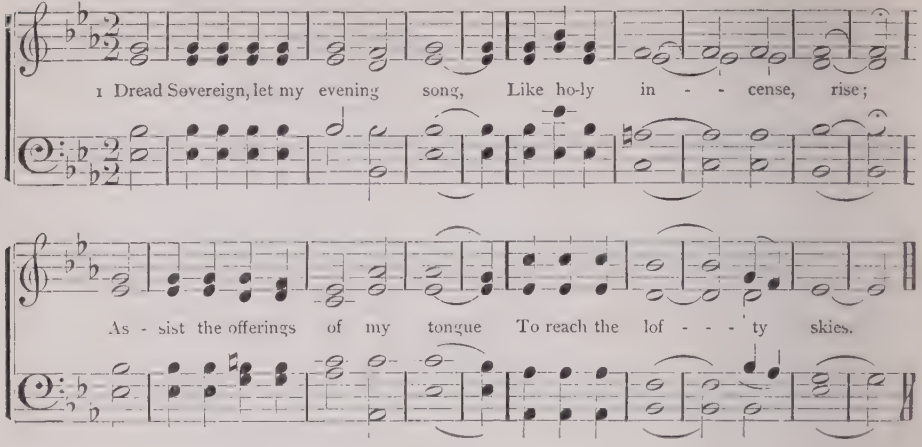
1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

KEDRON CHANT. C. M. J. E. GOULD.



73.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense, rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But, oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

74.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe H. Brown, 1825.

75.

1 THE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

2 The old, old story ; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows it all.

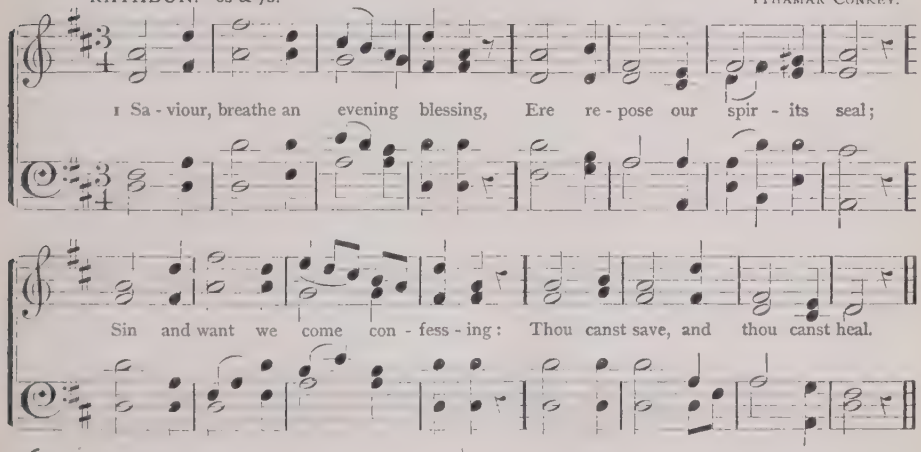
3 Thou knowest all : I lean my head ;
My weary eyelids close ;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

4 And he has loved me ; all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

5 So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all.

Unknown.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



76.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing :
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

77.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by ;
See, the shades of evening gather
And the night is drawing nigh.

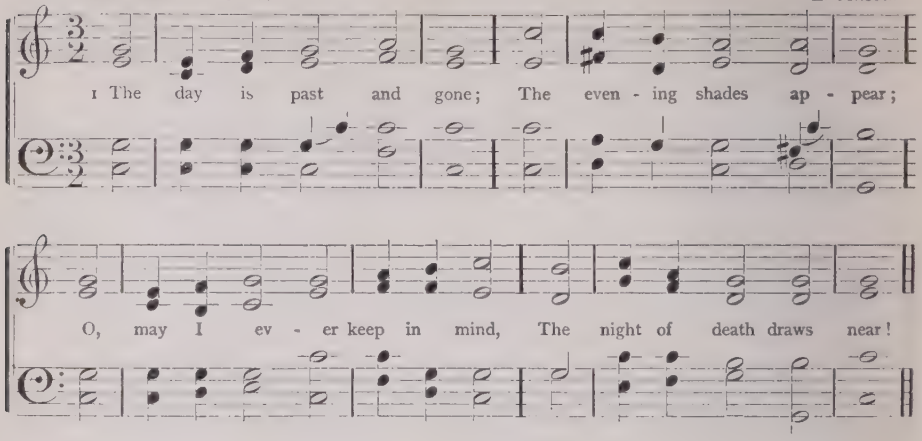
2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me, —
Morning of eternal rest !

Caroline S. Smith, 1855.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



78.

1 THE day is past and gone!
The evening shades appear:
O, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest:
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we 've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view the unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
O, may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland, 1804.

79.

1 THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest!

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

John Mason Neale, 1854.

80.

1 STILL, still with thee, my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

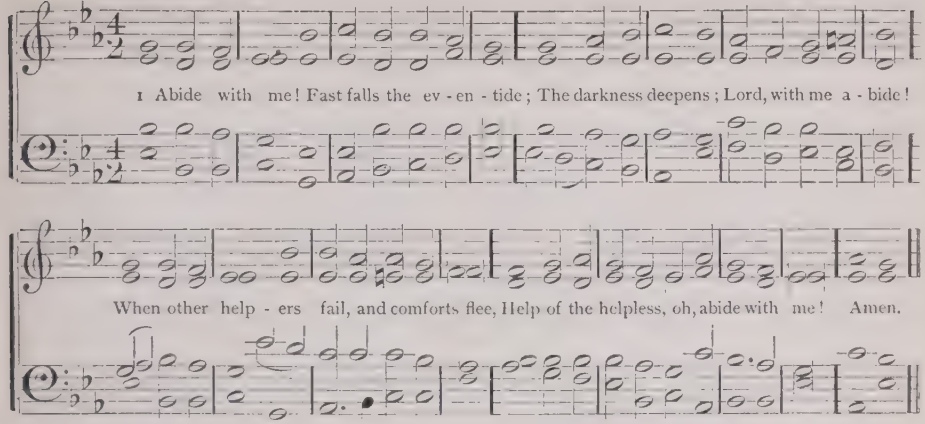
2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

James D. Burns, 1856.

EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK.



81.

1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

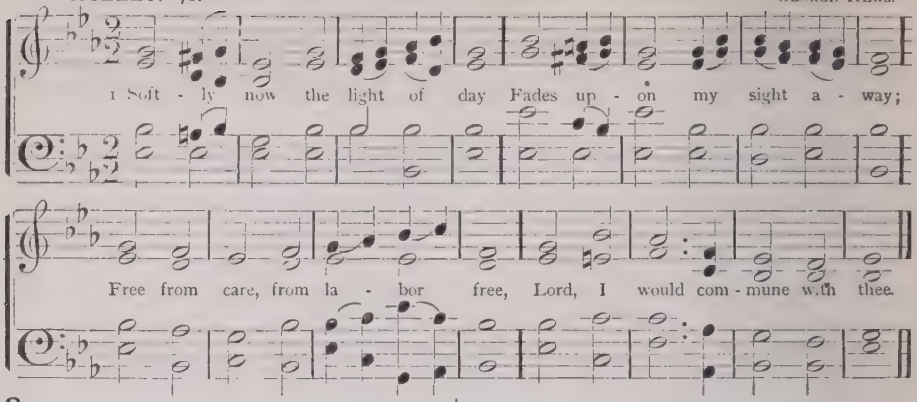
4 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

HOLLEY. 7s. GEORGE HEWS.



82.

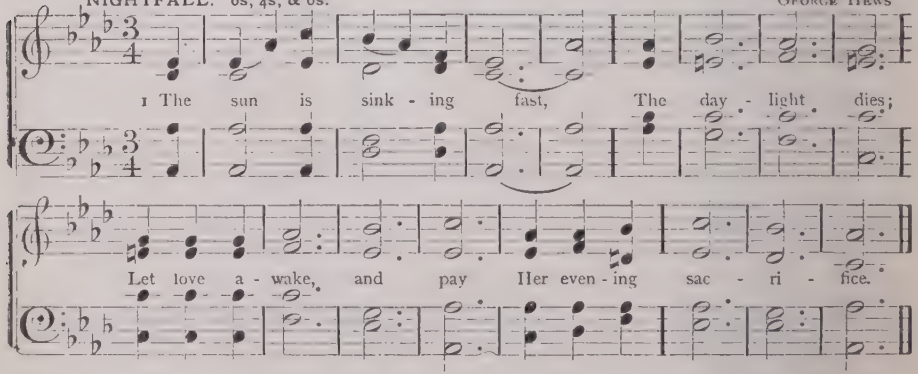
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane, 1824.

NIGHTFALL. 6s, 4s, & 6s. GEORGE HEWS



83.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

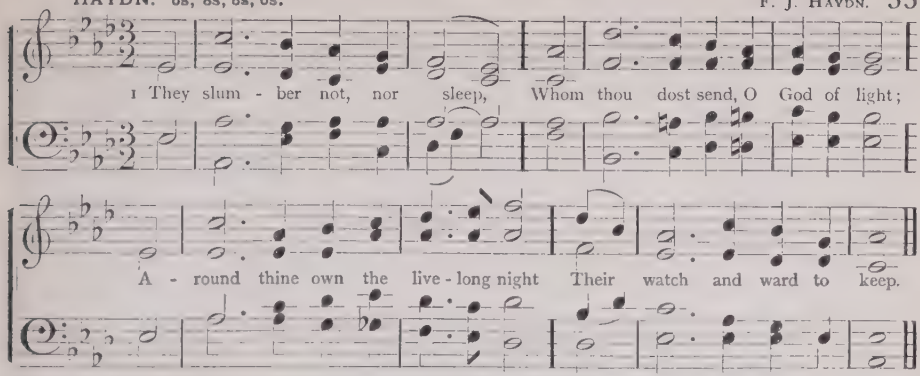
4 So now, beneath his eye,
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

Trans. from the Latin by E. Caswall, 1858.

HAYDN. 6s, 8s, 8s, 6s. F. J. HAYDN.



84.

2 They leave their seats on high,
They leave the everlasting hymn
Where cherubim and seraphim
Continually do cry.

3 They come to guard the bed,
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest thy belovéd sleep,
And hover round their head.

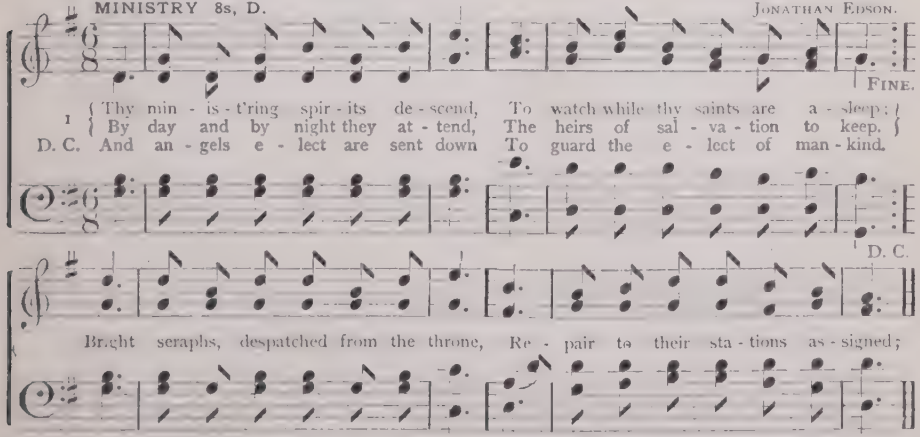
4 They come to us by day,
While young and old, through joy and woe,
Along our daily course we go,
To guard us on our way.

5 So peradventure now
Our eyes, if loosed from flesh, might see
Such an immortal company
As ne'er to monarch bow.

6 All glory be to thee
For those who at thy bidding go
To guard and keep us here below,
Most Holy Trinity.

John Mason Neale, 1837.

MINISTRY 8s, D. JONATHAN EDSON.
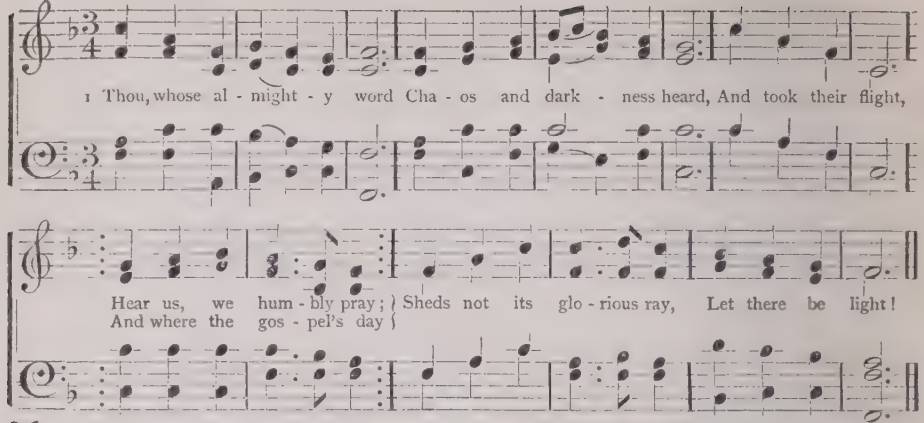


85.

2 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



86.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight:
Health to the sick in mind;
Sight to the inly blind;
O, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Blesséd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1813.

87.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

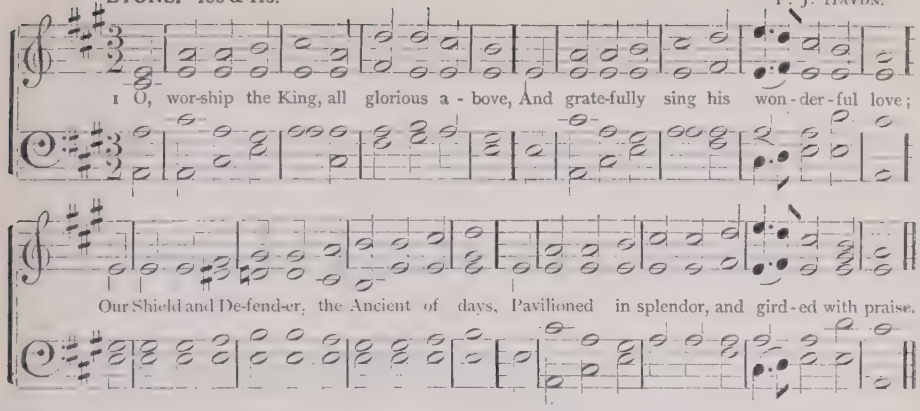
2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart;
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. F. J. HAYDN.



88.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might! oh, sing of his grace!
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree;
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1830.

89.

1 YE servants of God your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.
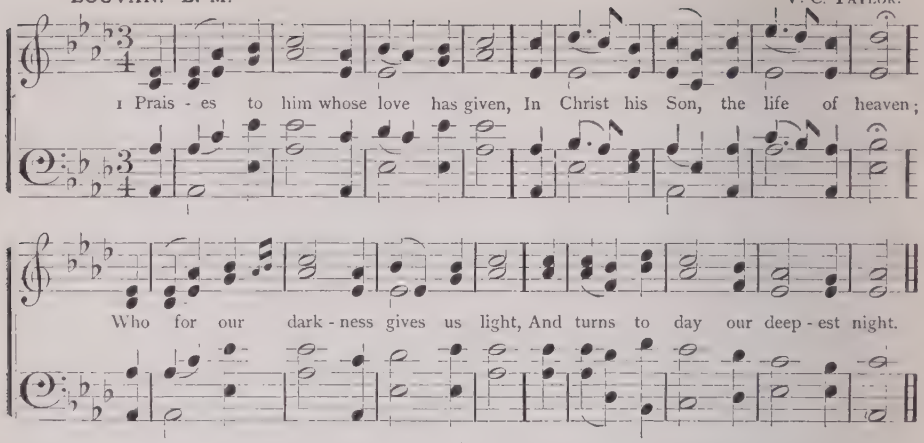
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
Yet still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.



90.

1 PRAISES to him whose love has given,
In Christ his Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to him, in grace, who came,
To bear our woe and sin and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth the captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

4 Praises to him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness.

5 To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinners' endless song of praise!

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

91.

1 WHAT secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.

2 Vain searchers! but we need not mourn:
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us, where'er we turn;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.

3 But sweetest, Lord, dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face:
The heavenly Majesty draws near,
And offers us its kind embrace.

4 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us thou hidest thine abode;
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

5 O Glory that no eye may bear!
O Presence bright, our soul's sweet guest!
O farthest off, O ever near!
Most hidden and most manifest!

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

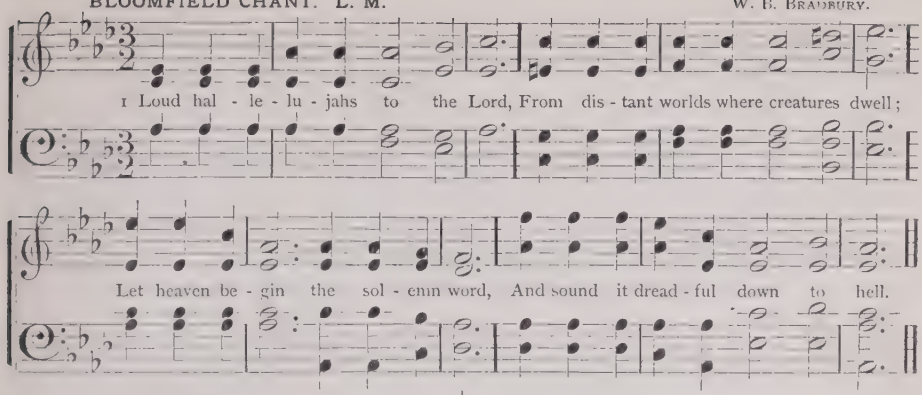
92.

1 GOD is the name my soul adores, —
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One:
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



93. PSALM 148.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell;
From distant worlds, where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout the praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah! 't is a glorious word;
O, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

94. PSALM 138.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I 'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

95. PSALM 63.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties, [blood.
Thy son, thy servant, bought with

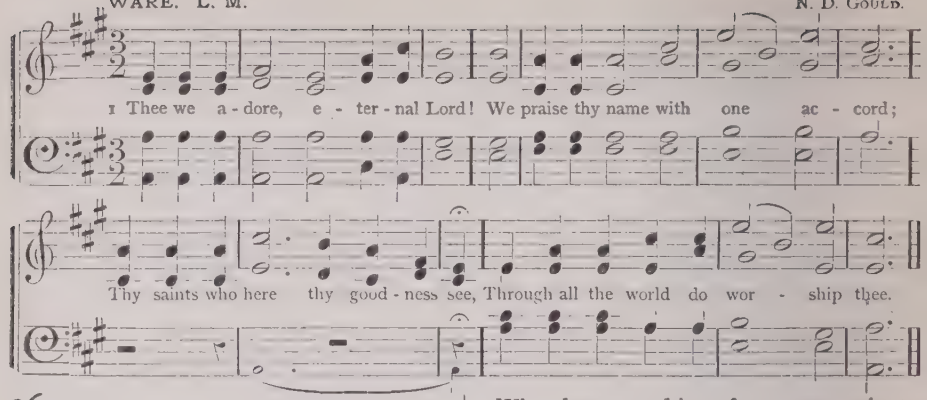
3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

WARE. L. M. N. D. GOULD.



96.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

Thomas Cotterill, 1810.

97.

PSALM 115.

1 NOT unto us, almighty Lord,
But to thyself the glory be!
Created by thy awful word,
We only live to honor thee.

2 Where is their God, the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend;
O, fear his power, his goodness own,
And love him, trust him, to the end.

4 Who lean on him, from strength to strength,
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high his saving love.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

98.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
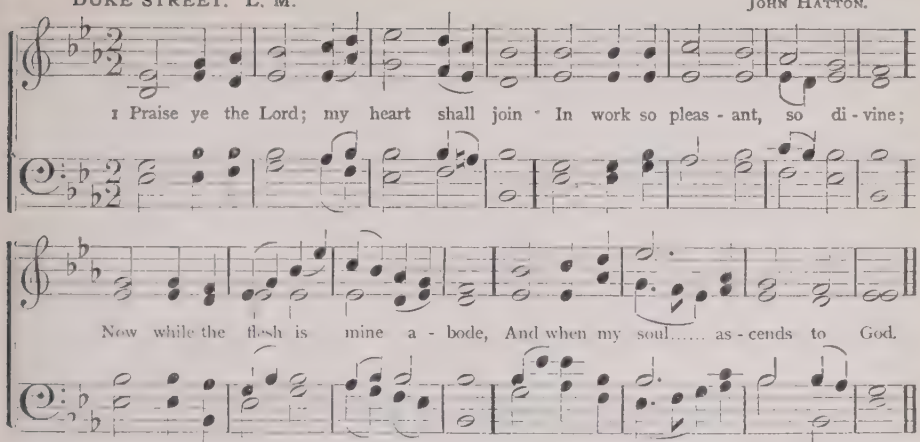
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1761.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



99. PSALM 146.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

100. PSALM 145.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

101. PSALM 57.

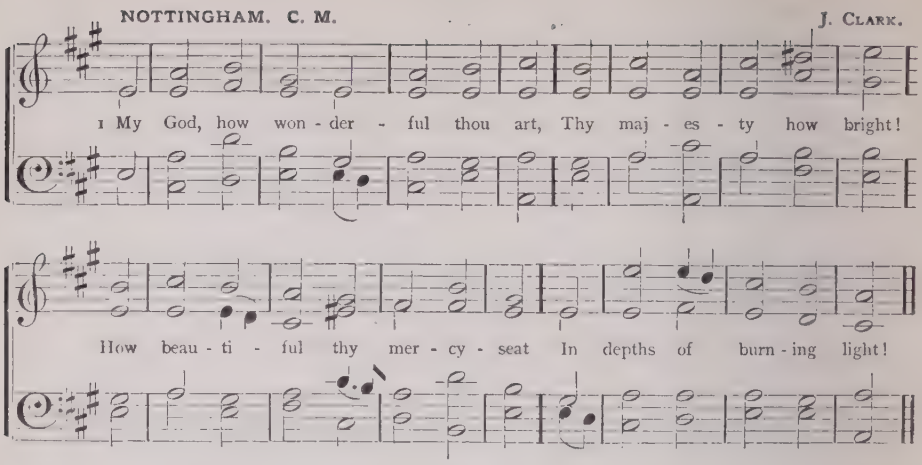
1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He send his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Isaac Watts, 1719.



102.

1 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 O, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

4 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

6 Only to sit and think of God,
O, what a joy it is! [name,
To think the thought, to breathe the
Earth has no higher bliss.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

103.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ!
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

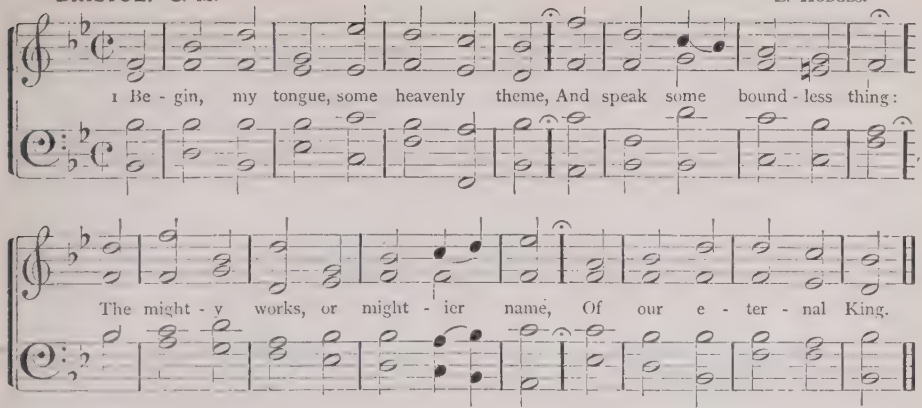
4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 Then shall my powers, in endless strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1765.

BRISTOL. C. M. E. HODGES.



104.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing:
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words would raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

105. PSALM 89.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

106.

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O, happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

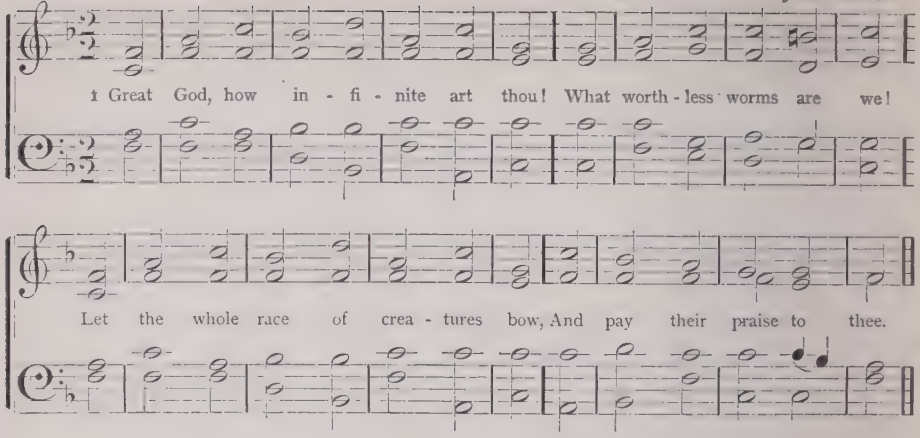
2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand forever sure;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like thee?
O, spread the gospel of thy love
Till all thy glories see.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

YORK. C. M. JOHN MILTON.



107.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God, there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

108. PSALM 90.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

109. PSALM 89.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

110. PSALM 139.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts, 1719

111.

1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,—
"Thrice holy," let us sing!

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham, 1768.

112.

1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

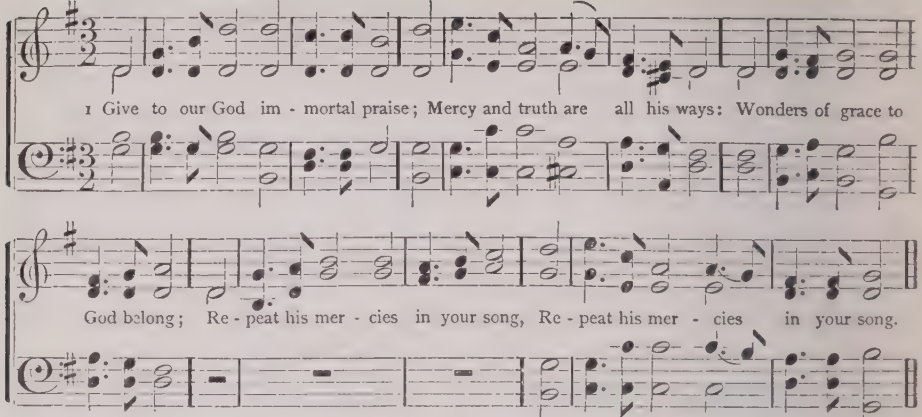
4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M. VANHALL.



113.

PSALM 136.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

114.

PSALM 107.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 O, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

115.

PSALM 116.

1 RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

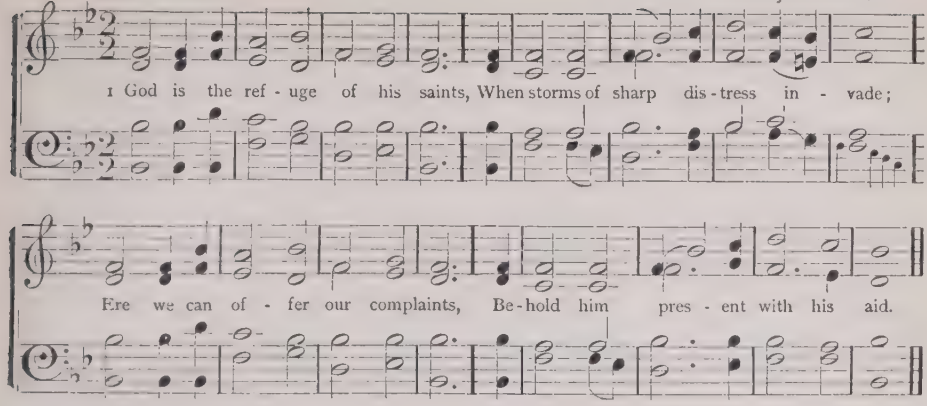
2 Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
And snatched my fainting soul from death,
Removed my sorrows, dried my tears,
And saved me from surrounding snares.

3 What shall I render to the Lord,
Or how his wondrous grace record?
To him my grateful voice I 'll raise
With just thanksgiving to his praise.

4 O Zion! in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells and joy resorts,
To notes divine I 'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

John A. Latrobe, 1850.

WARD. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



116.

PSALM 46.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

117.

PSALM 103.

1 THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

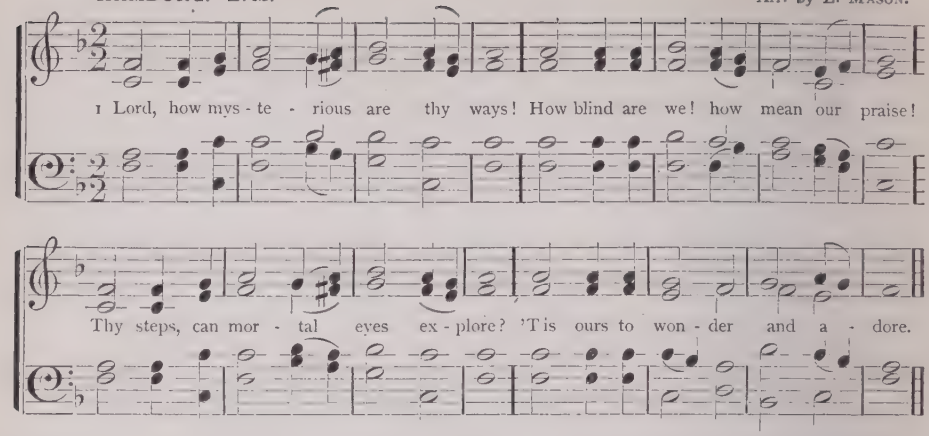
118.

1 O, FOR a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts, 1703.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



119.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

3 Is darkness and distress my share?
Then, let me trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me if love divine [shine.
At length through every cloud shall

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ is mine; this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

Anne Steele, 1760.

120.

1 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that or this thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly trust thee still.

Ray Palmer, 1858.

121.

PSALM 136.

1 My God, what monuments I see,
In all around, of thine and thee!
I view thee in the heavens above;
More high than these is heavenly love.

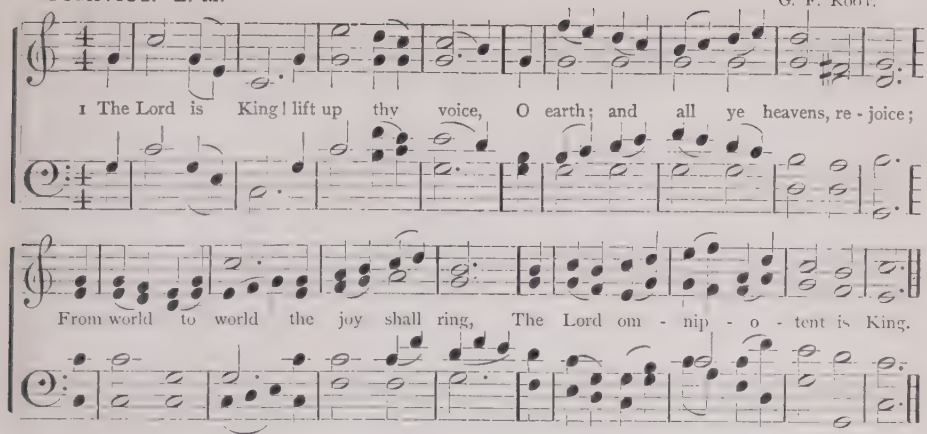
2 I mark the strong eternal hill,
Thy faithfulness is stronger still;
I gaze on ocean deep and broad,
More deep thy counsels are, O God.

3 O, give me 'neath thy wings to rest;
To lean on thy parental breast;
To feed on thee, the living bread,
And drink at mercy's fountain head!

4 The springs of life are all thine own,
They flow from thy eternal throne;
Light in thy light alone we see;
O, save us, for we rest on thee!

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

OCTAVIUS. L. M. G. F. Koot.



122.

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

3 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

4 One Lord, one empire all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder, 1850.

123.

Psalm 103.

1 Awake, my soul, awake my tongue;
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song!

Anne Steele, 1760.

124.

1 Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
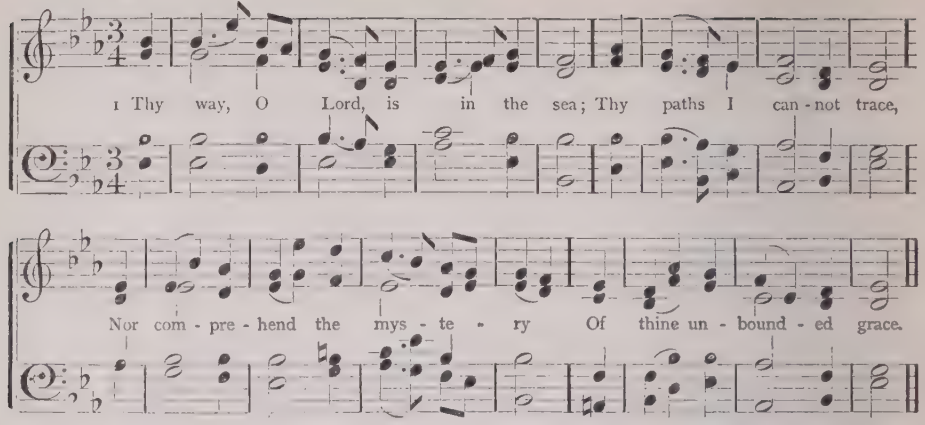
2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

4 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our song should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ENMORE. C. M.



125.

1 Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

3 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

4 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782.

126.

1 Since all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys;
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways!

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

James Hervey, 1745.

127.

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
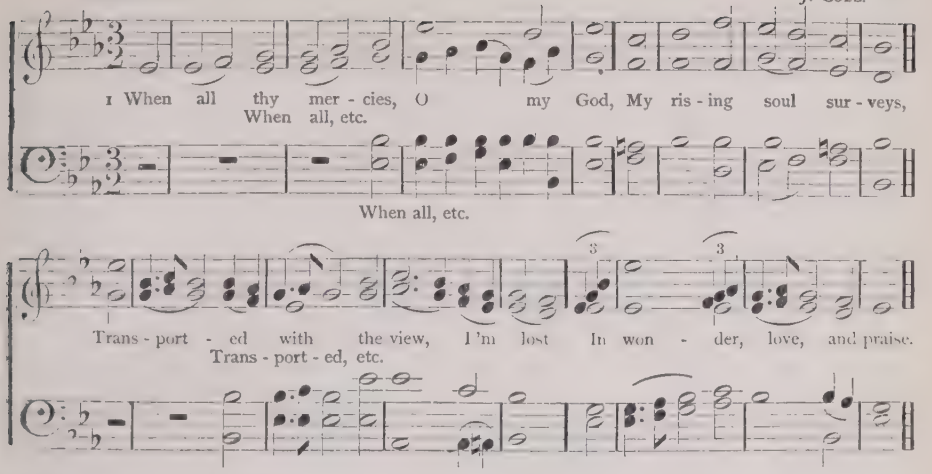
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1779.

GENEVA. C. M. J. COLE.



128.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I 'll raise:
But, oh, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

129.

PSALM 107.

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass un-
And breathe in tainted air. [hurt,

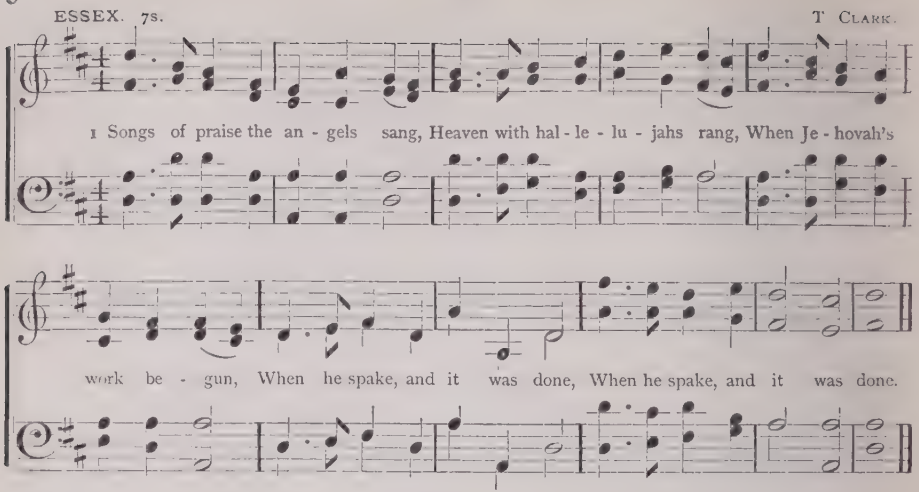
3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison, 1712, a.



130.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1825.

131.

PSALM 113.

1 Hallelujah! raise, oh raise
To our God the song of praise;
All his servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blesséd be forevermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue!

3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God Most High,
Infinite in majesty?

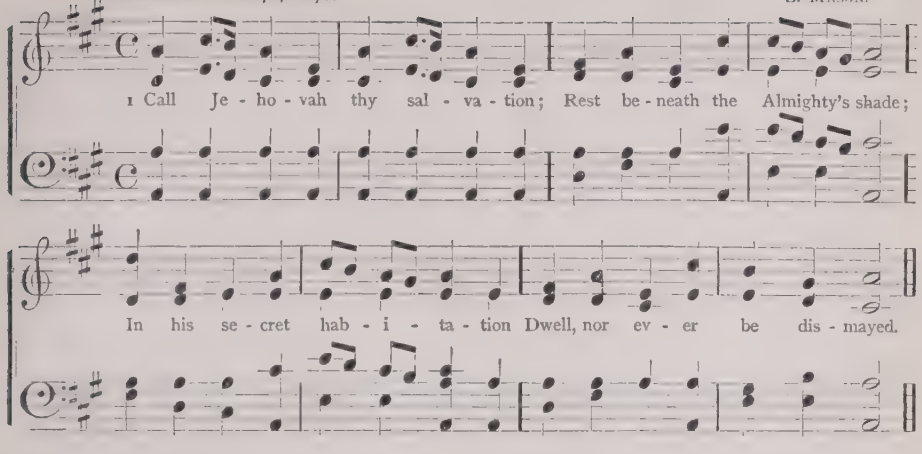
4 Yet to view the heavens he bends,
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great
For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways;
Praise his name, forever praise.

Josiah Conder, 1854.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s, or 7s. L. MASON.



132. PSALM 91.

1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

4 Since with firm and pure affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

James Montgomery, 1822.

133.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

134. PSALM 23.

1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Mid the springing grass prepare.
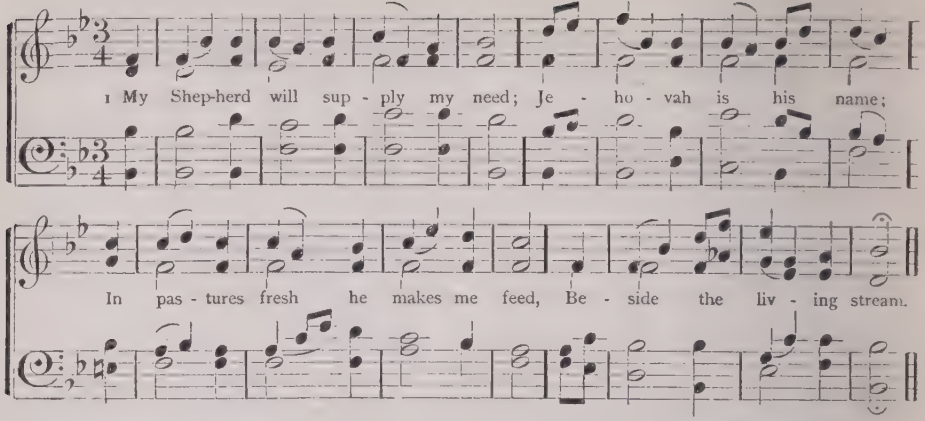
2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
Then shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick, 1765.

CHESTNUT STREET. C. M. H. K. Oliver.



135.

PSALM 23.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.

5 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

136.

1 There is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O, gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me!
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That trembling turns to thee.

Maria G. Saffery, 1834.

137.

1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O, let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

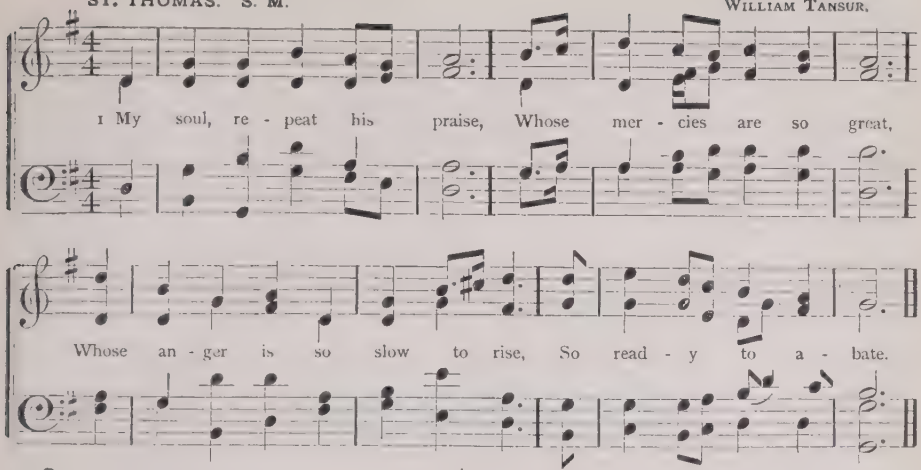
2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd, led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1765.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



138.

PSALM 103.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

139.

PSALM 103.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins;
'T is he relieves thy pain;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

140.

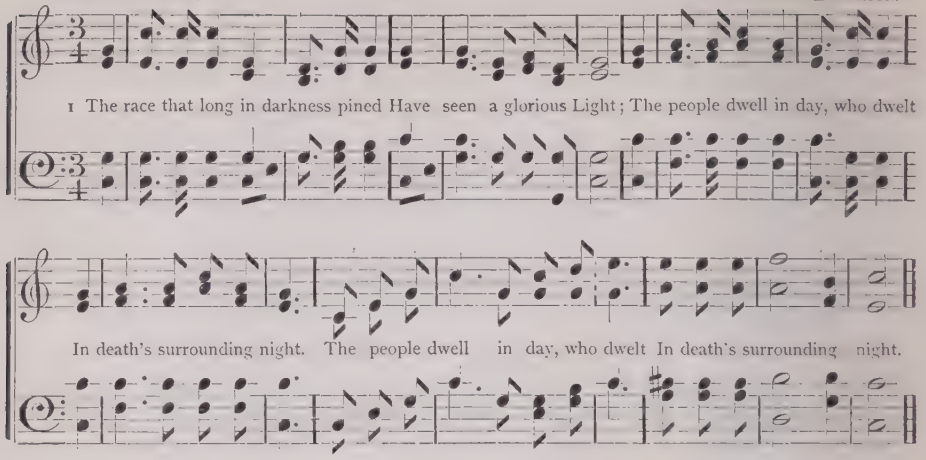
1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ZERAH. C. M. L. MASON.



141.

ISAIAH 9: 1–7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons [fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morrison, 1770.

142.

LUKE 2: 7–15.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

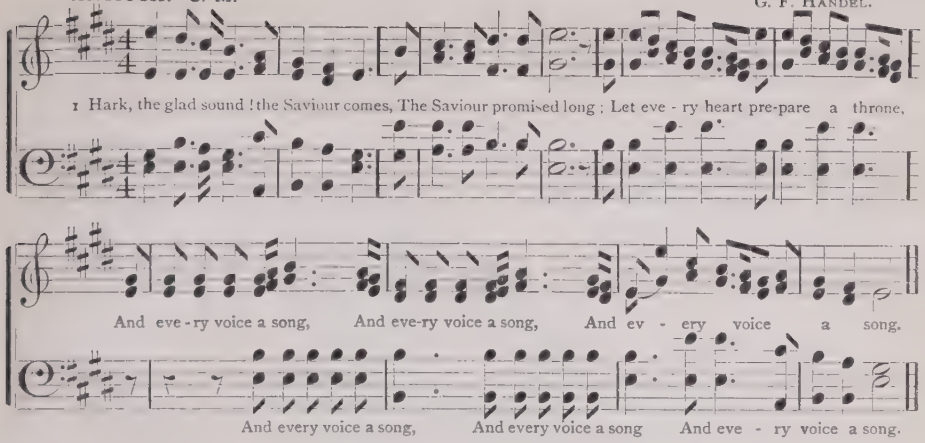
4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1703.

ANTIOCH. C. M. G. F. HANDEL.



143.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind;
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

144.

PSALM 98.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

145.

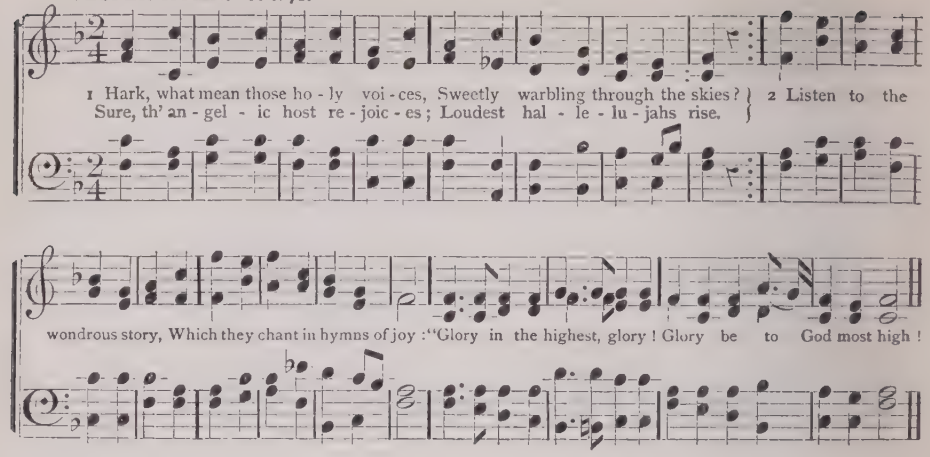
1 O LORD, how infinite thy love!
How marvellous thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
To death and endless woe.

3 Then, "Lo! I come," the Saviour said,
O, be his name adored!
Who with his blood our ransom paid,
And life and bliss restored.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s.



146.

1 HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling through the skies?
Sure, th' angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven you sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood, 1819.

147.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

148.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

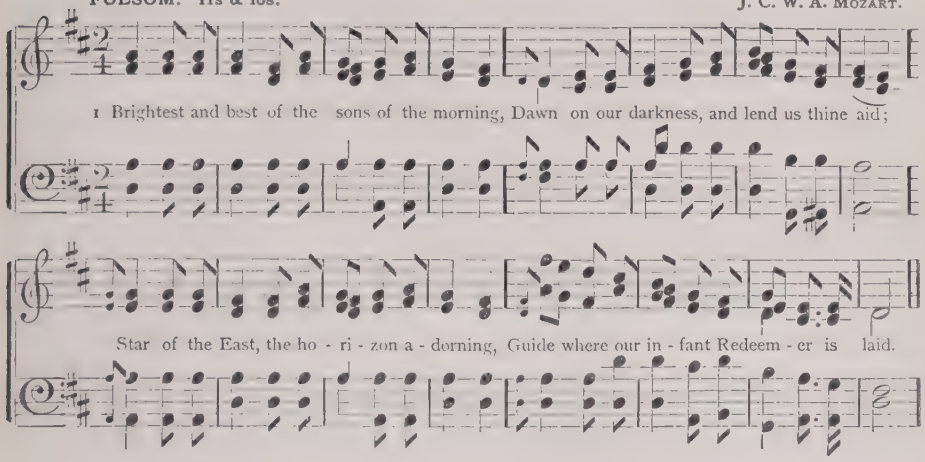
2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful —
Should my tongue refuse thy praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

Robert Robinson, 1774.

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s. J. C. W. A. MOZART.



149.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

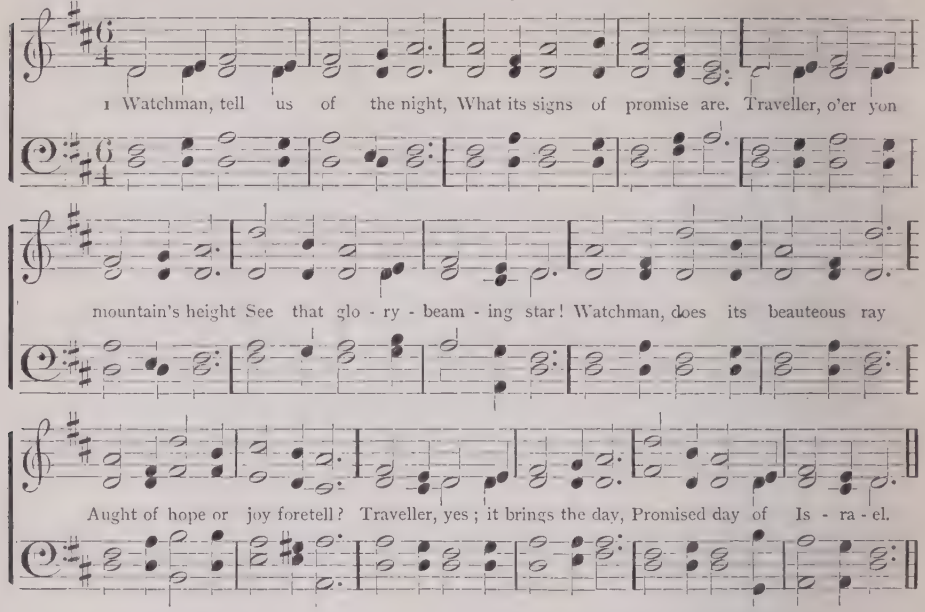
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s. D. L. MASON.



150.

ISAIAH 21 : 11.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1823.

151.
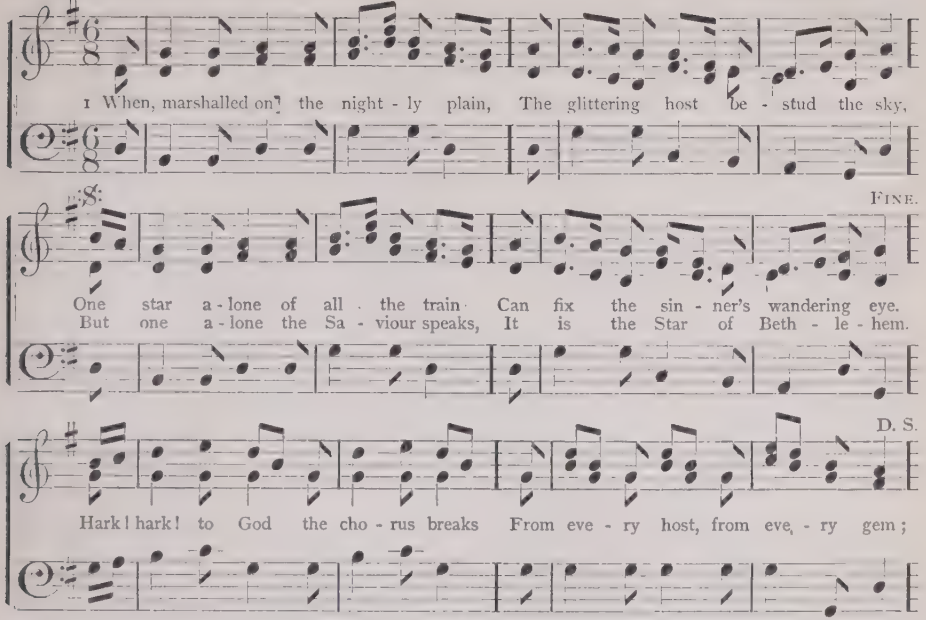
1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day!

2 Hail! the heavenly Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

3 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home!
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head!
Now display thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to thine!

Charles Wesley, 1739; alt. by Martin Madan, 1760.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. D. SCOTTISH TUNE.



152.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

153.

1 WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shames the sun's less radiant light?
It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

2 'T is now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed."
And, lo! the Eastern sages stand
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

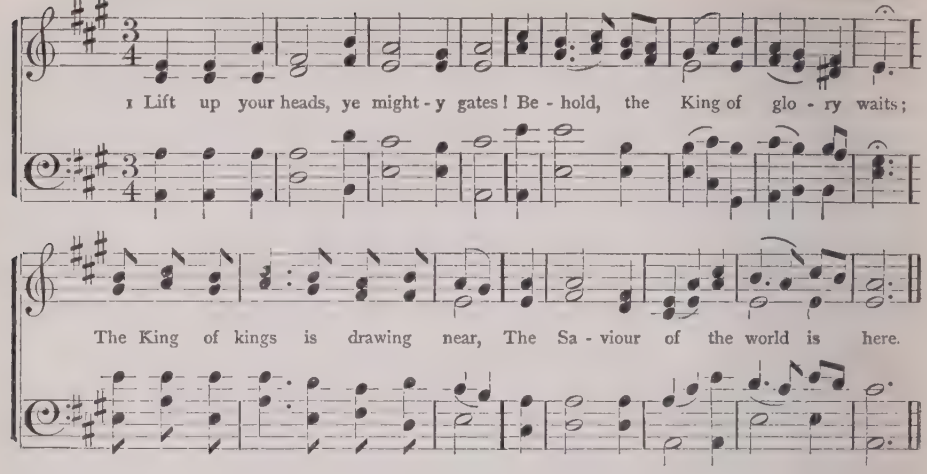
3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay,
Nor toil, nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
They leave at once, at God's high call.

5 O Jesus, while the star of grace
Invites us now to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.

Charles Coffin, 1736; tr. by John Chandler, 1837.

MIGDOL. L. M. L. MASON.



154.

PSALM 24.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 O, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes.

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign, enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin:
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.

George Weissel, 1630.

155.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds thro' the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

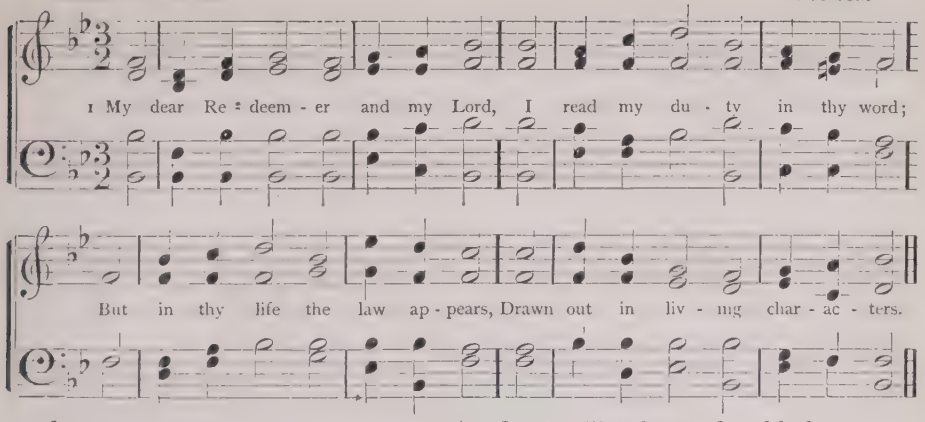
3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

Thomas Campbell, 1820.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.



156.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

157.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of God, thou Light of light;
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur C. Coxe, 1838.

158.
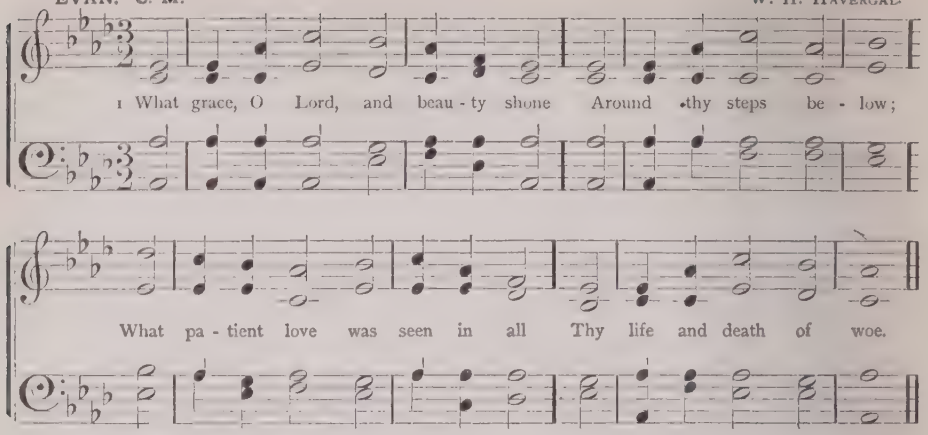
1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest";
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



159.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

160.

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blesséd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blesséd hill.

5 By faith his boundless glories there
Our wondering eyes behold;
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

161.

1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

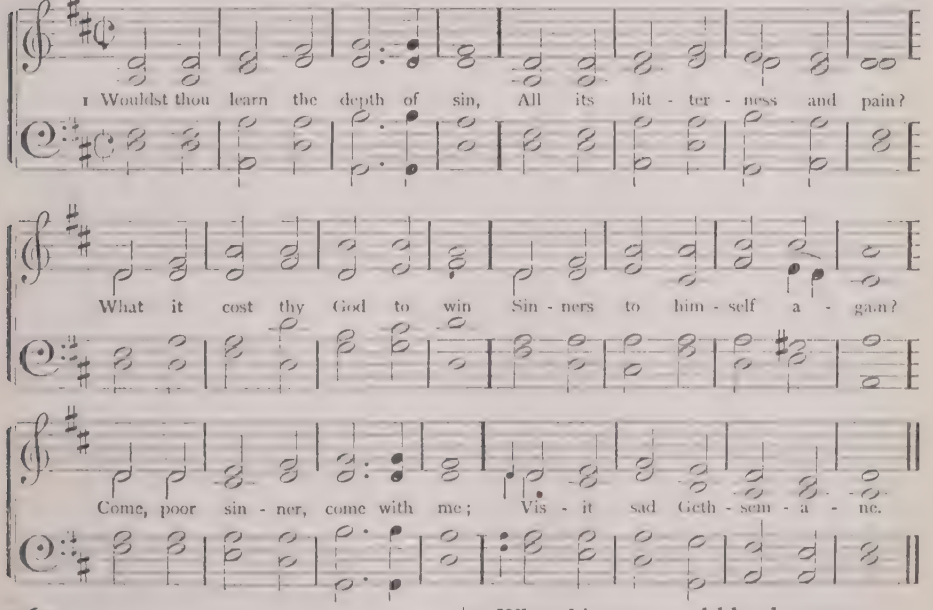
4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Nor always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for thine own,
Because thy heaven we share;
Because we sing around thy throne,
And thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine;
O mighty grace! thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines. WALTER'S COLLECTION.



162.

1 WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin,
All its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

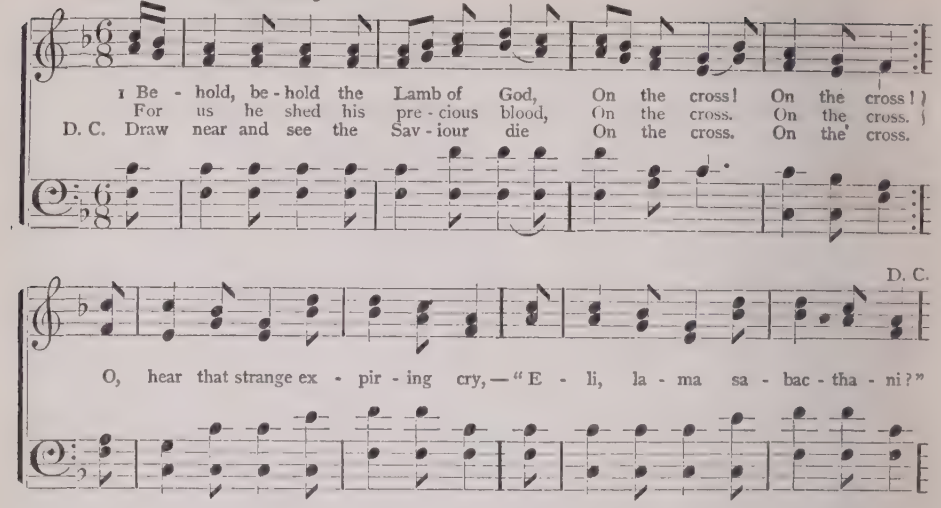
2 Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above;
Come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

3 When his tears and bloody sweat,
When his passion and his prayer,
When his pangs on Olivet
Wake within thee thoughts of care,
Think, O sinner, 't was for thee
He suffered in Gethsemane.

4 Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep thou must, but likewise fear
Lest that fountain freshly flow,
That once freely gushed for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863, a.

ON THE CROSS. 8s & 3s.



163.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross!
For us he shed his precious blood
On the cross.
O, hear that strange expiring cry,—
"Eli, lama sabacthani?"
Draw near and see the Saviour die
On the cross.

2 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross.
The battle 's fought, the victory 's won,
On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.

3 Where'er I go I 'll tell the story
Of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus conquered death for me
On the cross.

Unknown.

164.

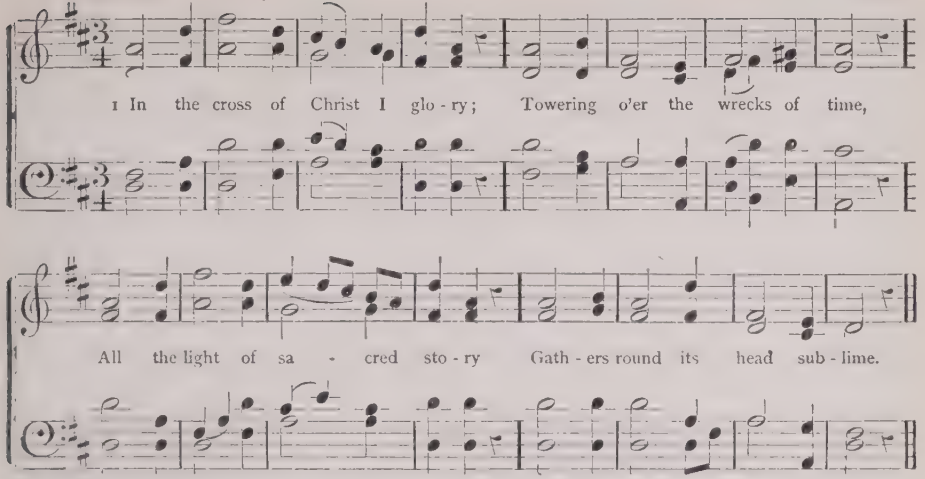
1 BY faith I see my Saviour dying,
On the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me!
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy 's free!

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be?
O yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King.
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free.

3 Long as I live I 'll still be crying,
Mercy 's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy 's free.
And when the vale of death I 've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I 'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy 's free.

R. Jukes, 1842.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. I. CONKEY.



165.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

166.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

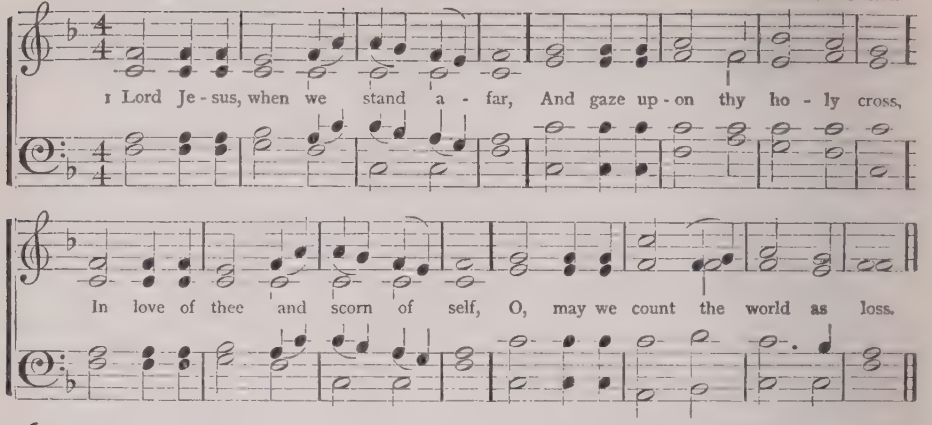
3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing
And himself more fully know.

James Allen, 1757; alt. by Walter Shirley, 1770.

ILLA. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.



167.

1 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O, may we count the world as loss.

2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

William W. How, 1854.

168.

1 JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;
Now, then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

169.

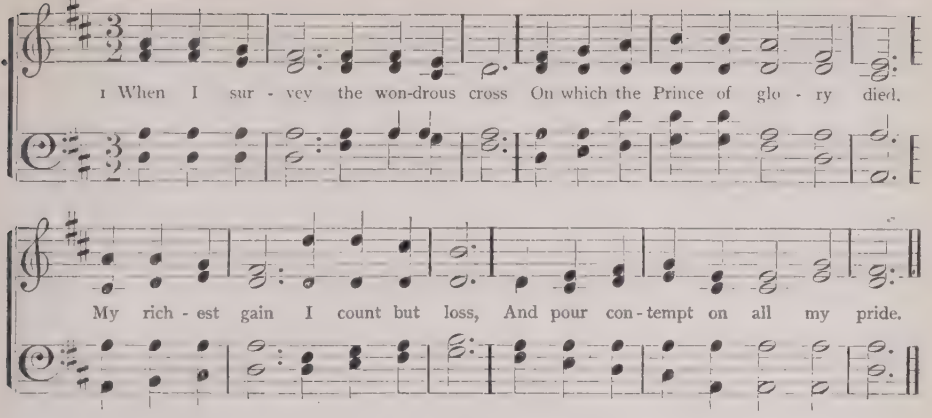
1 "'T IS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'T is finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 "'T is finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'T is finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett, 1778.

WILLIAMS. L. M. TEMPLI CARMINA.



170.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

171.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
The shining letters, God is Love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above!

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

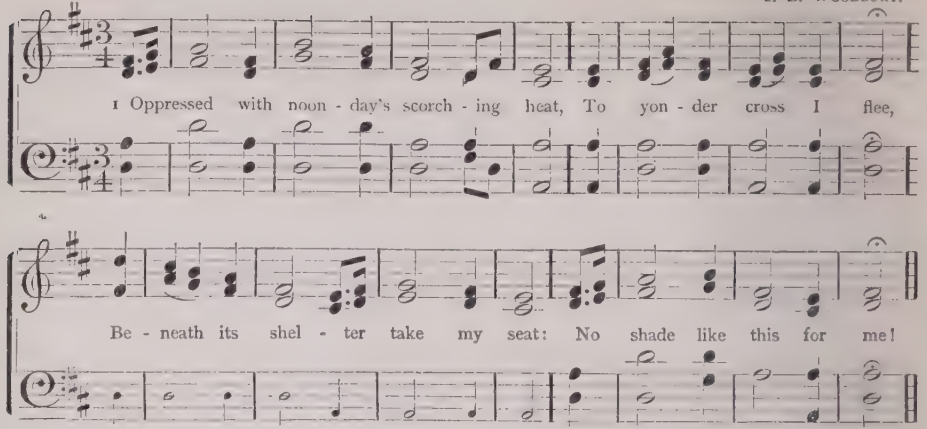
172.

1 O, THE sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



173.

1 OPPRESSED with noonday's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee,
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

174.

1 O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'T was for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all — oh, grace divine! —
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth forever thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope the cross I 'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare
On thy great judgment-day.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

175.

1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest,
Till thou art formed within:
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast
And crushed the power of sin.

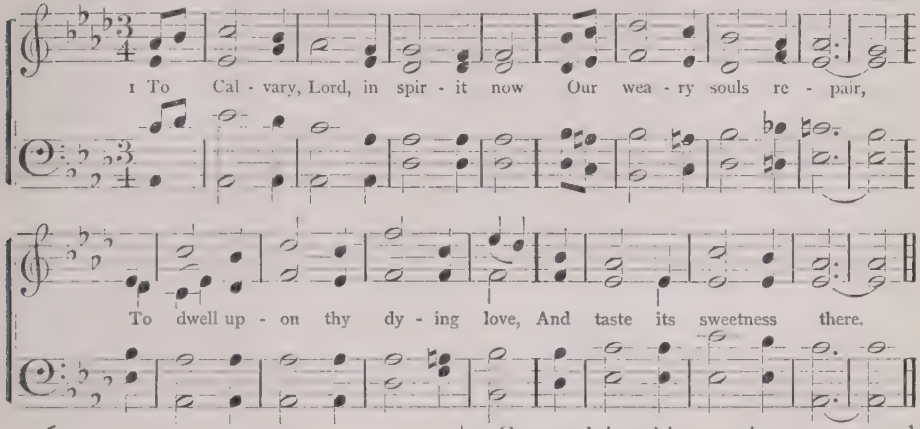
2 O, may we gaze upon thy cross
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light;

3 Until released from carnal ties
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze may we become
United, Lord, to thee;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

MANOAH. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



176.

1 To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 Dear suffering Lamb, thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And linked our life with thine.

4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeemed and blest by thee.

5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessèd brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour,
Responsive to our call! come,
Come, claim thine ancient power and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

177.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

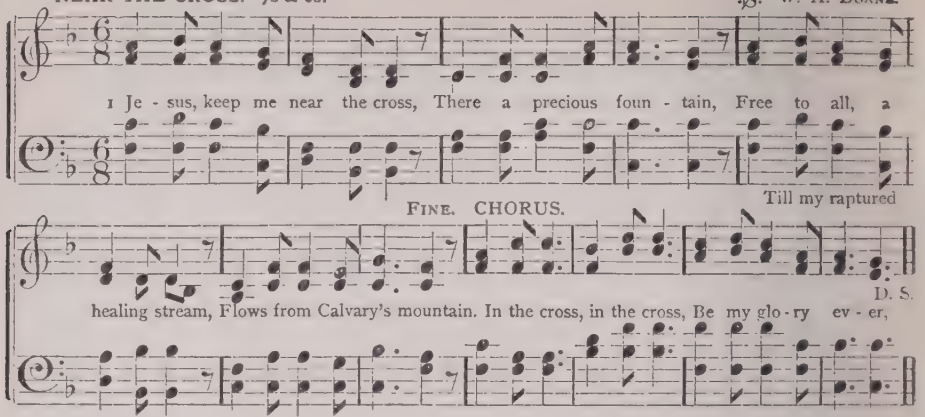
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s. W. H. DOANE.



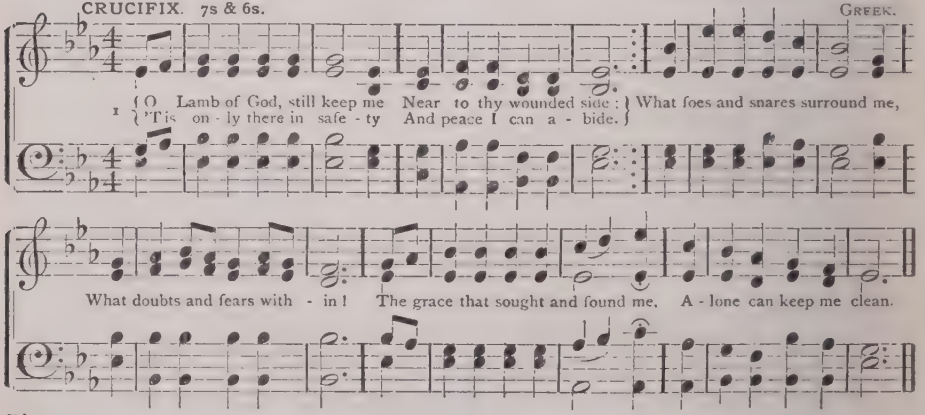
178.

2 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me. *Cho.*

3 Near the cross I 'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. *Cho.*

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1869

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. GREEK.



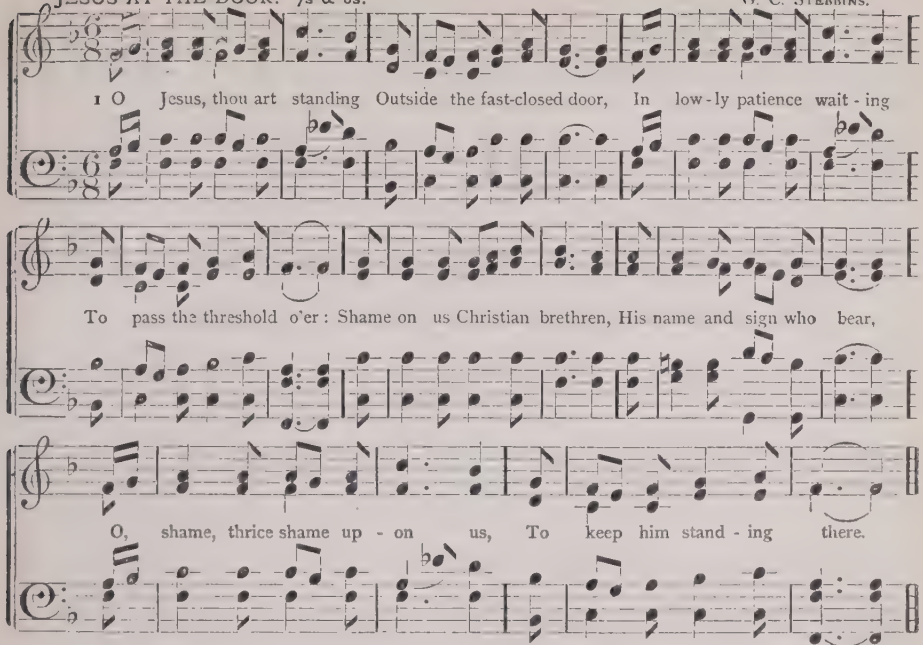
179.

1 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

James G. Deck, 1857.

JESUS AT THE DOOR. 7s & 6s. G. C. STEBBINS.



180.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

William W. How, 1854.

181.

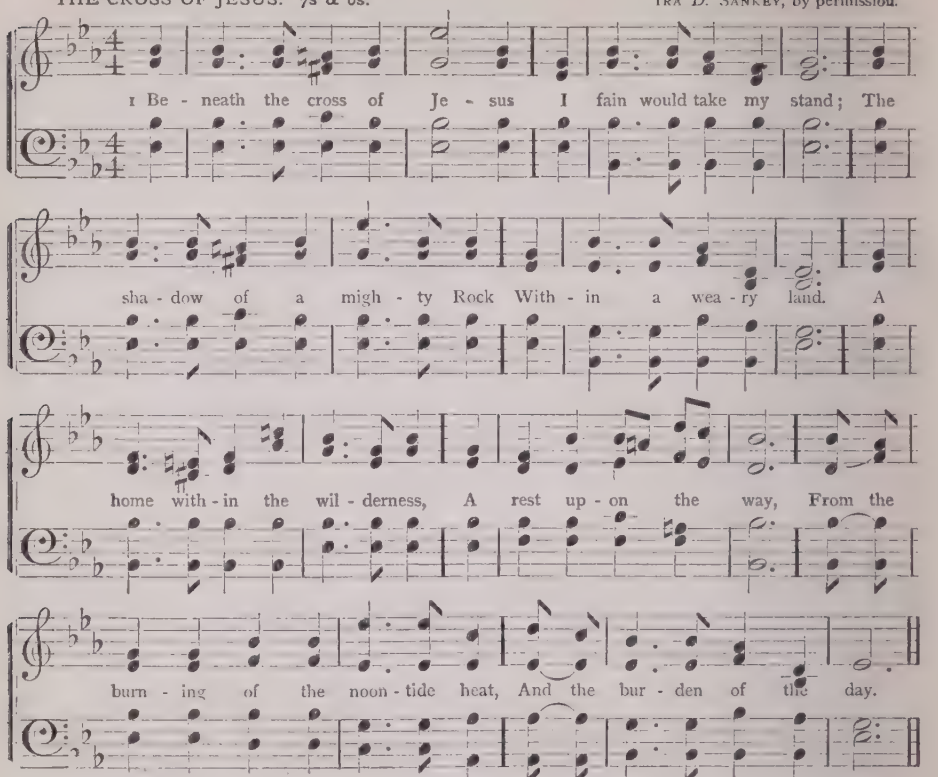
1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

3 Be near me when I 'm dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. by P. Gerhardt, 1656; J. W. Alexander, 1849.

THE CROSS OF JESUS. 7s & 6s. IRA D. SANKEY, by permission.



182.

1 BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand;
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.
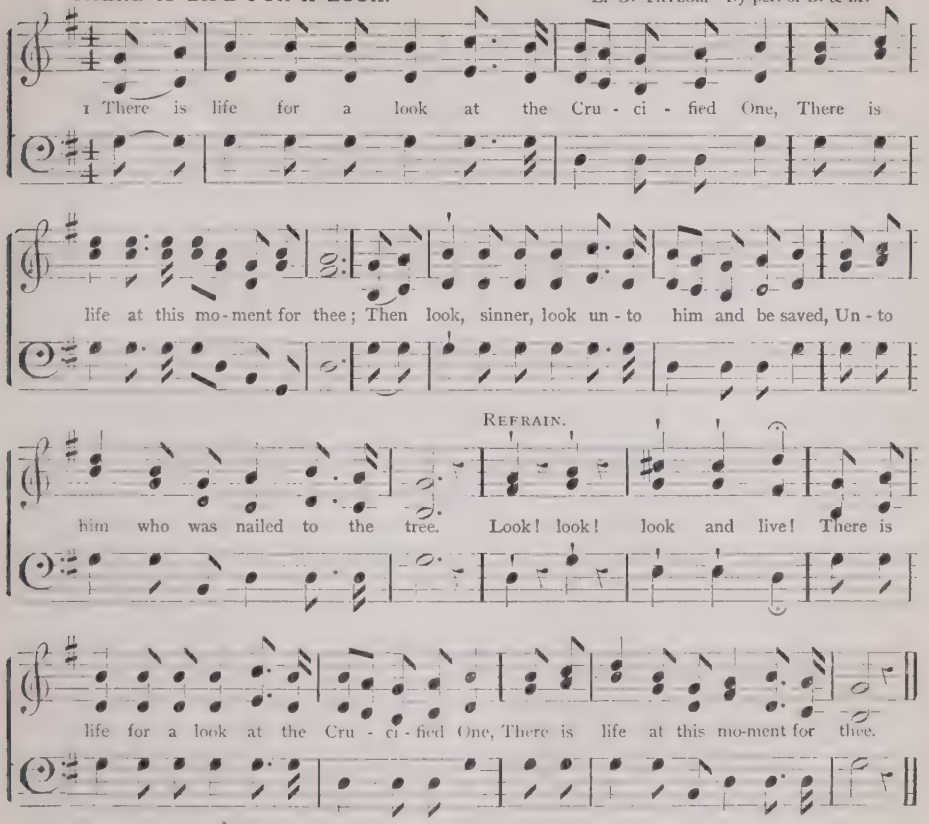
2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of his glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

4 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of his face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all, the Cross.

E. C. Clephane, 1874.

THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK. E. G. Taylor. By per. of B. & M.



183.

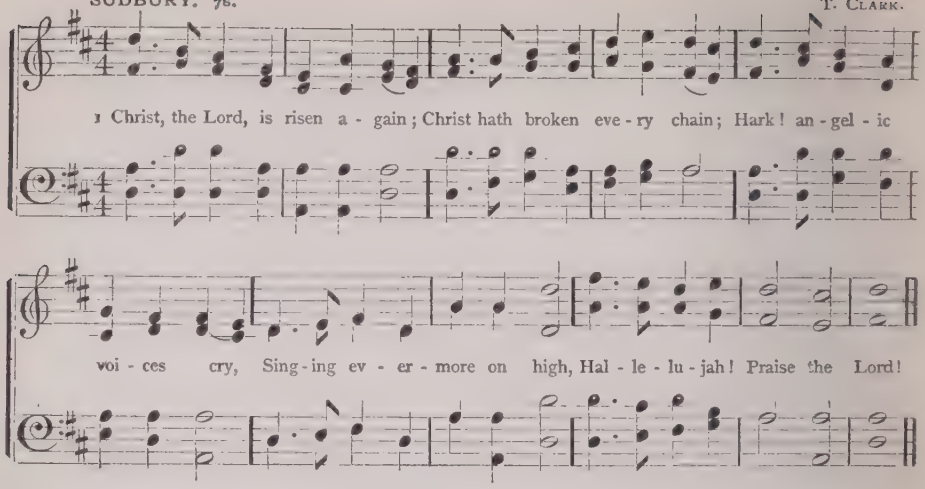
2 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen;
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath he endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred?

3 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God hath declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.

4 O, take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

Amelia M. Hull.

SUDBURY. 7s. T. Clark.



184.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

5 Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day thy people feed!
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Michael Weisse, 1531; tr. by C. Winkworth, 1858.

185.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

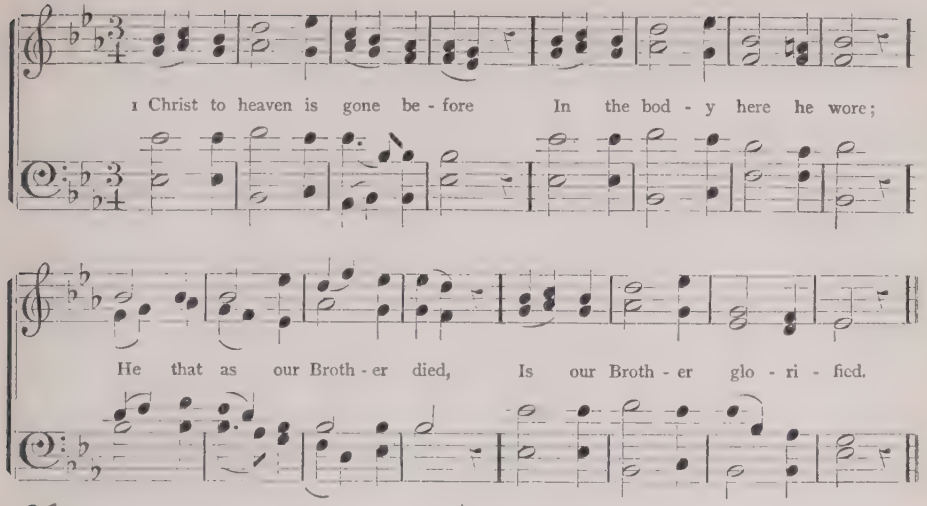
4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection thou.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

DALLAS. 7s. M. L. Cherubini.



186.

1 Christ to heaven is gone before
In the body here he wore;
He that as our Brother died,
Is our Brother glorified.

2 All the angels wondering own
'T is our nature on the throne;
"How he lovéd them, behold!"
Trembles on the harps of gold.

3 Fear not, ye of little faith,
For he hath abolished death;
Death, no longer now we die,
We but follow Christ on high.

4 And before each fainting one,
Treading the dark way alone,
Now appear his footsteps bright,
Far diffusing holiest light.

5 As our Shepherd he is there,
With the comfort of his care;
Fear no evil, doubt no more,
Christ to heaven is gone before.

George Rawson, 1857.

187.

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn.
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne.
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

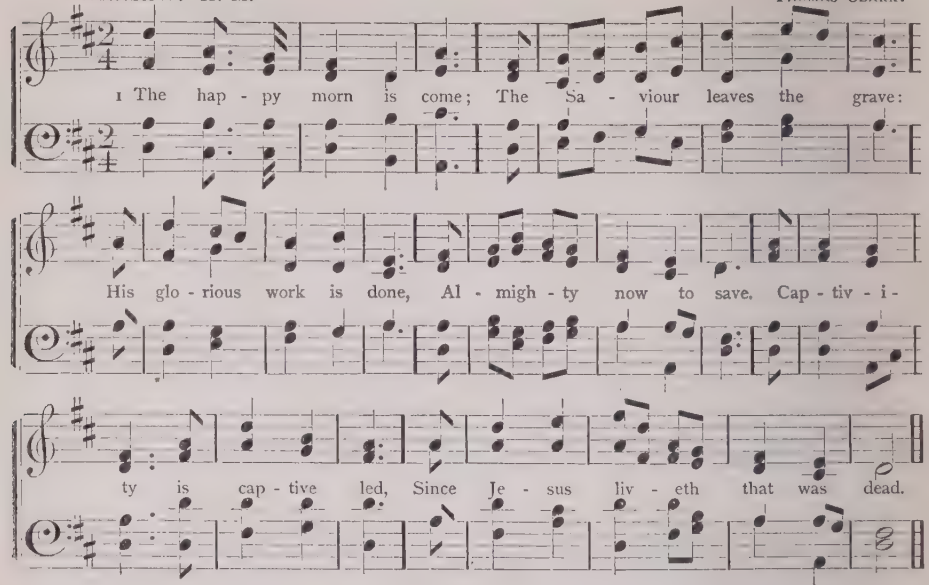
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

H. H. Milman, 1827.

WARSAW. H. M. THOMAS CLARK.



188.

1 THE happy morn is come;
The Saviour leaves the grave:
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since his rich blood was spilt;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
The victory is won;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

4 Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection thou!
We bless thy sacred word,
Before thy throne we bow;
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Thomas Haweis, 1802.

189.

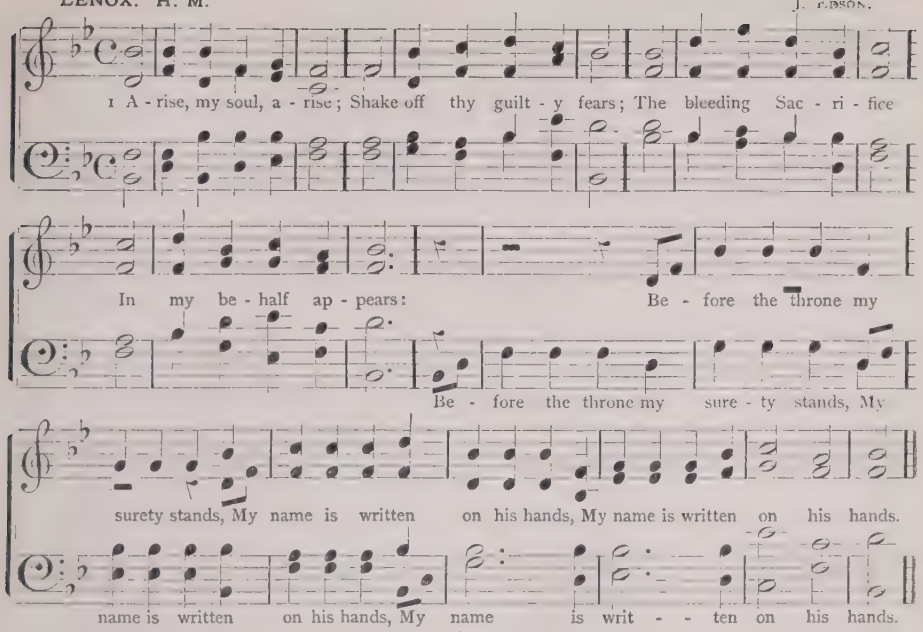
1 DONE is the work that saves!
Once and forever done!
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one!
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
Sprinkled the mercy-seat
With blood of victims slain:
Nor need we stand without in fear,
The blood of Christ invites us near.

3 Beside the mercy-seat,
The High-Priest stands within;
The blood is in his hand
Which makes and keeps us clean;
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

LENOX. H. M. J. Edson.



190.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one,
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

191.

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth.
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

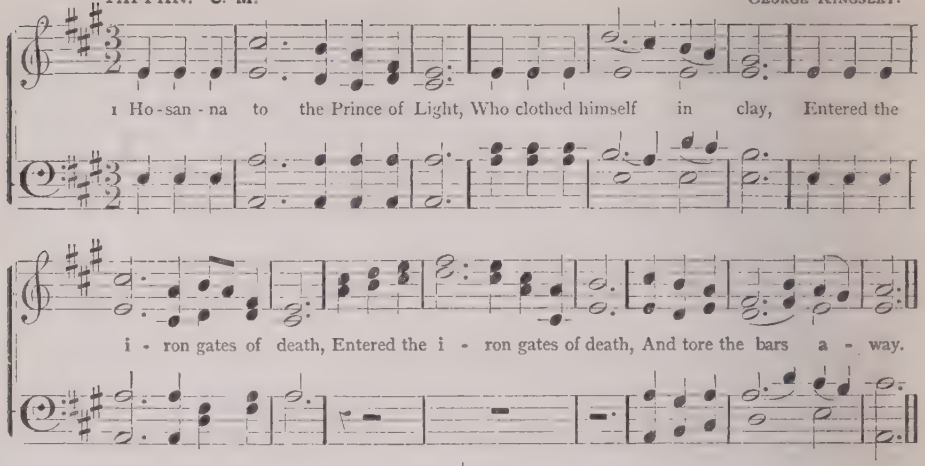
2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord!
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit,
In willing bonds, before thy feet.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

TAPPAN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



192.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

193.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

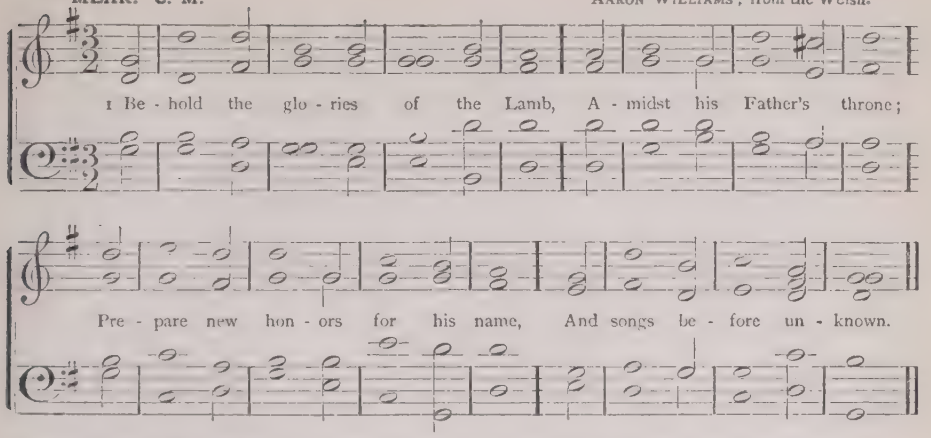
Isaac Watts, 1709.

194.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

MEAR. C. M. AARON WILLIAMS; from the Welsh.



3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

195.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honor crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

196.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

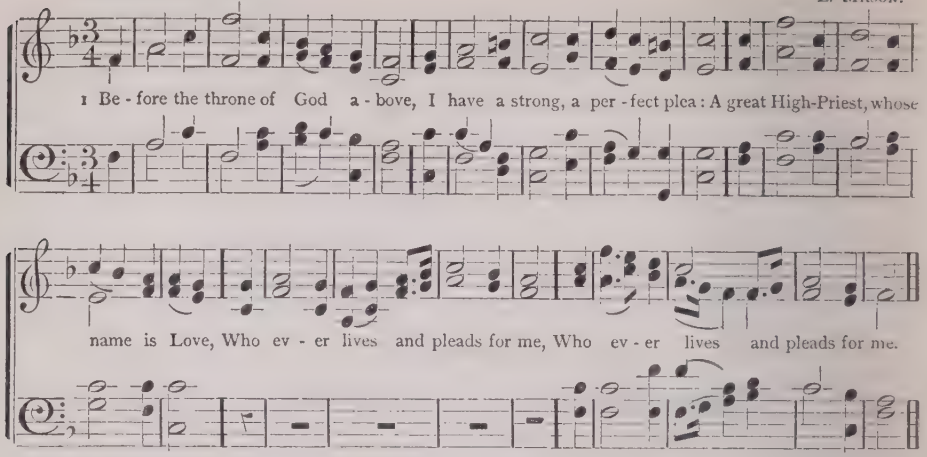
2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ROTHWELL. L. M. L. Mason.



197.

1 Before the throne of God above,
I have a strong, a perfect plea:
A great High-Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands;
My name is written on his heart;
O, know that while in heaven he stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 Behold him there, the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I Am,"
The King of glory and of grace.

6 One with himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1863.

198.

1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye:
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears and agonies and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1770.

199.

1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

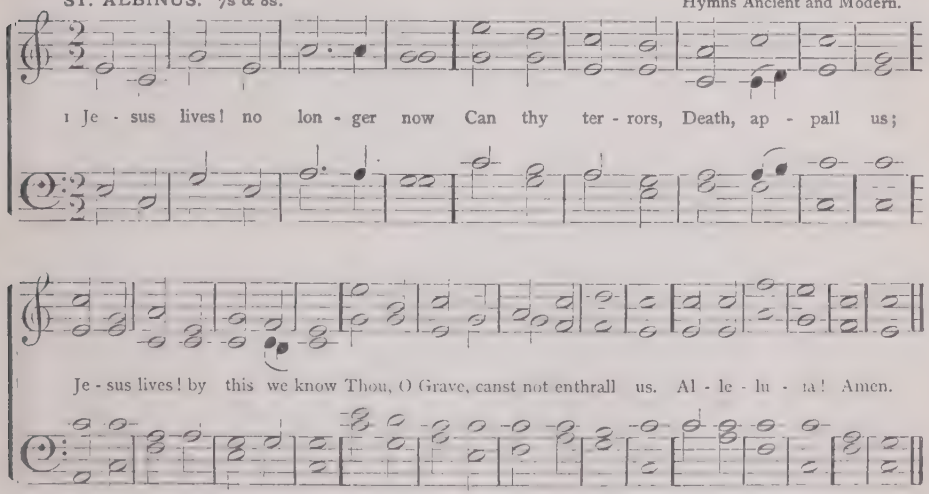
2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace!

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

ST. ALBINUS. 7s & 8s. Hymns Ancient and Modern.



200.

1 Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!
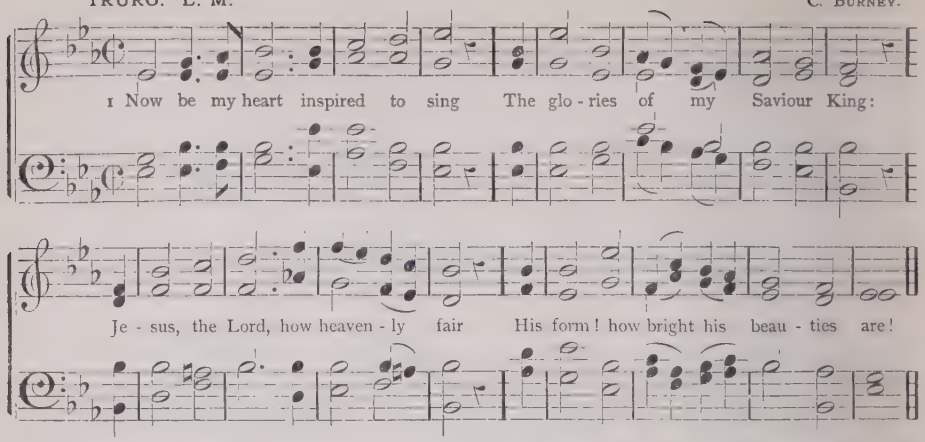
3 Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

Ch. F. Gellert, 1757; tr. by F. E. Cox, 1841, a.

TRURO. L. M. C. BURNEY.



201.

PSALM 45.

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King:
Jesus, the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, forever stands!
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

202.

1 WORTHY is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace, that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

2 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

203.

1 O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

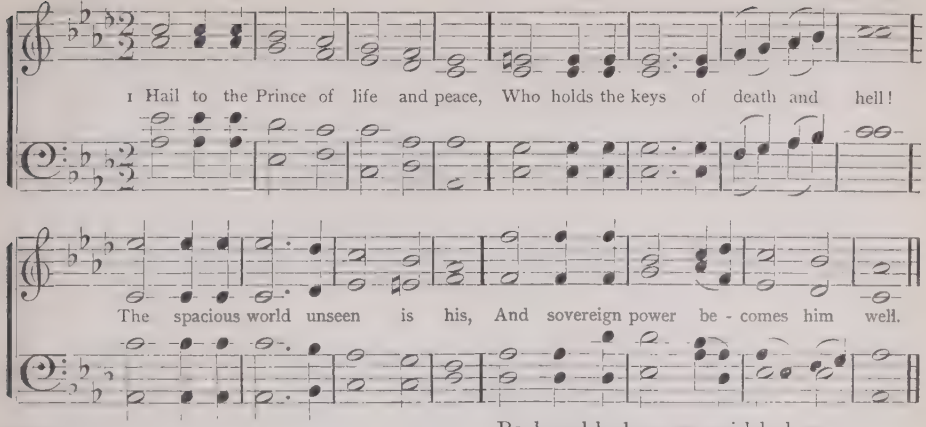
3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend, —
And reign through ages without end!

Gregory, 550-604; tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

GROSTETE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



204.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives forevermore:
Bow down, ye saints around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends!
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

205.

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above!

2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
Let every tongue his glory sing.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

206.

1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! name divine!
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

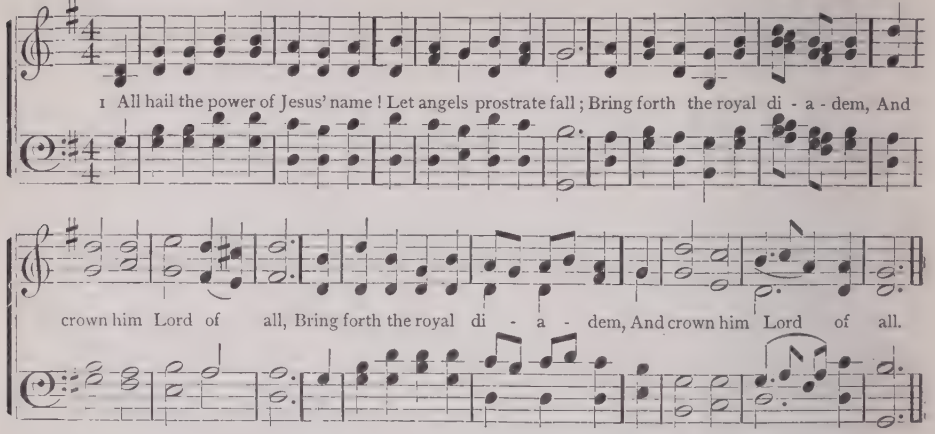
2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
Rock of salvation! thou art mine.

Sabbath Hymn-Book, 1858.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



207.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780, a.

208.

REV. 8: 13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

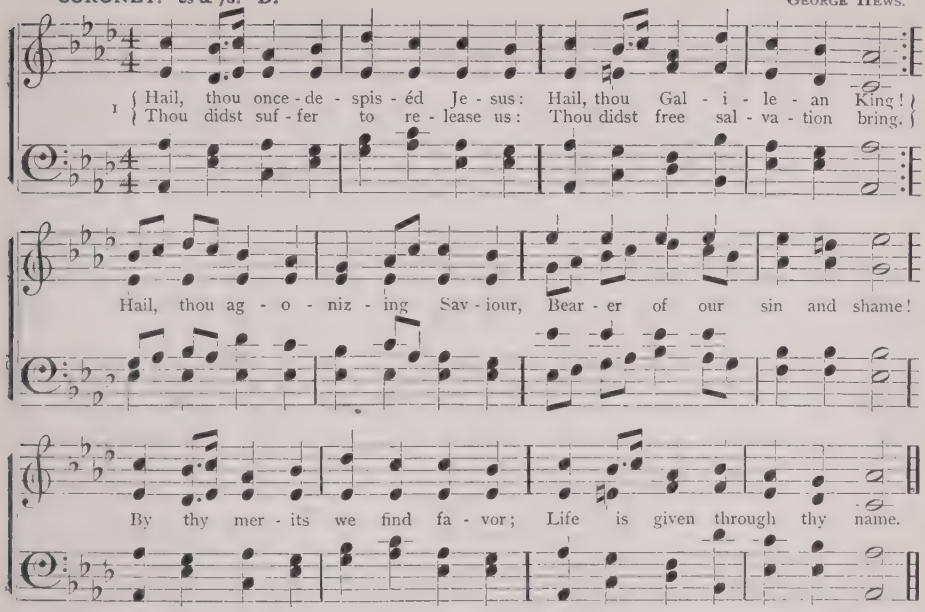
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

CORONET. 8s & 7s. D. GEORGE HEWS.



209.

1 HAIL, thou once-despiséd Jesus:
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760; alt. by A. M. Toplady, 1776.
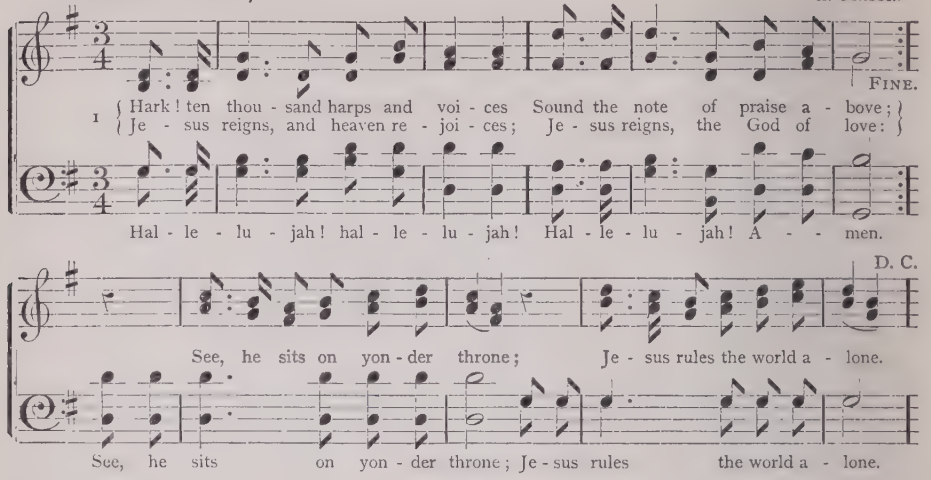
210.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

William Goode, 1811.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



211.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives its worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1836.

212.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
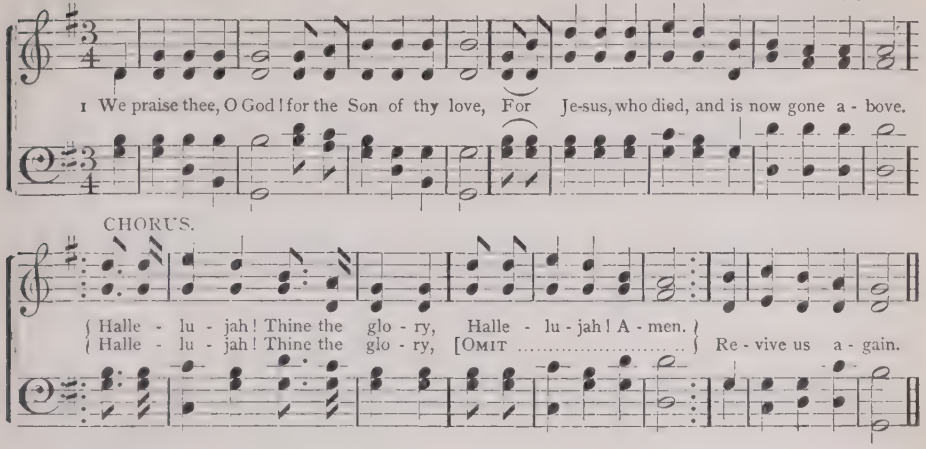
2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 118 & 128. ENGLISH MELODY.



213.

1 WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above. *Cho.*

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light!
Who has shown us the Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. *Cho.*

4 Revive us again: fill each heart with thy love!
May our souls be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

W. P. Mackay, 1863.

214.

1 REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb.

CHO. Sound his praises, tell the story, of him who was slain.
Sound his praises, tell with gladness he liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed!
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust, has died on the tree.

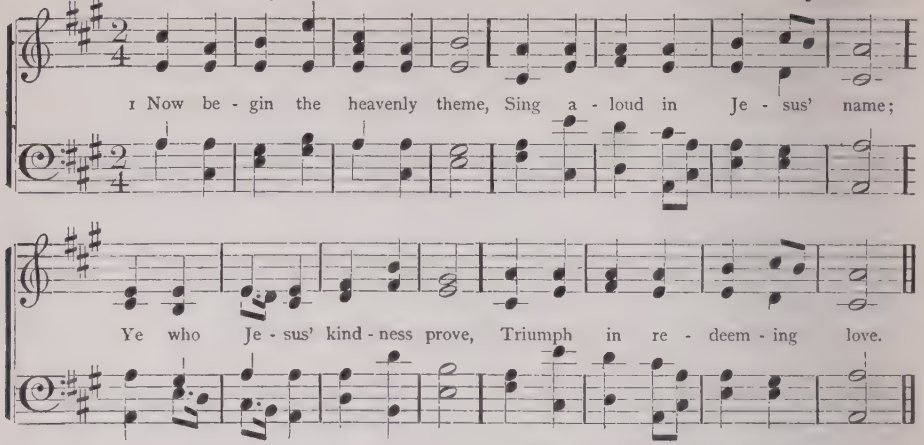
5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us, on his throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for he cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Horatius Bonar, 1874.

NUREMBURG. 7s. J. S. Bach.



215.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Martin Madan, 1763.

216.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

John Cennick, 1742.

217.

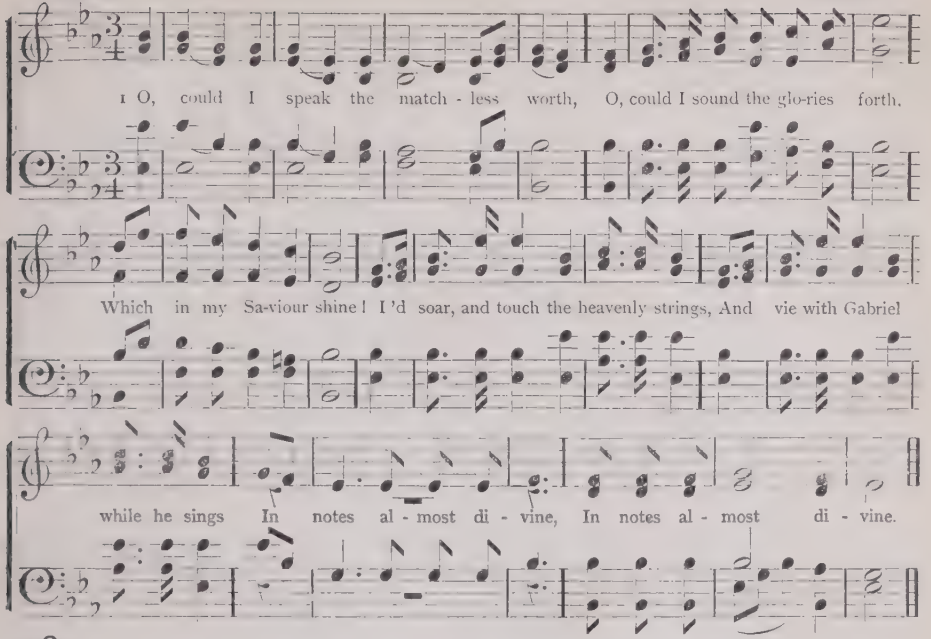
1 Brethren, let us join to bless
Christ, our peace and righteousness;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God, to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the woman's promised seed;
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

John Cennick, 1742, a.

ARIEL. C. P. M. L. MASON.



218.

2 I 'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine.
I 'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

219.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

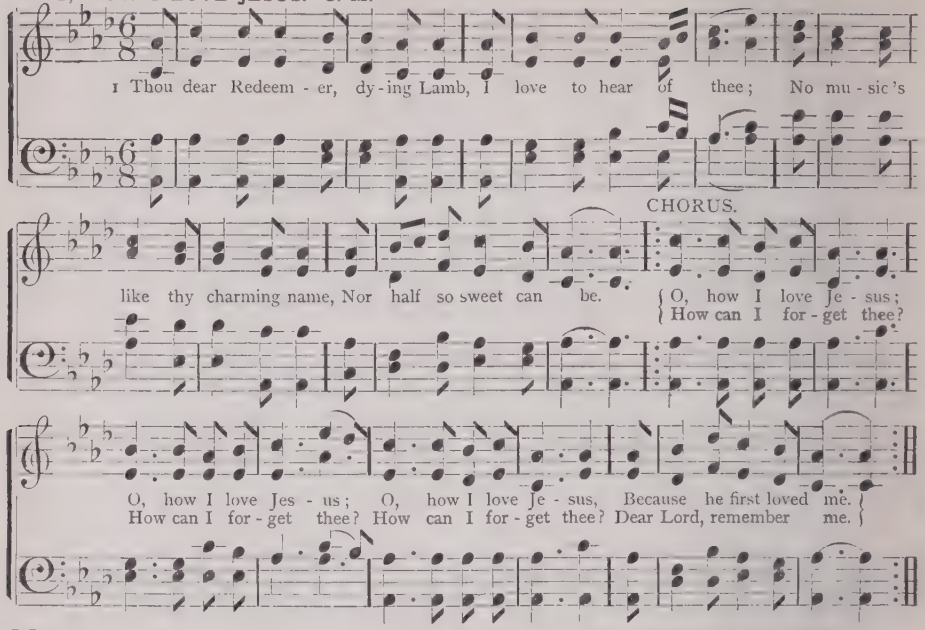
2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O, that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.



220.
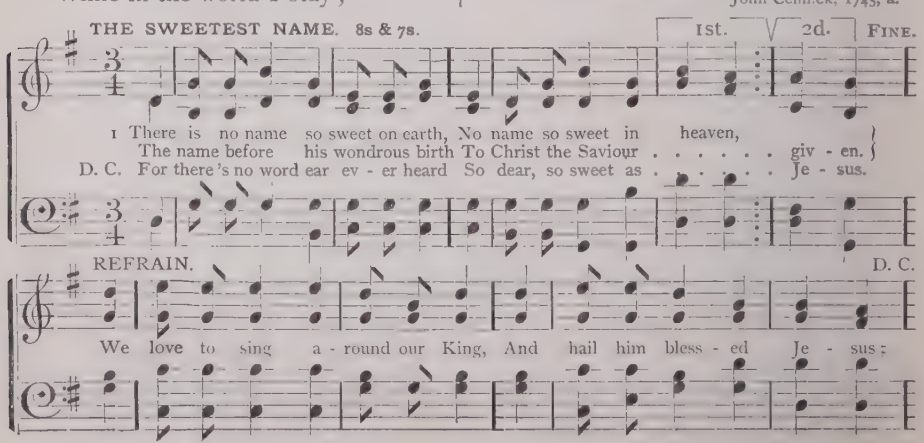
2 O let me ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec! *Cho.*

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in the world I stay;
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay. *Cho.*

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song. *Cho.*

John Cennick, 1745, a.

THE SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.



221.

1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given. *Cho.*

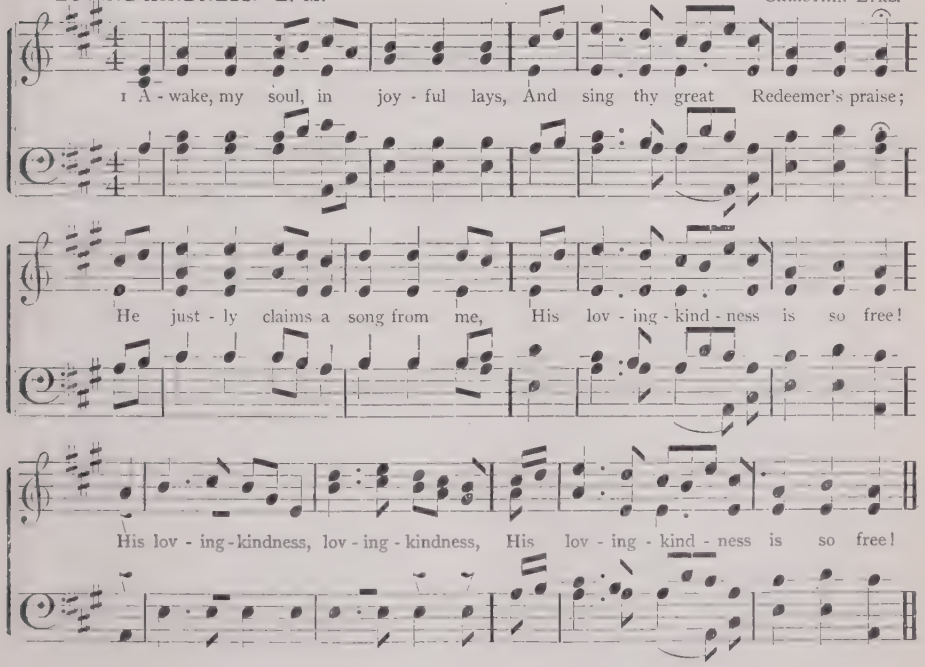
2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him. *Cho.*

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus. *Cho.*

4 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever. *Cho.*

George W. Bethune, 1858.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. CHRISTIAN LYRE.



222.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

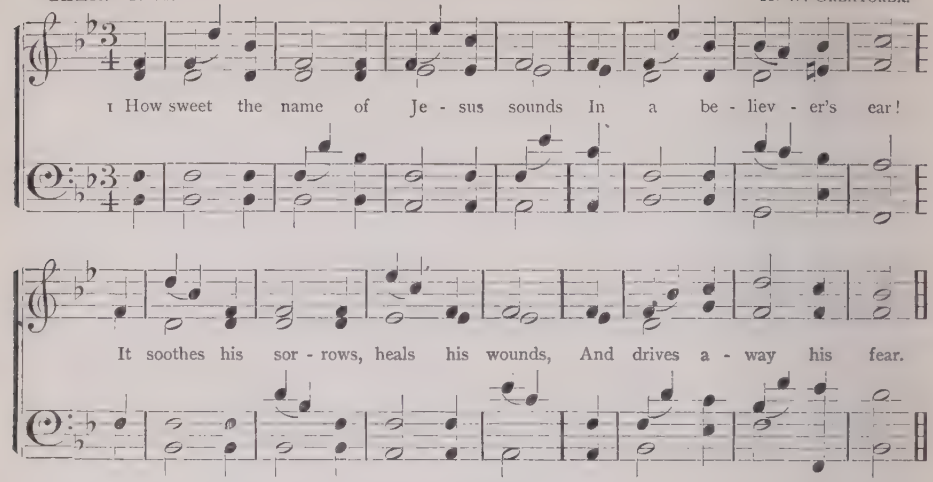
4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies!

Samuel Medley, 1787.

GEER. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



223.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

224.

1 O, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

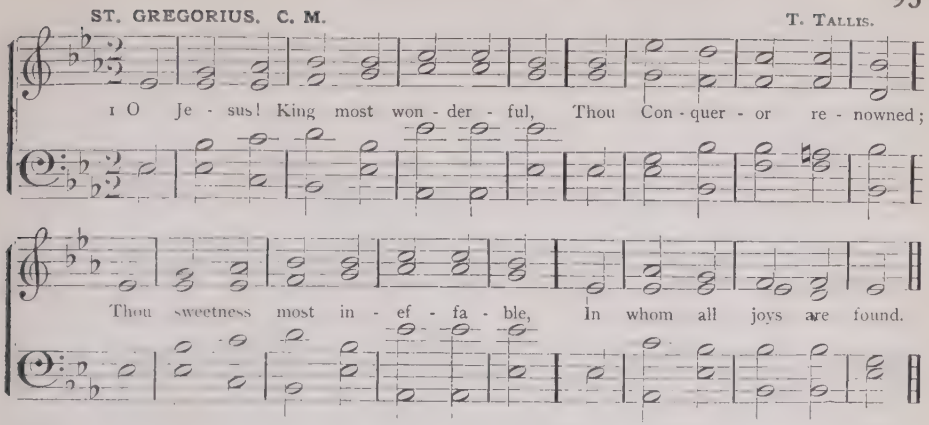
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley, 1740.



225.

1 O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found;

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire;

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

226.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782.

227.

1 THOU art the Way, — to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

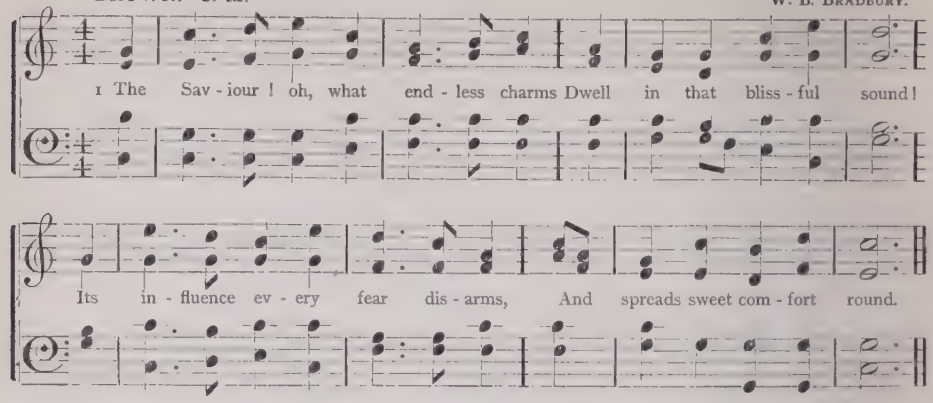
2 Thou art the Truth, — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane, 1824.

BROWN. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



228.

1 THE Saviour ! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode ; [eyes,
While angels viewed with wondering
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine :
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall :
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all !

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

229.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'T is all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb !

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name ;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

230. PSALM 71.

1 My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace !

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

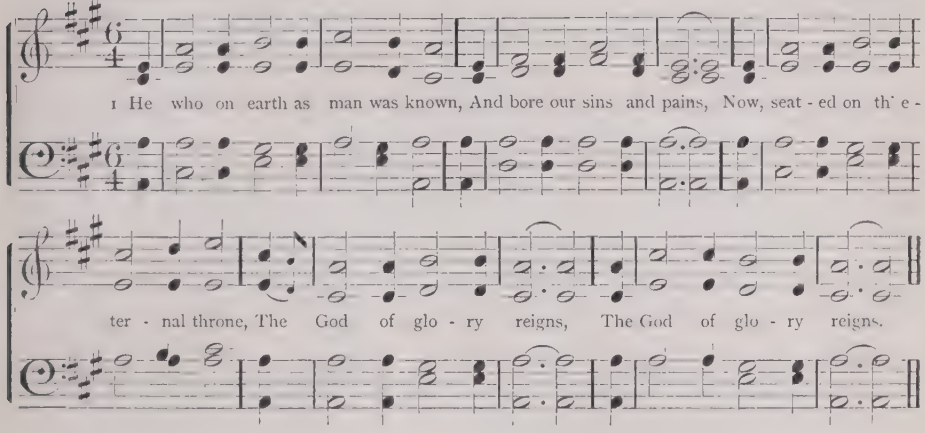
3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



231.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious he, how happy they
In such a glorious friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end!

John Newton, 1779.

232.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow,
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

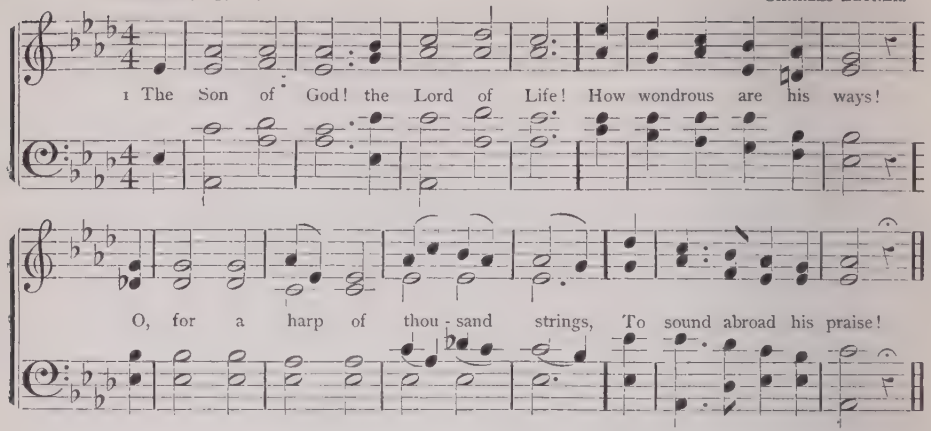
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

Samuel Stennett, 1772.

HUMMEL. C. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



233.

1 THE Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are his ways!
O, for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

2 How passing strange, to leave the seat
Of heaven's eternal throne,
And hosts of glittering seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

3 And did he bow his sacred head,
And die a death of shame?
Let men and angels magnify
And bless his holy name!

4 The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are his ways!
O, for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

George Mogridge, 1851.

234.

1 JESUS, thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone:
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

235.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

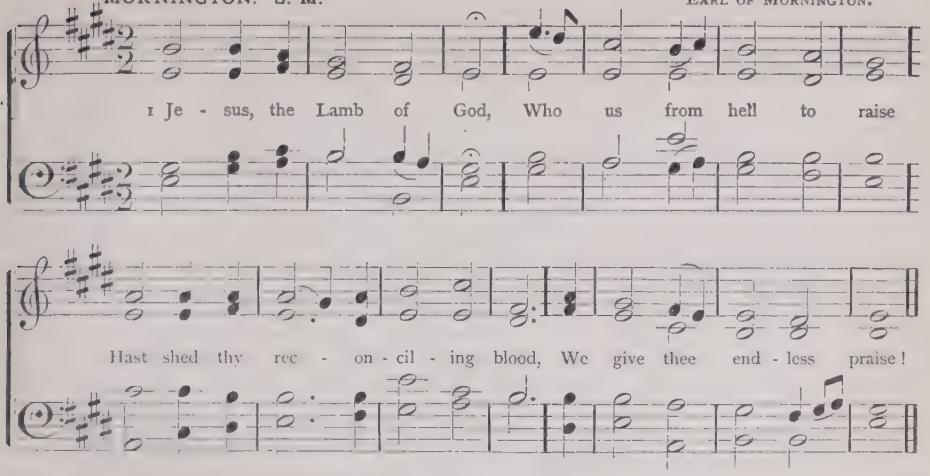
3 Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die,
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

5 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760.

MORNINGTON. S. M. EARL OF MORNINGTON.



236.

1 JESUS, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed thy reconciling blood,
We give thee endless praise.

2 God and yet man thou art,
True God, true man, art thou,
Of man and of man's earth a part,
One with us thou art now.

3 Great Sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife;

4 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

5 True lover of the lost,
From heaven thou camest down,
To pay for souls the righteous cost,
And claim them for thine own.

6 Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee our rest we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

237.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspires our song.

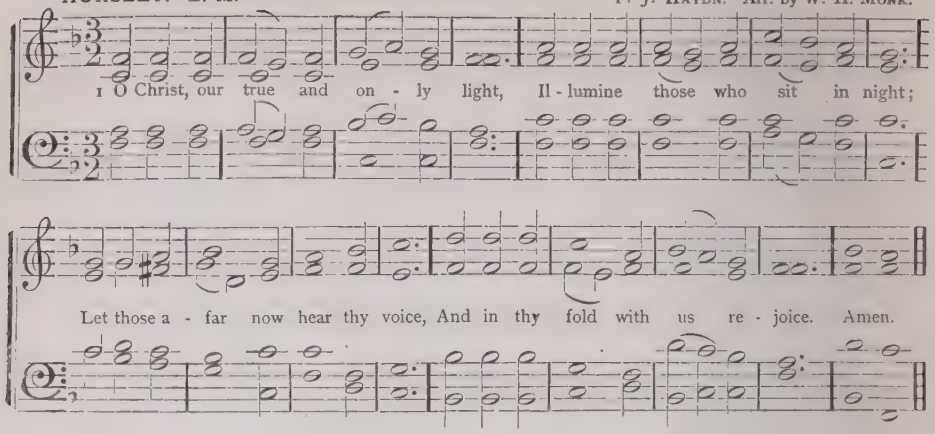
4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come";
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, 1745.

HURSLEY. L. M. F. J. HAYDN. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



238.

1 O CHRIST, our true and only light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Fill with the radiance of thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all in whom their secret mind
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

4 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore;
And endless praise to thee be given,
By all thy church in earth and heaven.

Johann Heermann, 1653; tr. by C. Winkworth, 1858.

239.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.

2 Jesus, too late I thee have sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.

Henry Collins, 1852.

240.

JOHN 10: 11.

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given.

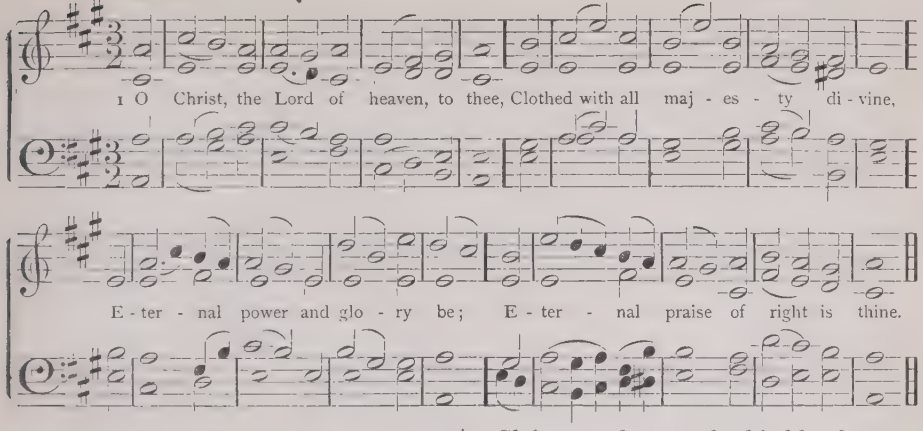
2 O, guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

3 O, may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete:
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

ATLANTIC. L. M. GEORGE OATES.



241.

1 O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be;
Eternal praise of right is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of Life, who once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright, burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep, fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 Jesus! all earth shall speak the word;
Jesus! all heaven shall sound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

Ray Palmer, 1867.

242.

REV. 5: 9-13

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls at his soul's price to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853, a.

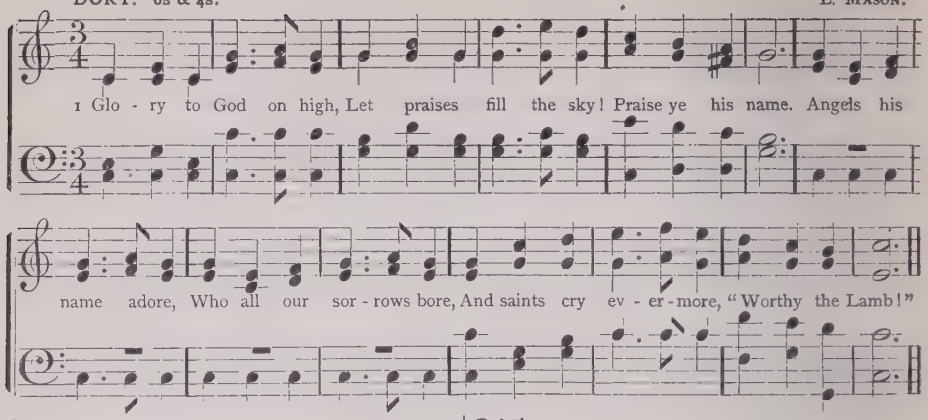
243.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher, still higher swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

DORT. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



244.

1 GLORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky!
Praise ye his name!
Angels his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name.
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we 'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen, 1761.

245.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray.
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O, come to-day.
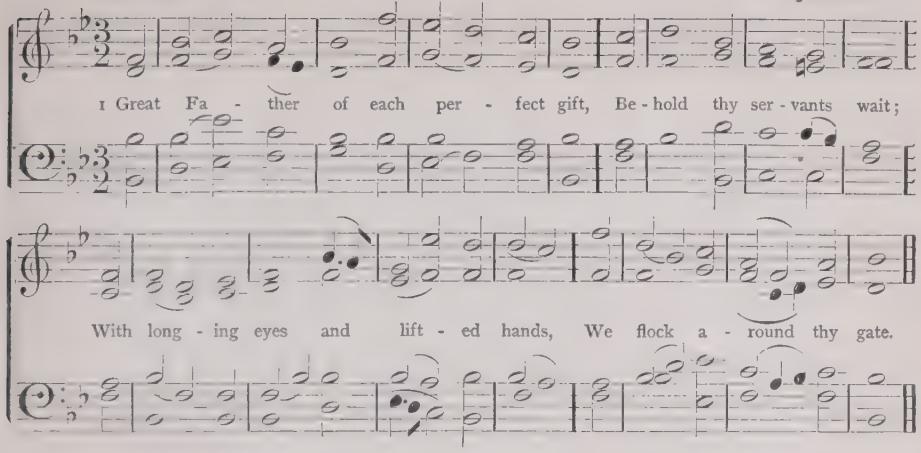
2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour.

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Robert II. of France; tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

NEWTON. C. M. T. JACKSON.



246.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

247.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

248.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this thy mighty hour;
And make thy willing people wise
To know thy day of power.

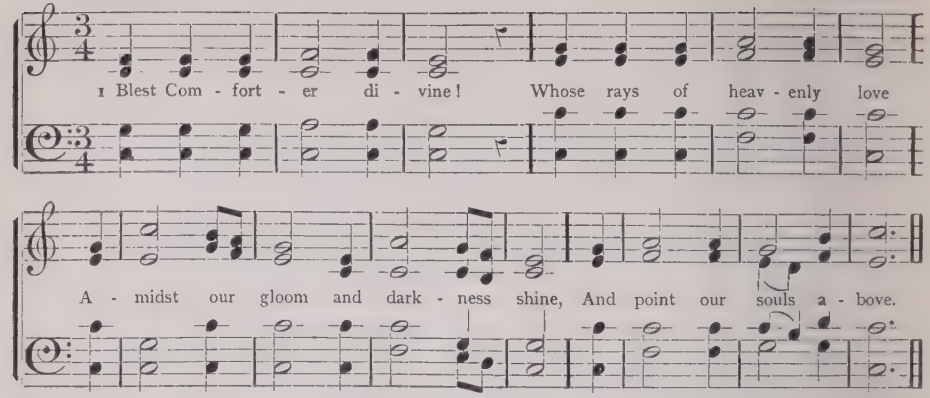
2 Pour down thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.

3 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

4 He draweth near, he standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years.

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

SHEFFIELD. S. M. T. HASTINGS.



249.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou with thy still, small voice,
Dost stop the sinner's way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 Thou whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race!
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1824.

250.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 O, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

251.

1 THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, he 's near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh;
But here in present majesty,
As in his courts on high.

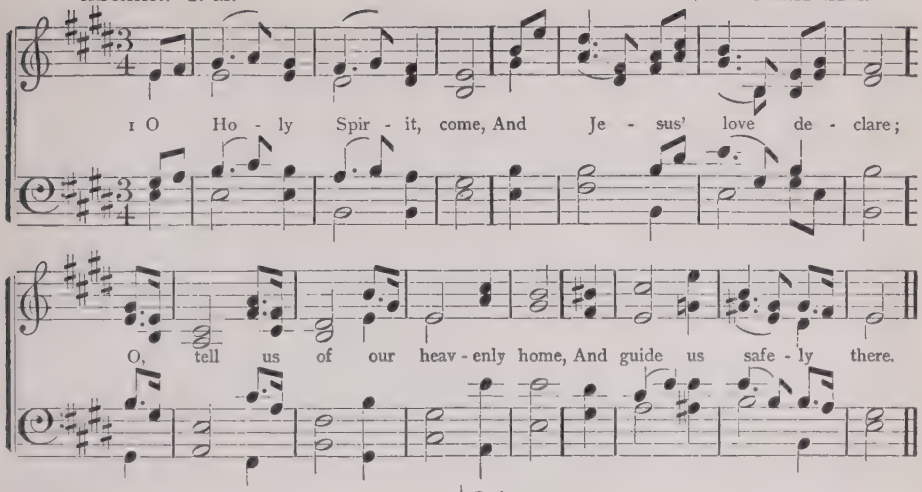
3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever-welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he the indwelling Lord:
All hail, thou Comforter divine!
Be evermore adored.

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power;
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

ADRIAN. S. M. GEORGE HEWS.



252.

1 O HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
O, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 We know thou hast the power,
O, let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour,
O, make that mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's friend,
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless thee for thy grace,
And thine almighty power;
We bless thee for thy holy place,
And this accepted hour.

Oswald Allen, 1860.

253.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

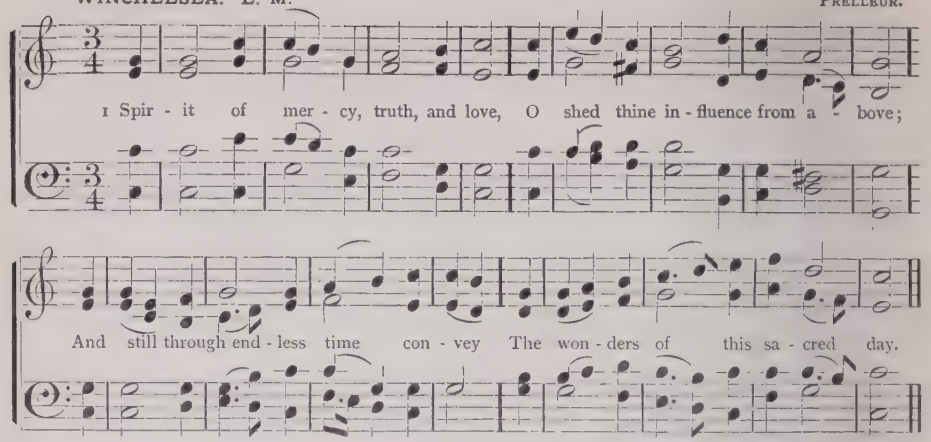
4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of peace.

5 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

WINCHELSEA. L. M. PRELLEUR.



254.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide,
Still in our longing hearts abide;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

R. W. Kyle, 1775.

255.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

256.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

John Stewart, 1803.

257.

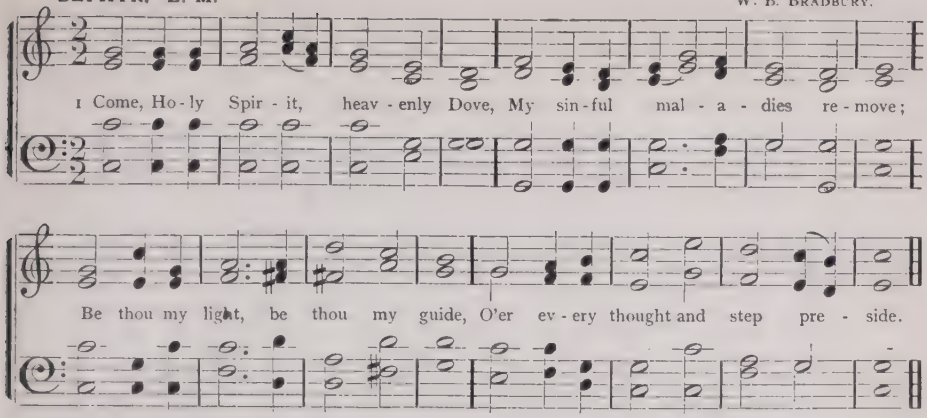
1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess these longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed,
Be this thine everlasting rest!

Thomas Scott, 1773.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



258.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be thou my light, be thou my guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest.

4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray:
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne, 1720.

259.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The Book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

260.

1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart:
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

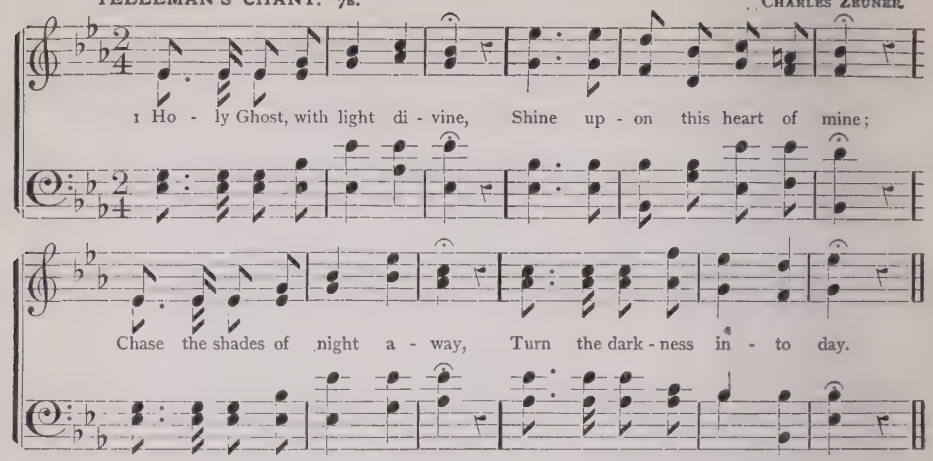
2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Anne Steele, 1760.

TELLEMAN'S CHANT. 7s. CHARLES ZEUNER.



261.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

262.

1 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with love divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.

263.

1 Holy Spirit, from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

264.

1 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Breathe upon us from above;
And, with sweet, celestial fire,
Zeal inflame, and love inspire.

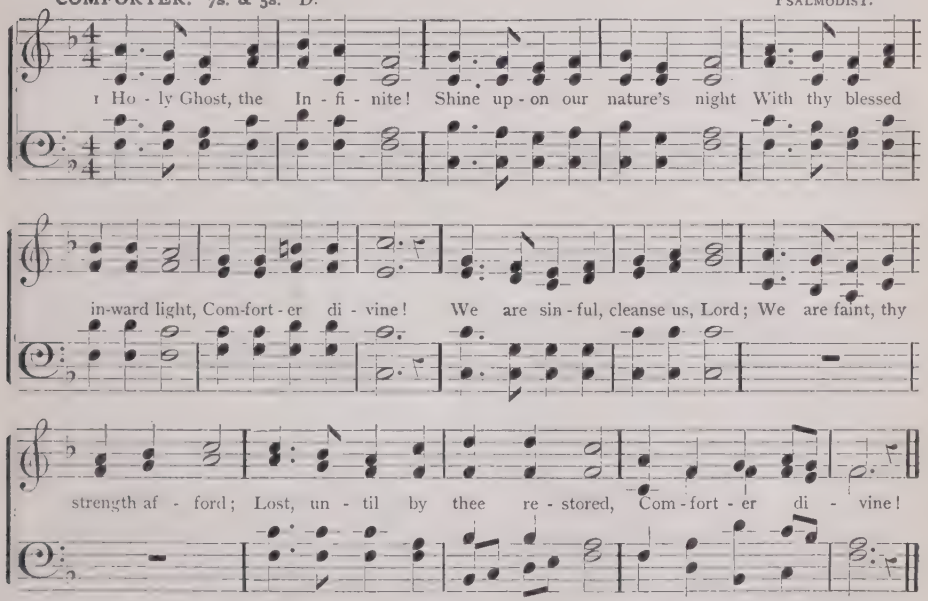
2 On this congregation pour
Heavenly blessings, like a shower;
Streams of grace upon us shed;
Teach the living, raise the dead.

3 Bid each groundless doubt depart;
Bind up every broken heart;
Warm the frozen, cheer the faint,
Feed and comfort every saint.

4 Every soul do thou engage;
Every Christian's grief assuage;
Be our Counsellor and Guide;
Lead to Jesus crucified.

Joseph Irons, 1847.

COMFORTER. 7s. & 5s. D. PSALMODIST.



265.

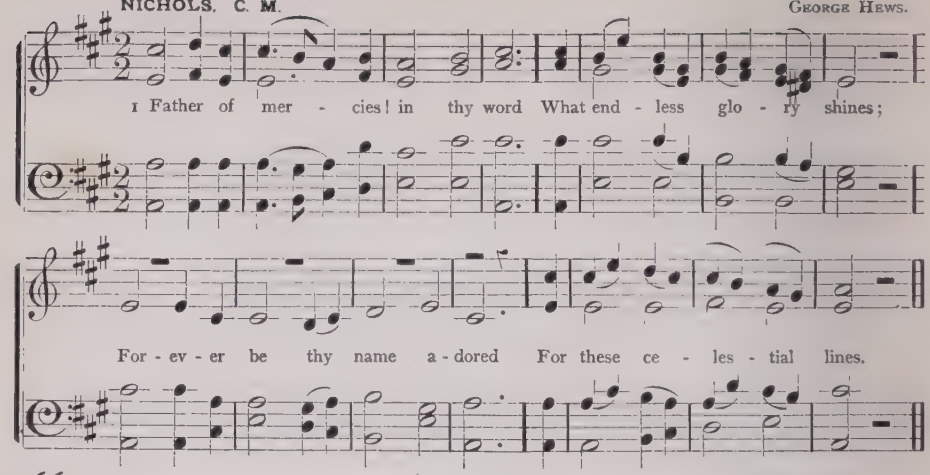
1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter divine!
We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter divine!

2 Like the dew thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!
In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine!

3 In us Abba, Father, cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!
Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter divine!

George Rawson, 1853, a.

NICHOLS. C. M. GEORGE HEWS.



266.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

267.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

268.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

269.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

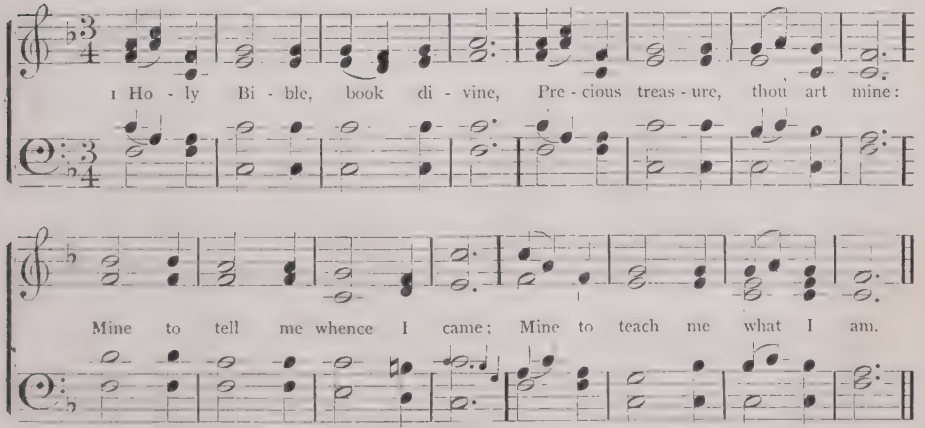
3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod,
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.



270.

1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

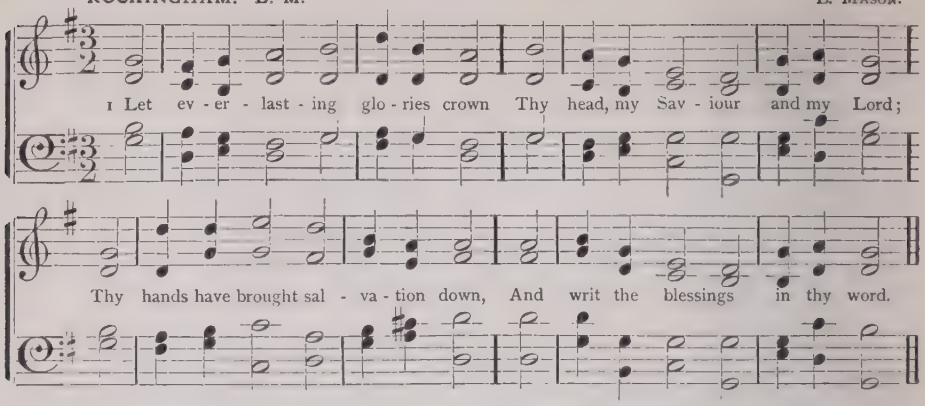
2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

John Burton, 1805.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. MASON.



271.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blesséd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

272.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benj. Beddome, 1787; alt. by Robert Hall, 1816.

273.

PSALM 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

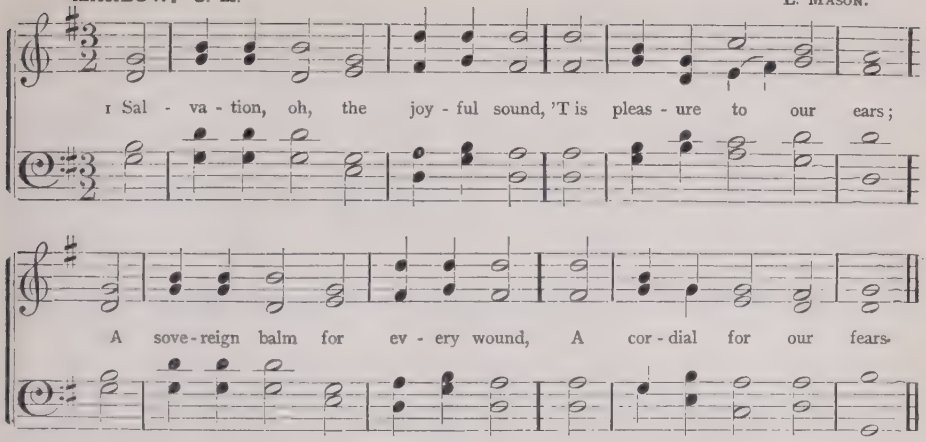
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MARLOW. C. M. L. MASON.



274.

1 SALVATION, oh, the joyful sound,
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

275.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh, amazing love,
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus.
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O, for his love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

276.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
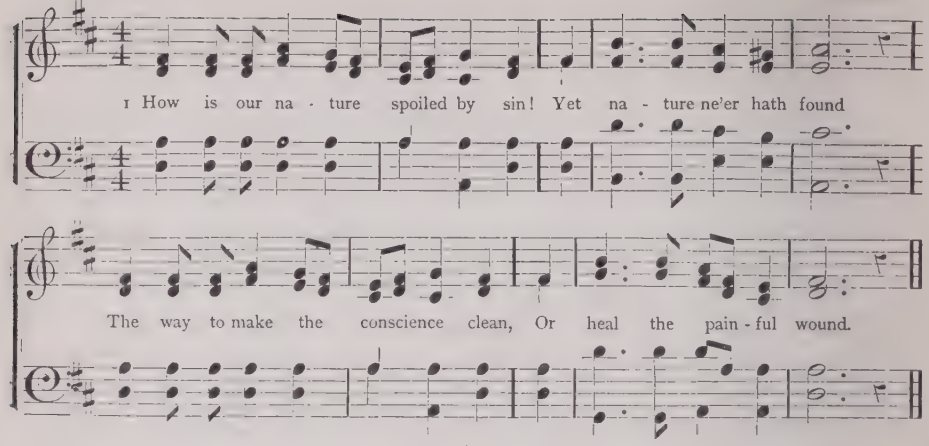
2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



277.

1 How is our nature spoiled by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

2 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there 's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

5 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord;
'T is on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

278.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

279.

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

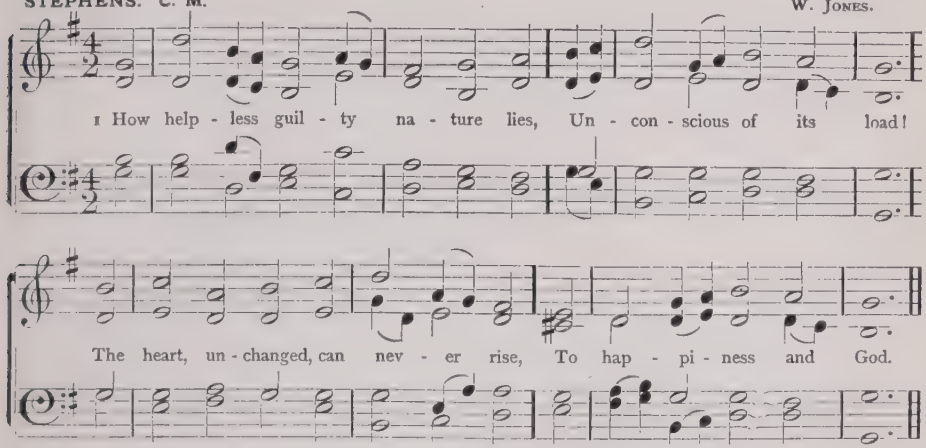
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that 's touched with all our joy,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES.



280.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

281.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

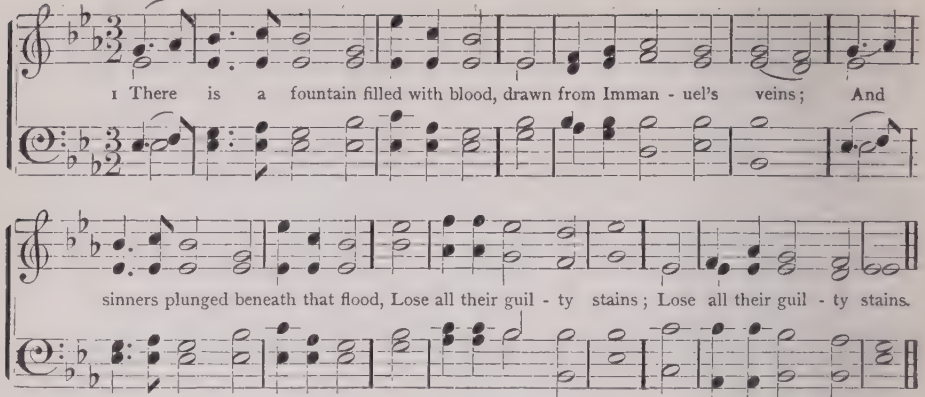
3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709

COWPER. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



282.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

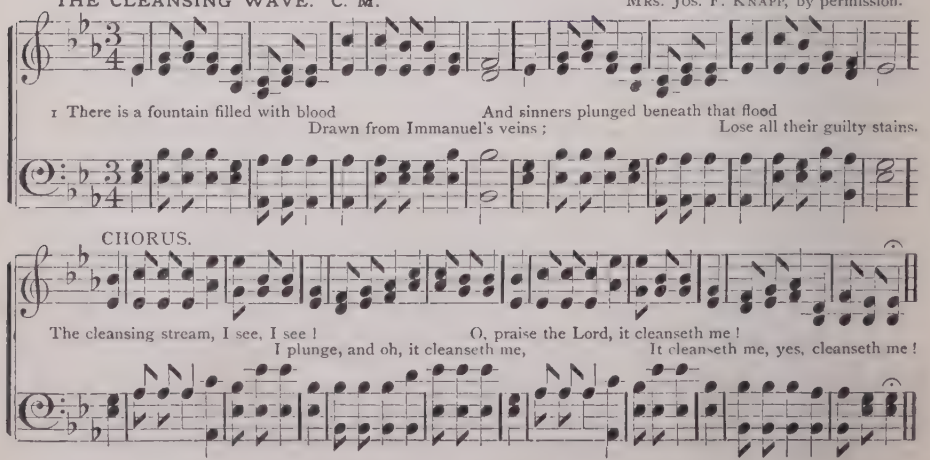
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
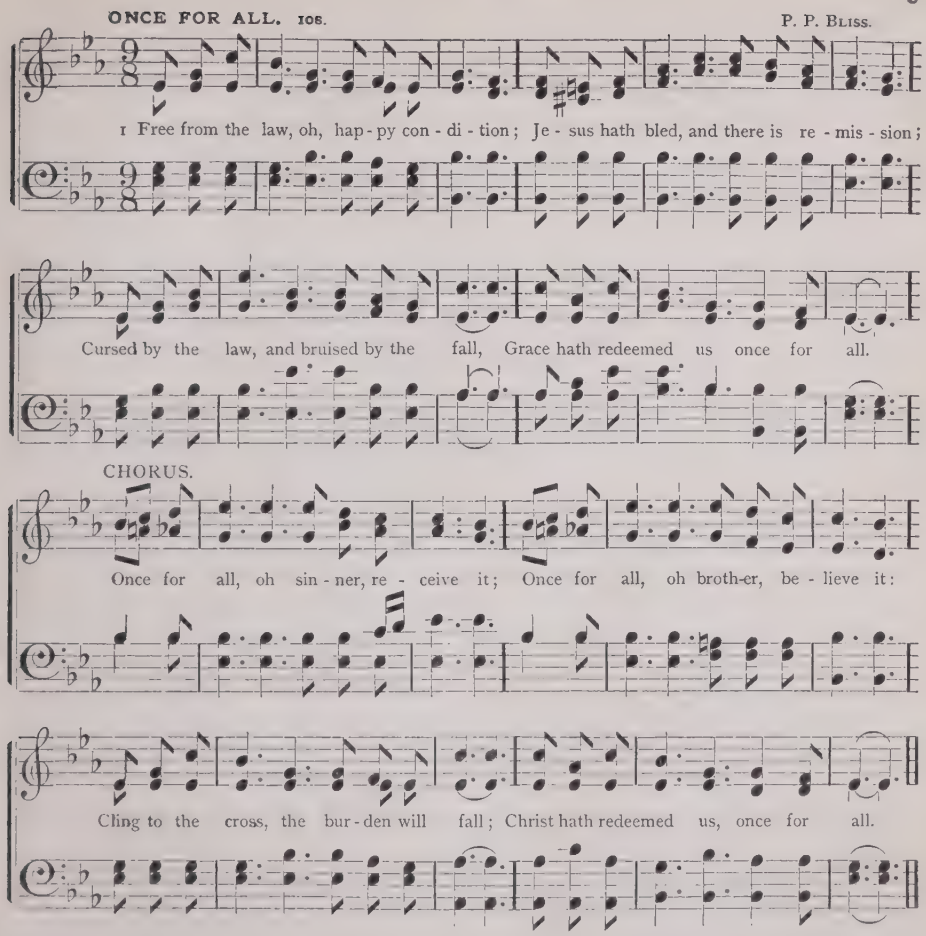
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1779.

THE CLEANSING WAVE. C. M. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by permission.





283.

1 FREE from the law, oh, happy condition;
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

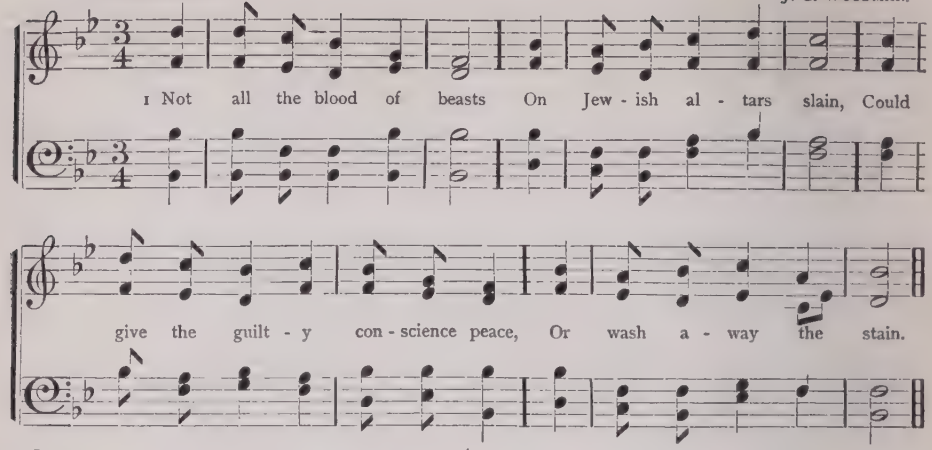
Cho. Once for all, oh sinner, receive it;
Once for all, oh brother, believe it:
Cling to the cross, the burden will fall;
Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.

2 Now are we free, there 's no condemnation;
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,
Come unto me: oh, hear his sweet call,
Come, and he saves us, once for all. *Cho.*

3 Children of God! oh, glorious calling!
Surely his grace shall keep us from falling,
Passing from death to life at his call,
Blessed salvation, once for all. *Cho.*

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



284.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

285.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest!

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

286.

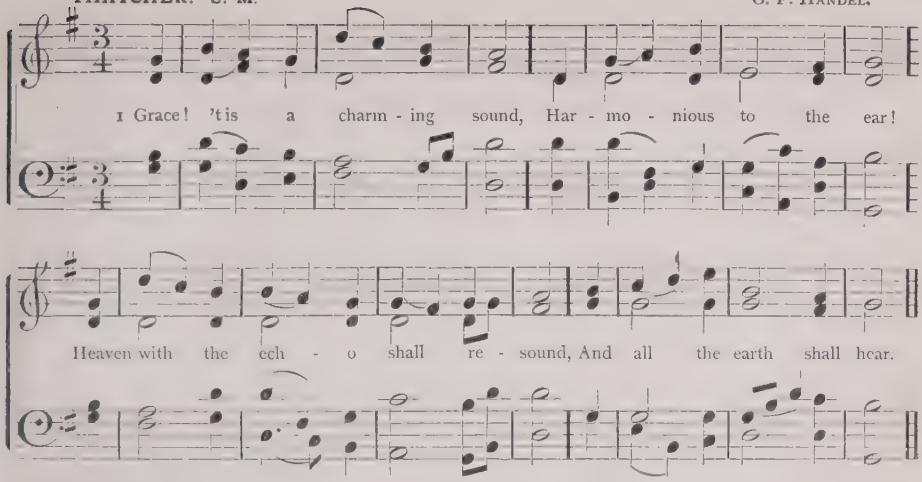
1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

THATCHER. S. M. G. F. HANDEL.



287.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

288.

1 Ah, what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah, whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

4 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

289.

1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise.

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

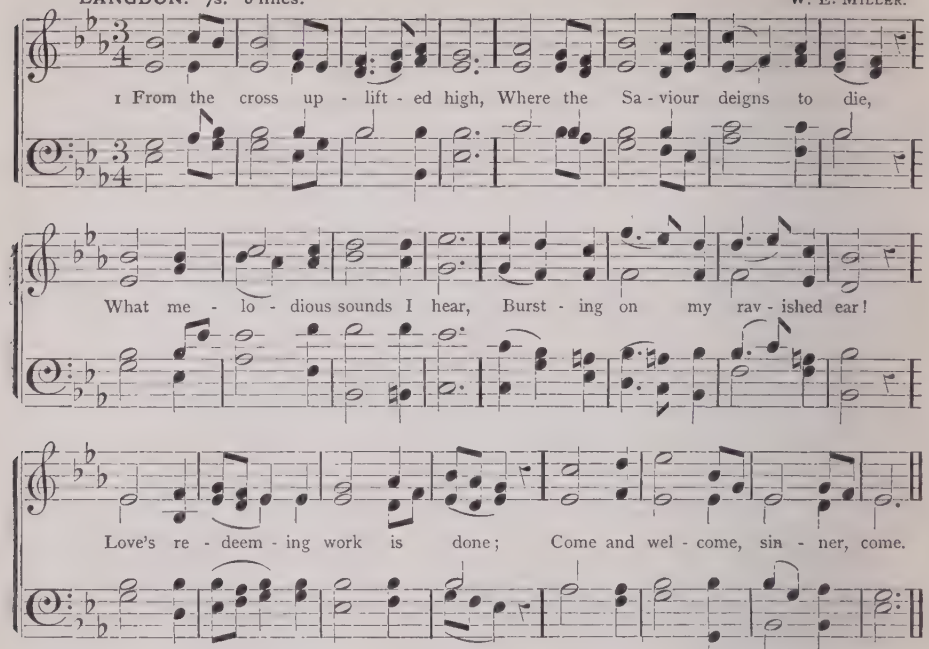
3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LANGDON. 7s. 6 lines. W. E. MILLER.



290.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom prest,
Yet again a child confest,
Never from his house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

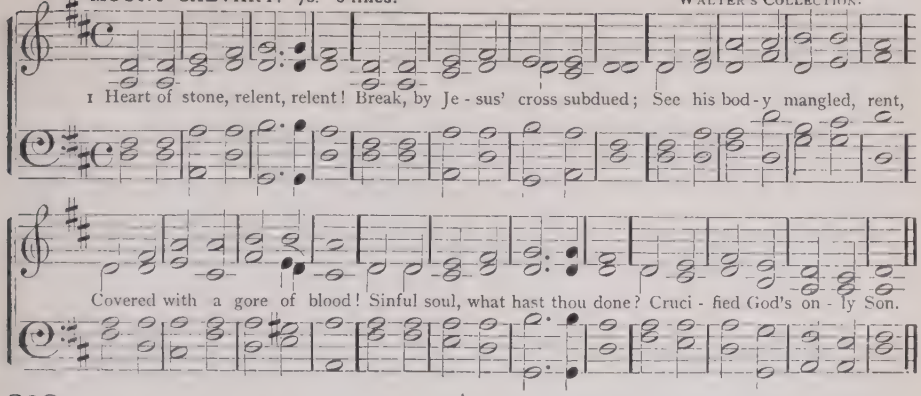
291.

1 YE who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Rowland Hill, 1774.

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292.
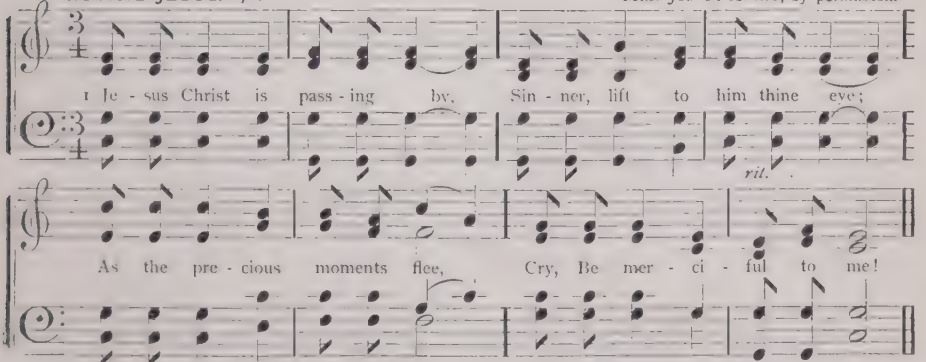
1 HEART of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified God's only Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed:
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head;
Plunged into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I 'll part;
Break, O break, my bleeding heart.

John Kruger, 1640; tr by Charles Wesley, 1745. a

LOVING JESUS. 7s. MRS. JOS F. KNAPP, by permission.



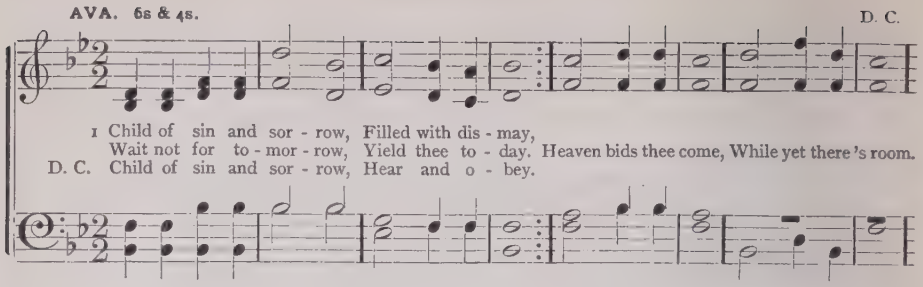
293.

2 Lo! he stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise, and tell him all thy need;
Rise, he calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord, I would thy mercy see:
Lord, reveal thy love to me.
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

4 O, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes, — it is salvation's hour;
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

J. Denham Smith, 1860.



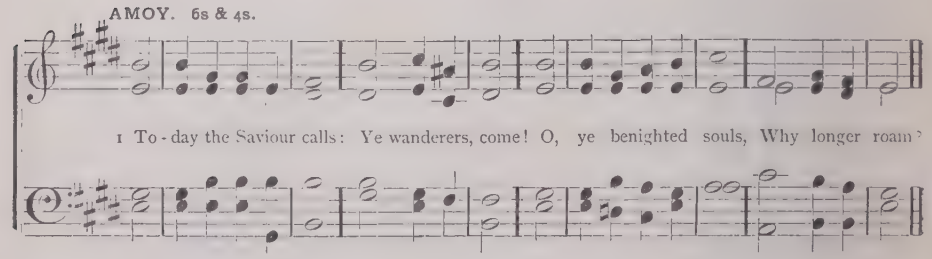
294.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there 's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.



295.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

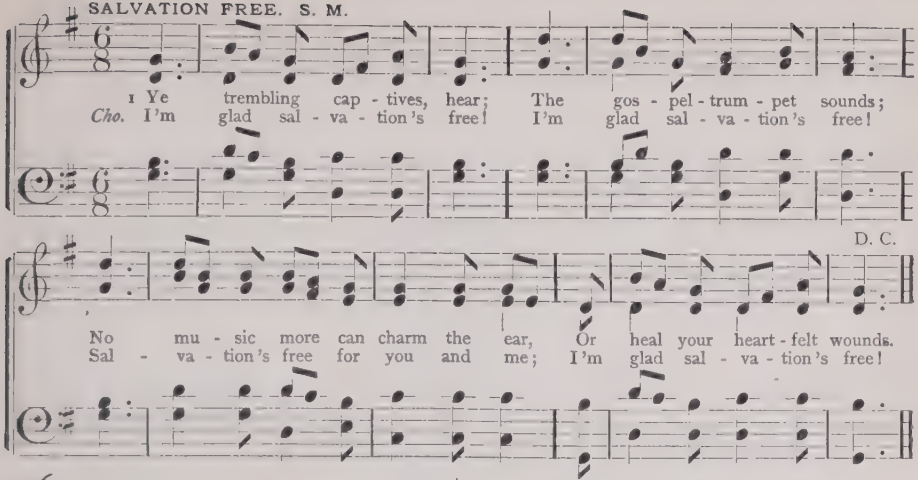
2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

SALVATION FREE. S. M.



296.
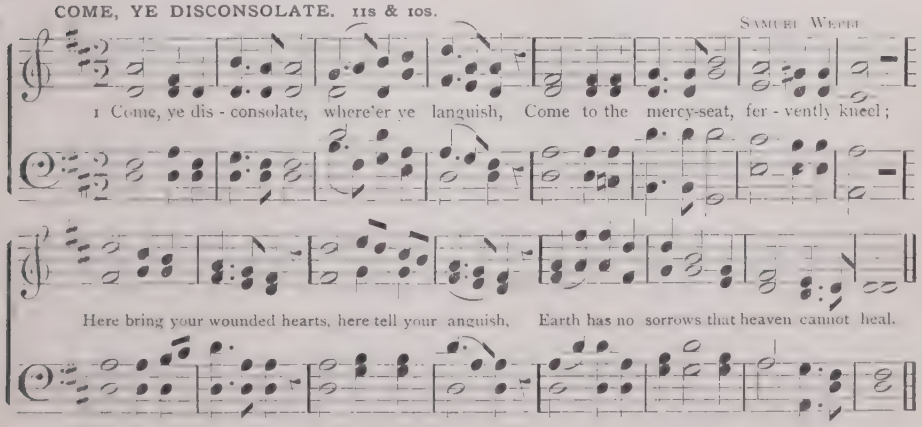
2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

Samuel Boyce, 1801.

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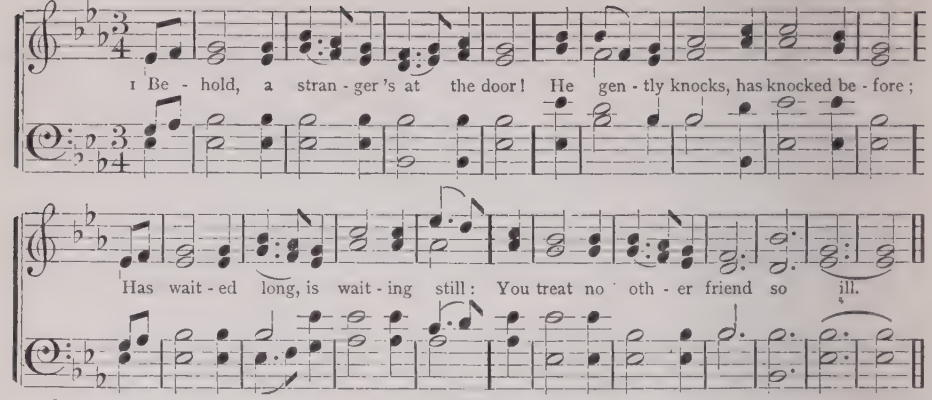
297.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure:

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816, a.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



298.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need:
The Man of Nazareth, 't is he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

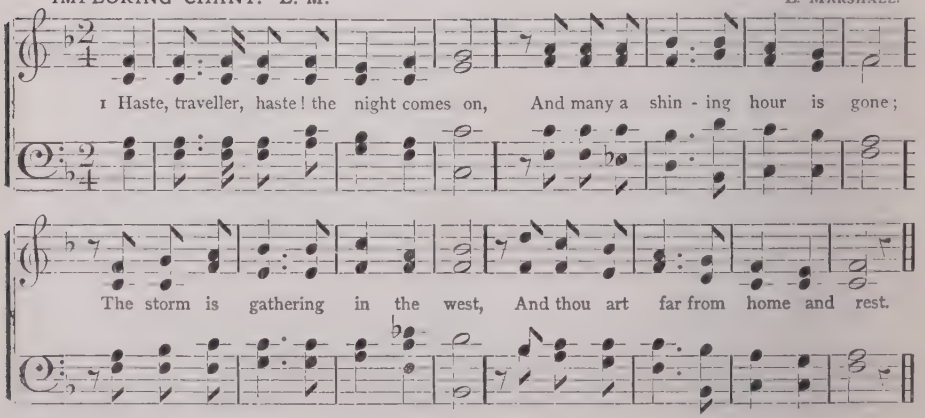
3 O lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and laden hands.
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet depart, and ne'er return!
Admit him; or the hour 's at hand
When at his door denied you 'll stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765, a.

IMPLORING CHANT. L. M. L. MARSHALL.



299.

1 HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes
And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

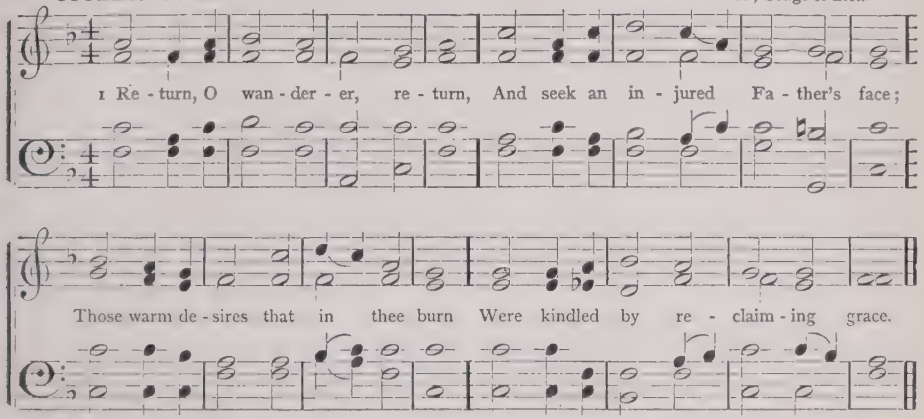
2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain,
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

William B. Collyer, 1829.

COOLEY. L. M. H. K., Songs of Zion.



300.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy deep, repentant sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

301.

1 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
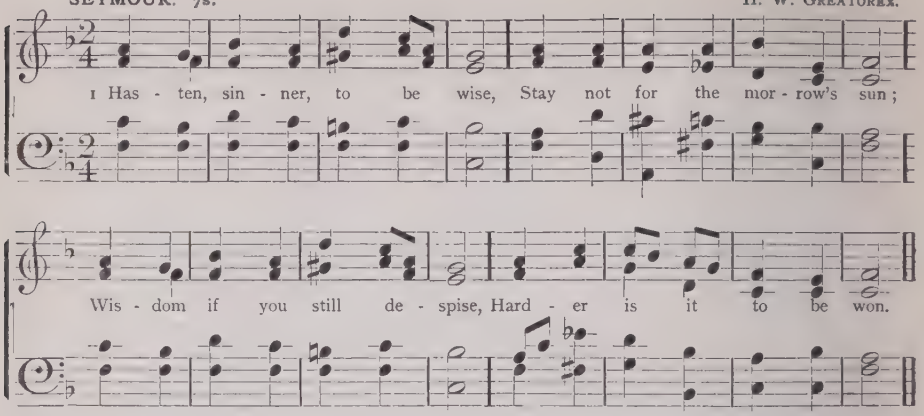
3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1750; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

SEYMOUR. 7s. H. W. GREATOREX.



302.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

303.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live;

4 Will you let him die in vain;
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:

6 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley, 1756.

304.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
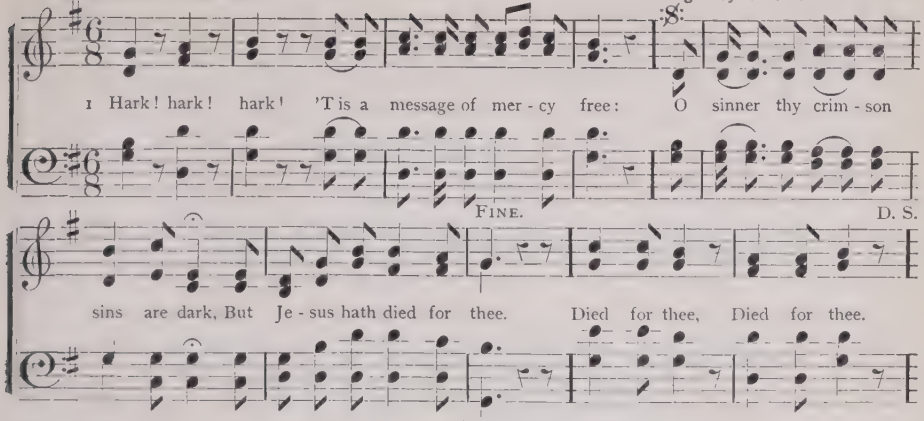
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1825.

MESSAGE OF MERCY. P. M. Arranged by G. C. STEBBINS.



305.

2 Look! look! look!
O, look to the blood-stained tree;
Thy sins are entered in God's own book,
But Jesus hath died for thee. *Cho.*

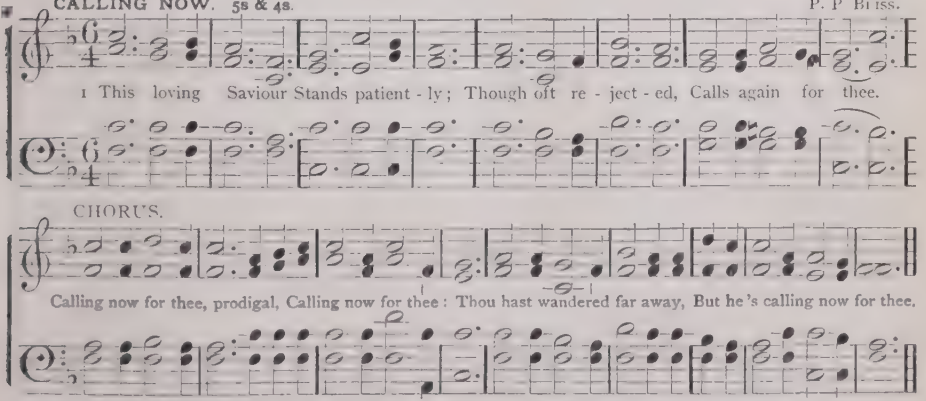
3 Come! come! come!
'T was Jesus who rescued me;
He healeth the leper, the lame, the dumb;
O sinner, he died for thee! *Cho.*

4 Haste! haste! haste!
Delay not from death to flee. [waste,
O, wherefore the moments in madness
When Jesus is calling thee. *Cho.*

5 Now! now! now!
To-morrow too late may be;
O sinner, with tears of contrition bow,
Confessing, "He died for me." *Cho.*

Times of Refreshing, 1870.

CALLING NOW. 5s & 4s. P. P. BLISS.



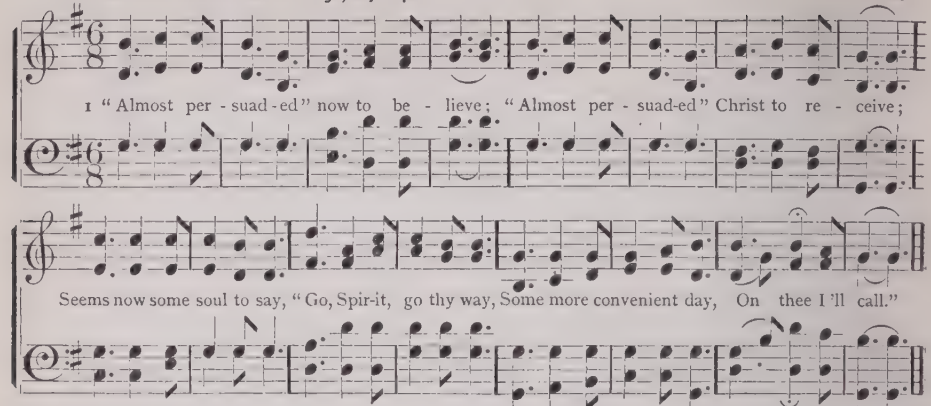
306.

2 O, boundless mercy,
Free, free to all!
Stay, child of error,
Heed the tender call. *Cho.*

3 Though all unworthy,
Come, now, come home;
Say, while he's waiting,
Jesus, Lord, I come. *Cho.*

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

ALMOST PERSUADED. 9s, 6s, & 4s. P. P. Bliss.



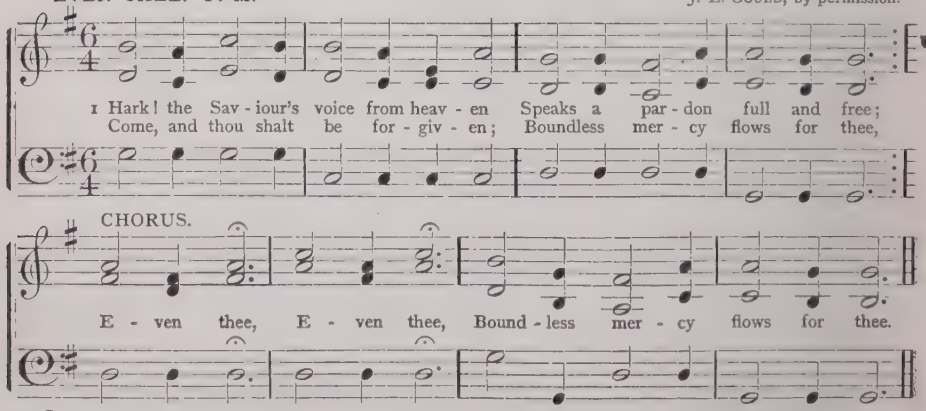
307.

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—
"Almost," but lost!

P. P. Bliss, 1852.

EVEN THEE. P. M. J. E. Gould, by permission.



308.

1 Hark! the Saviour's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee,
Even thee!

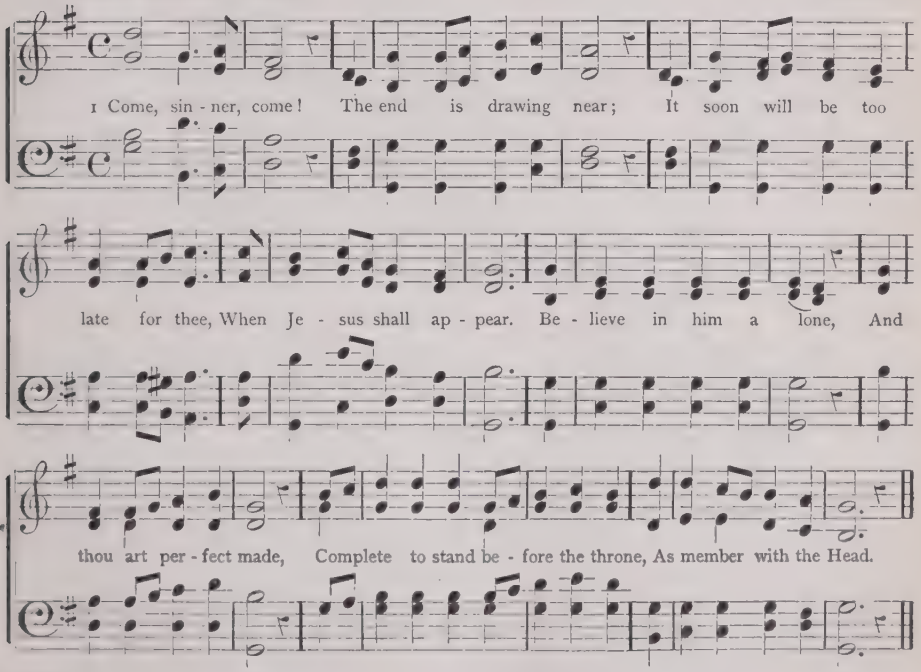
2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 't is for thee,
Even thee!

3 Come, then, now to Jesus fly;
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee,
Even thee!

4 Every sin shall be forgiven;
Thou through grace a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee,
Even thee!

Bristol Hymns, 1870.

COME, SINNER, COME. P. M. G. C. STEBBINS.



309.

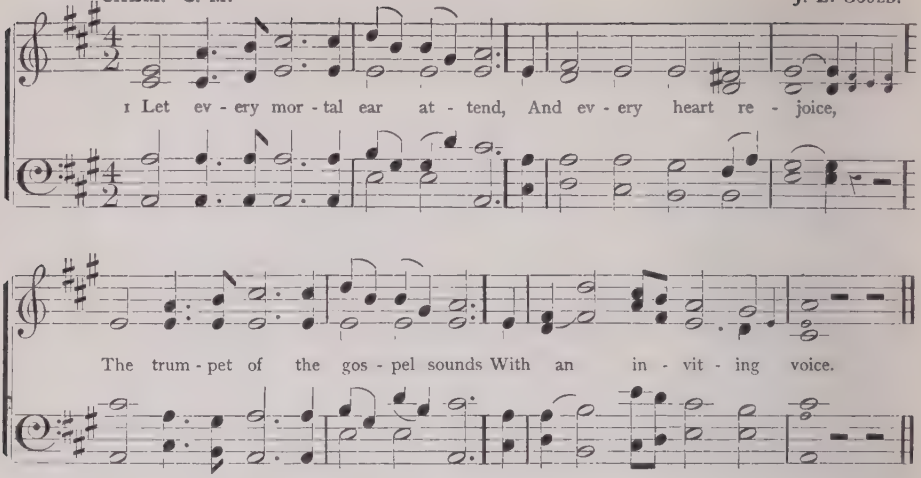
1 COME, sinner, come!
The end is drawing near;
It soon will be too late for thee,
When Jesus shall appear.
Believe in him alone,
And thou art perfect made,
Complete to stand before the throne,
As member with the Head.

2 Believe, believe!
No offering canst thou make;
The sinner's Saviour now receive;
His great salvation take.
By faith it is thine own,
List to the heavenly voice,
Stand up and make the tidings known,
And with the saints rejoice.

3 Come, wanderer, come!
Why shouldst thou longer stay,
Feeding on husks so far from home?
O, make no more delay!
The Father's home is thine,
For thee his board is spread, [wine,
For thee is poured the strengthening
And thine the living bread.

Times of Refreshing, 1870.

CALM. C. M. J. E. GOULD.



310.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

311.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

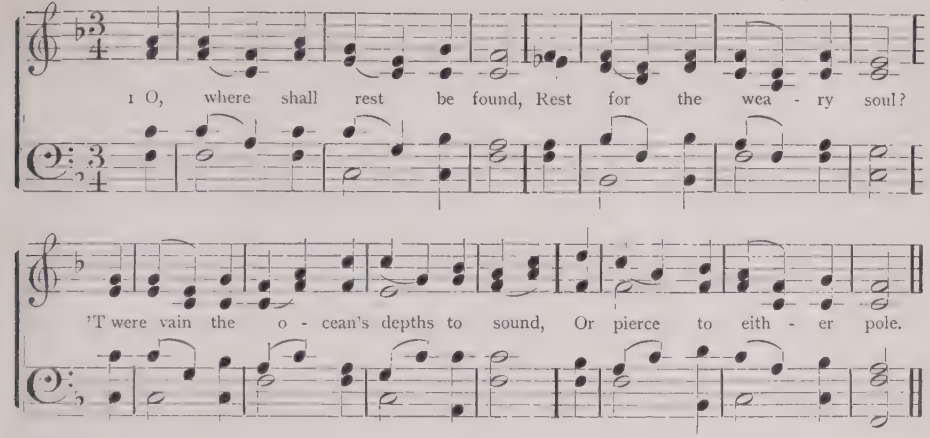
4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Edmund Jones, 1777.

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. Nägeli.



312.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

313.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door:
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1823.

314.

1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
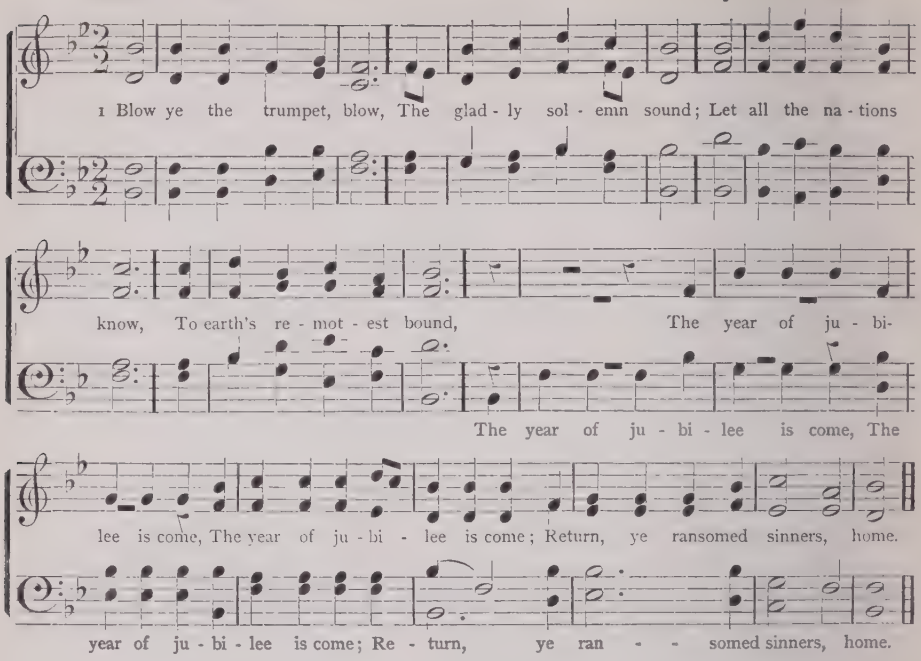
2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LENOX. H. M. JONATHAN EDSON.



315.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

316.
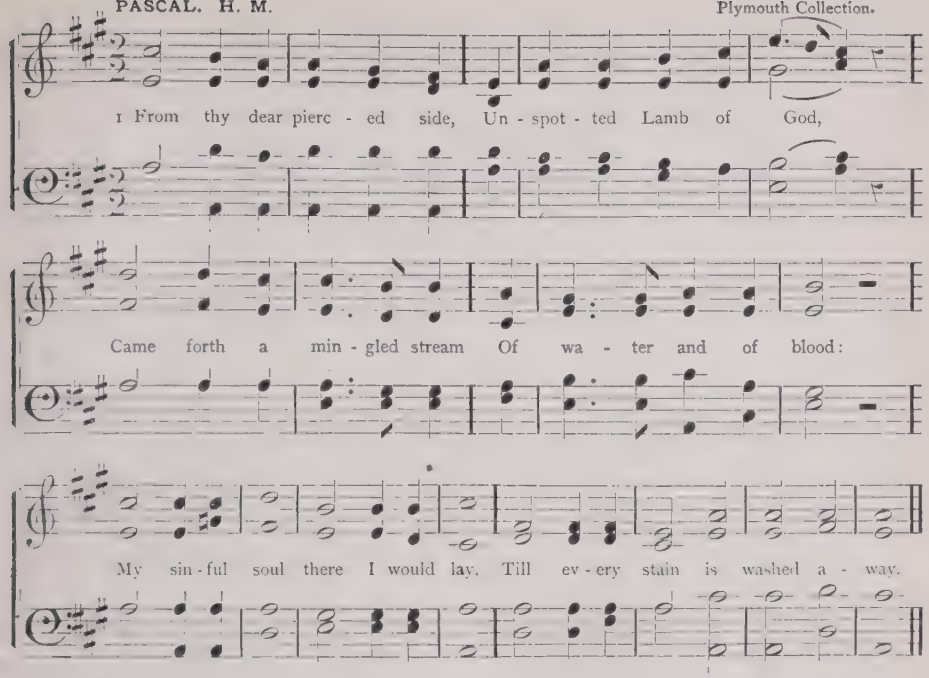
1 INDULGENT God, how kind
Are all thy ways to me,
Whose dark, benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

2 How precious are thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll,
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise,
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood;
The streams of love I trace
Up to the fountain, God;
And in his sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

John Kent, 1803.

PASCAL. H. M. Plymouth Collection.



317.

1 From thy dear, piercéd side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul there I would lay,
Till every stain is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe, and bathe again,
Till not a wound or woe remain.

3 A fountain 't is unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount will I repair; [there.
Come, sinners, come; there 's mercy

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

318.

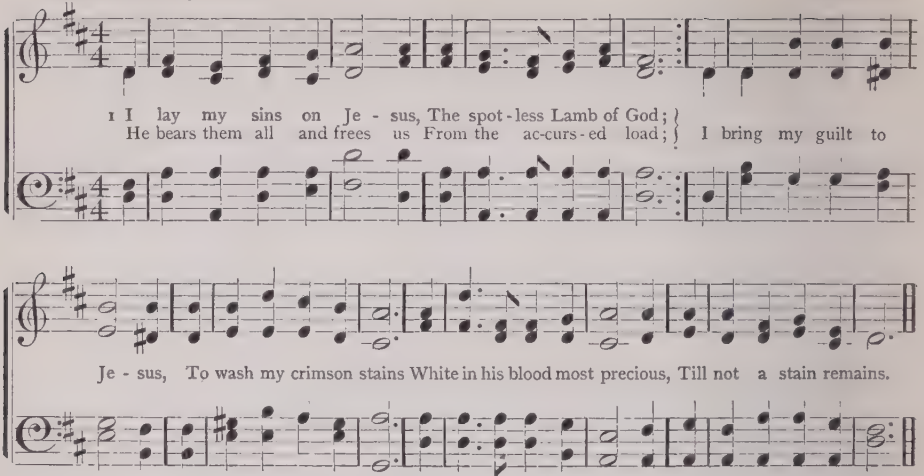
1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done,
They bid my fear depart;
To whom, save thee who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul,
In this I 'll live and die:
To whom, save thee who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

SELBORNE. 7s & 6s. UNKNOWN.



319.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus.
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

320.
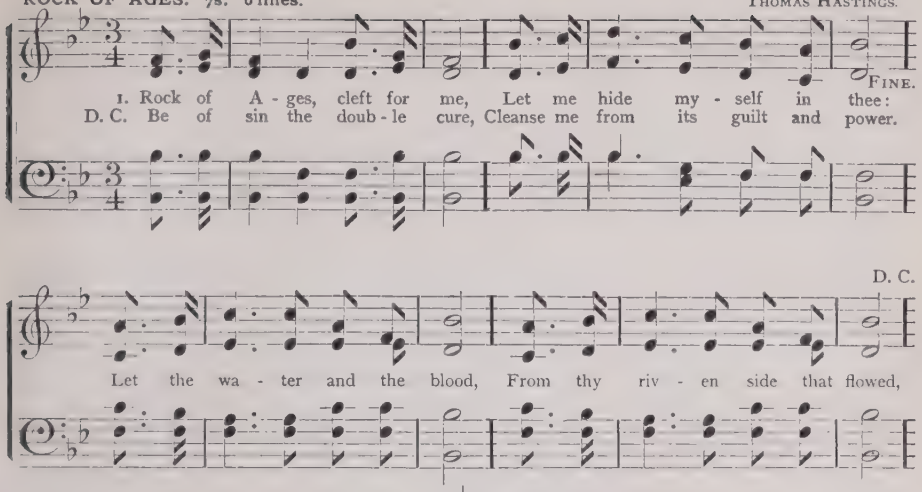
1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne!
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1861.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS.



321.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

322.

1 JESUS, Lamb of God, for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither, whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly!
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul.
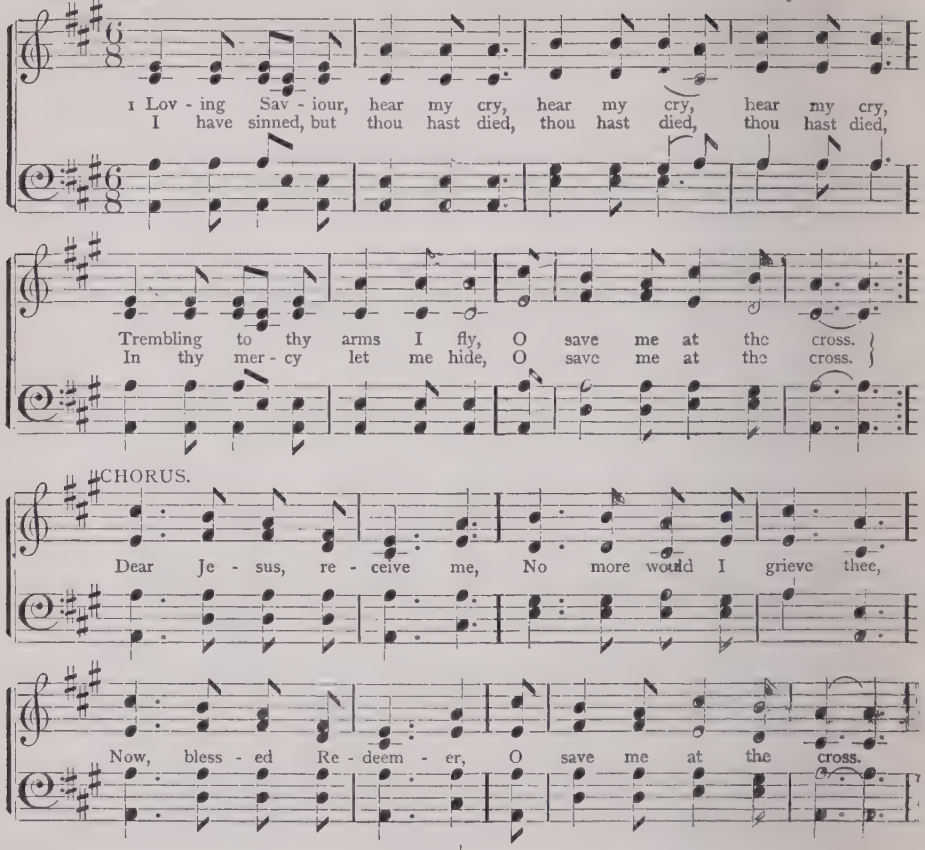
2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down,
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life, immortal life, I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast:
Thine, forever thine, I am;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

SAVE ME AT THE CROSS. P. M. Arr. by H. P. Main.



323.

1 Loving Saviour, || hear my cry, ||
Trembling to thy arms I fly,
O save me at the cross.
I have sinned but || thou hast died, ||
In thy mercy let me hide,
O save me at the cross.

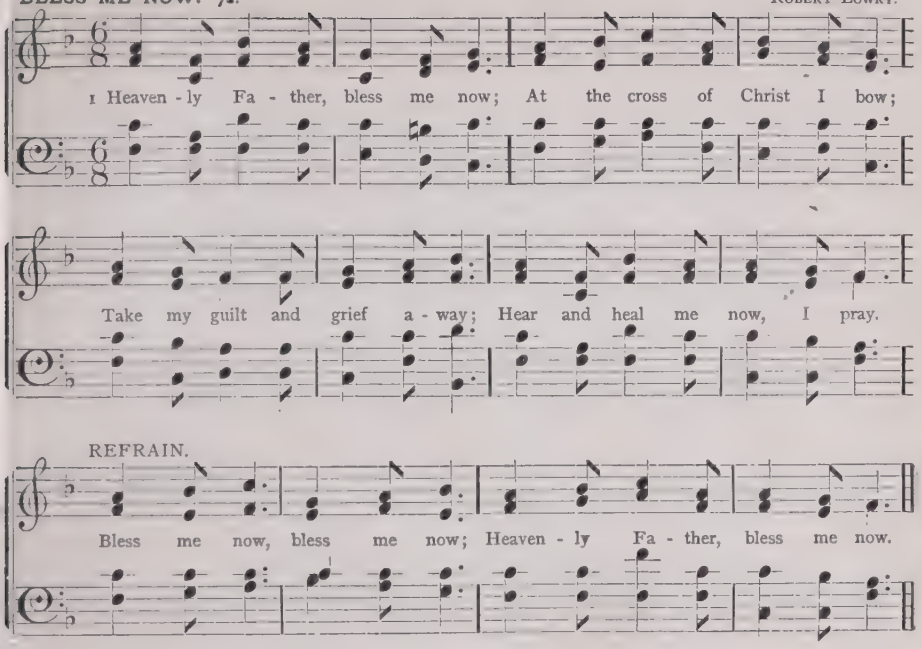
Cho. Dear Jesus, receive me,
No more would I grieve thee,
Now, blessèd Redeemer,
O save me at the cross.

2 Though I perish, || I will pray, ||
Thou of life the living way,
O save me at the cross.
Thou hast said thy || grace is free, ||
Have compassion, Lord, on me
O save me at the cross.
Dear Jesus, etc.

3 Wash me in thy || cleansing blood, ||
Plunge me now beneath the flood,
O save me at the cross.
Only faith will || pardon bring, ||
In that faith to thee I cling,
O save me at the cross.
Dear Jesus, etc.

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1874.

BLESS ME NOW. 7s. ROBERT LOWRY.



324.

1 HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now, I pray.

Refr. Bless me now, bless me now;
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send thy grace and show thy power;
While I rest upon thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord.

3 Now, oh, now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time, and this the place,
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

Alexander Clark.

325.

1 THOU who did'st on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.

Refr. Hear my cry, hear my cry;
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.

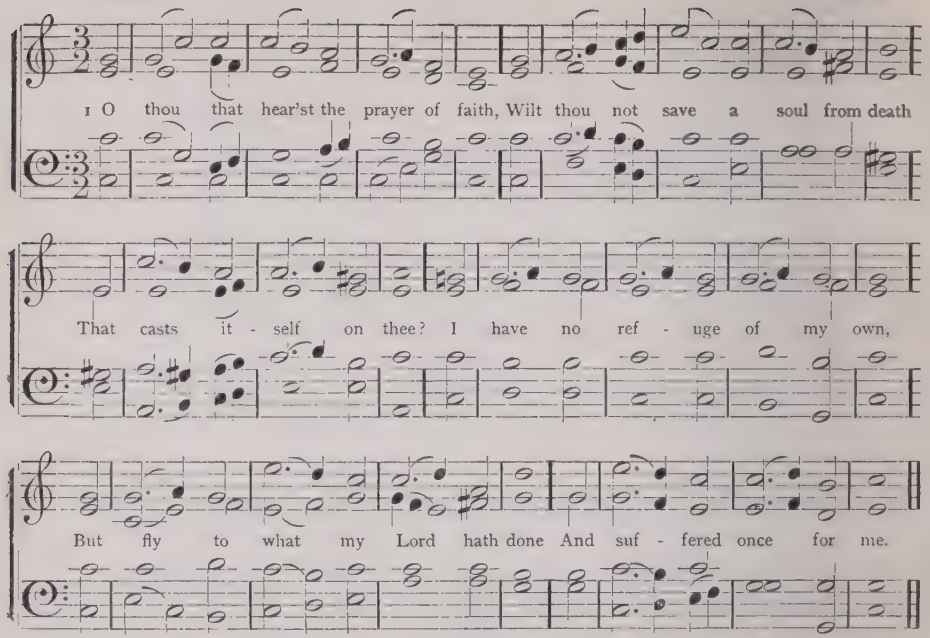
2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I fly.

4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.

James D. Burns, 1858.

HABAKKUK. C. P. M. HODGES.



326.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

327.

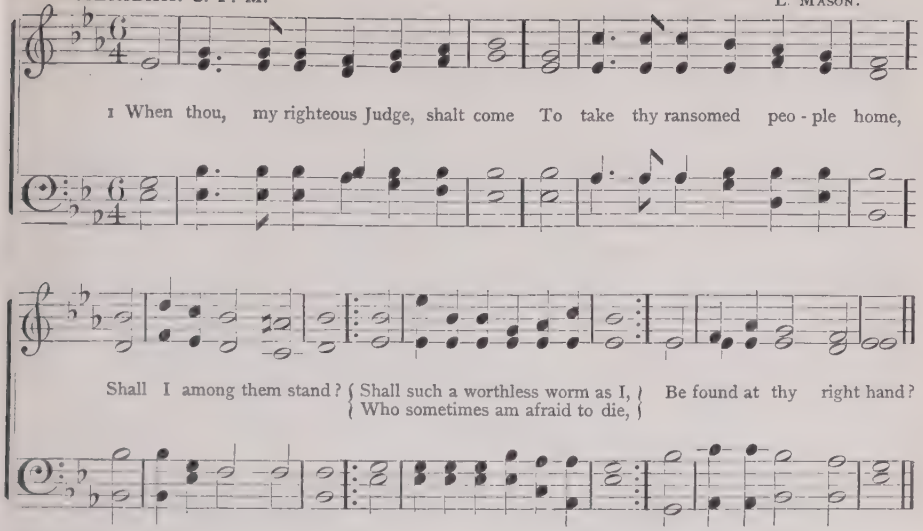
1 LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

John Newton, 1779.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. L. MASON.



328.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1772, a.

329.

1 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

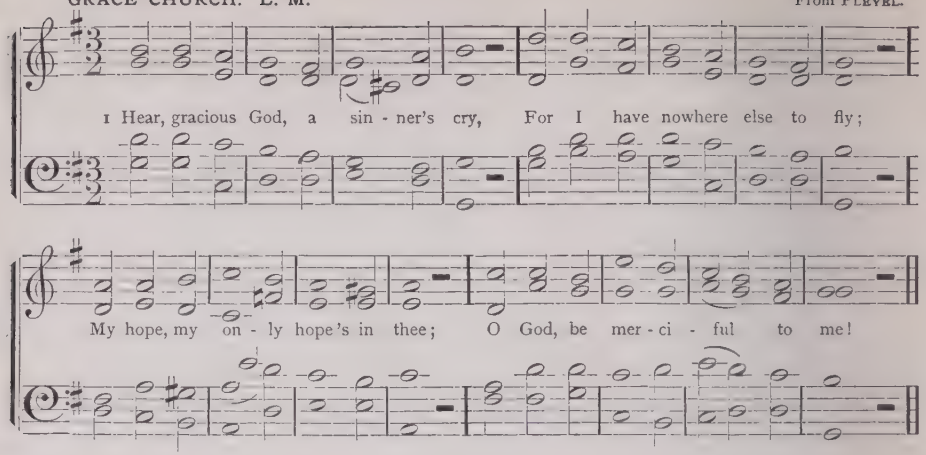
2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M. From PLEYEL.



330.

1 HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope 's in thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I 've nowhere else to flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To glory bring me, Lord, at last;
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all the saints I 'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me!

Samuel Medley, 1789.

331.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,—
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

332.

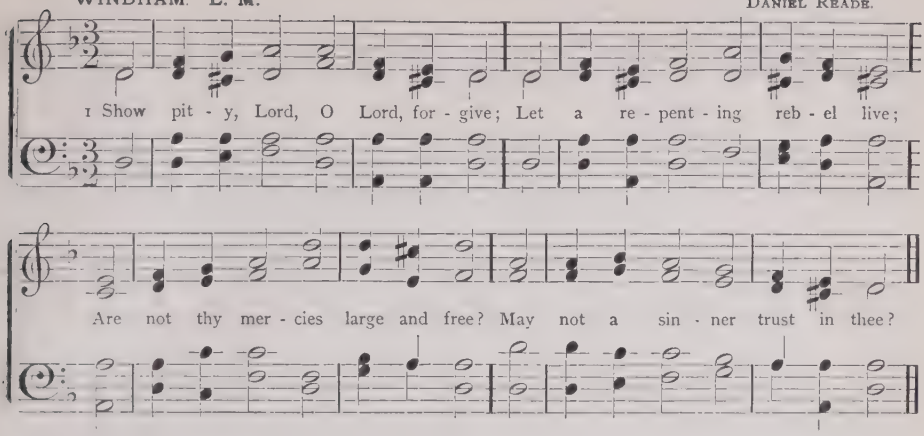
1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,—
Thine is the work, and only thine.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READE.



333. PSALM 51.

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

334. PSALM 51.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

4 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

335. PSALM 51.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

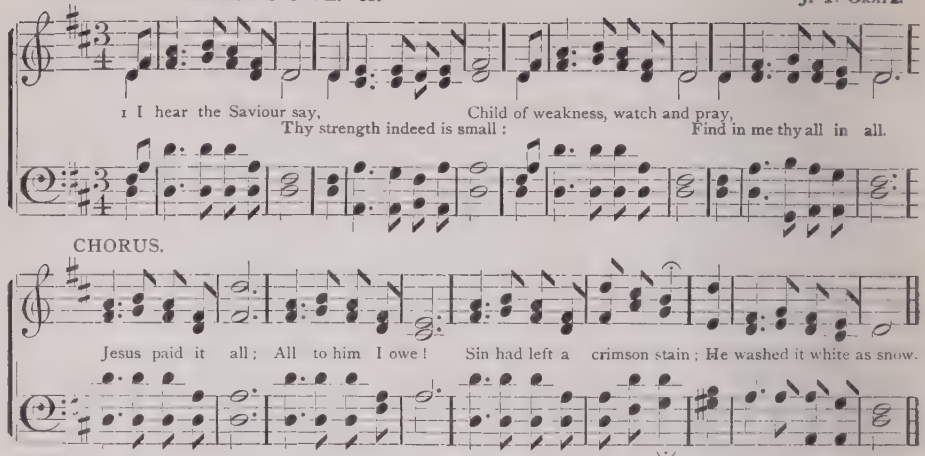
2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6s. J. T. GRAPE.



336.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

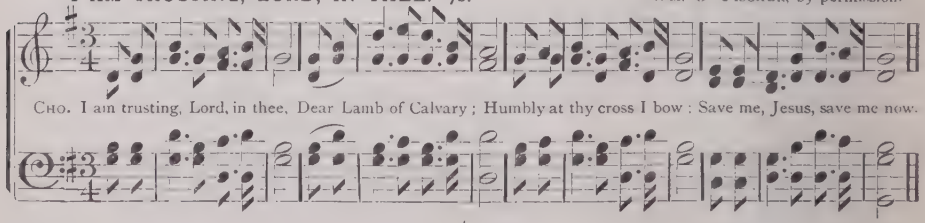
3 Then down beneath his cross
I 'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring,
Thy grace must make me whole. *Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then " Jesus paid it all ! "
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

5 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I 'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

Elvina M. Hall.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE. 7s. WM. G FISCHER, by permission.



337.

1 I AM coming to the cross ;
I am poor and weak and blind ;
I am counting all but dross ;
I shall full salvation find.

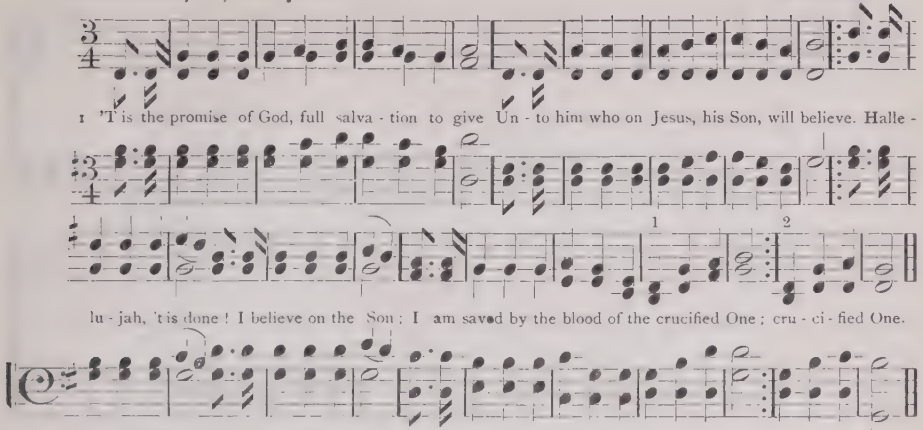
Cho. I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at thy cross I bow ;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to thee, —
Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine, forevermore. *Cho.*

3 In the promises I trust ;
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust ;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

W. H. McDonald, 1860.

HALLELUJAH, 'T IS DONE! 12s. P. P. Bliss.



338.

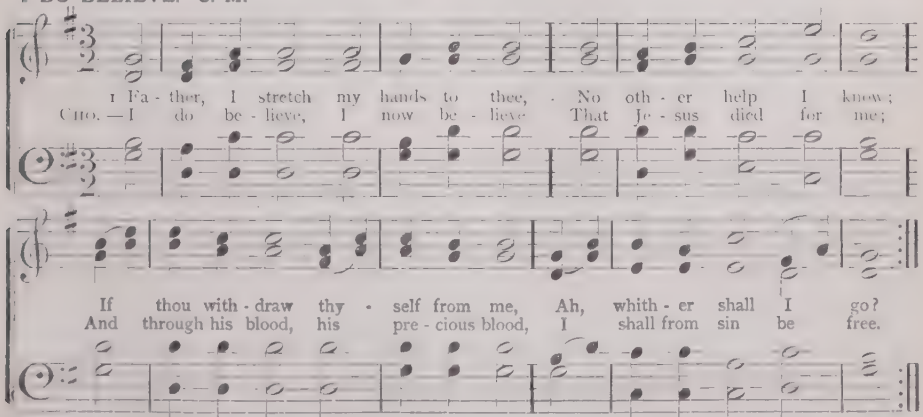
2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through. *Cho.*

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song: *Cho.*

4 There are prophets and kings in that throng, I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold: *Cho.*

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.



339.

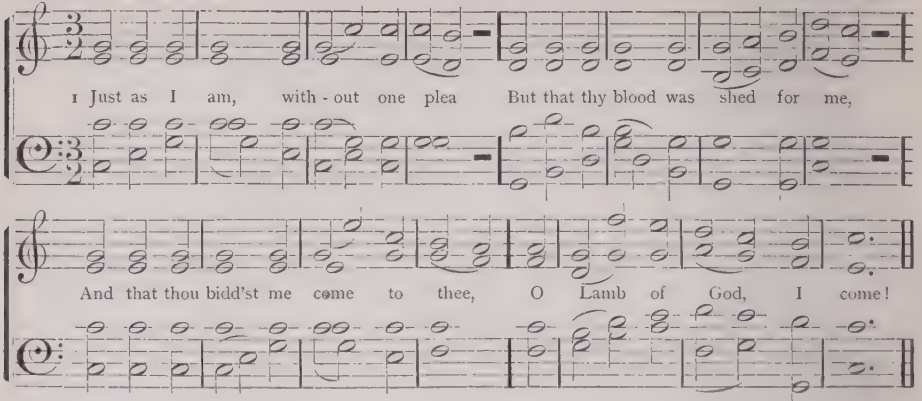
2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death! *Cho.*

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour. *Cho.*

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

Charles Wesley, 1741.

AGNUS DEI. 8s & 6s. W. H. Birch.



340.

1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

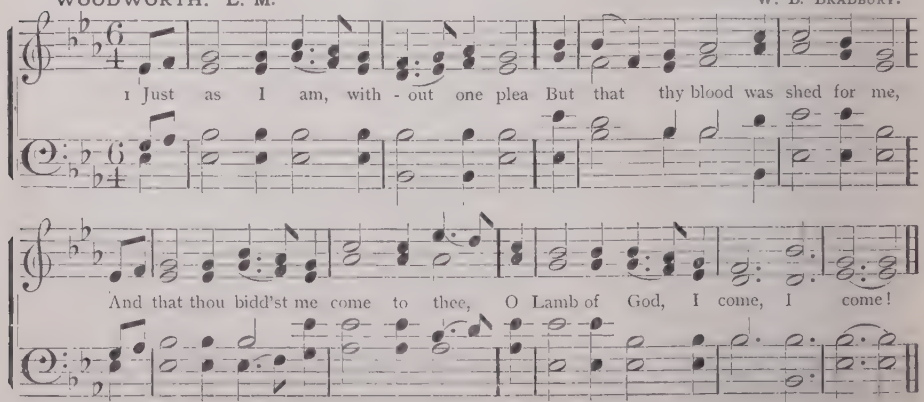
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

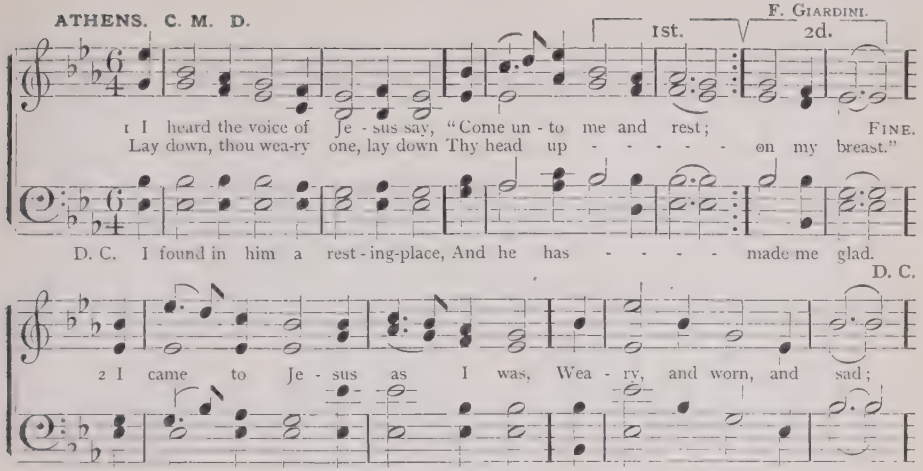
5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. Bradbury.





341.

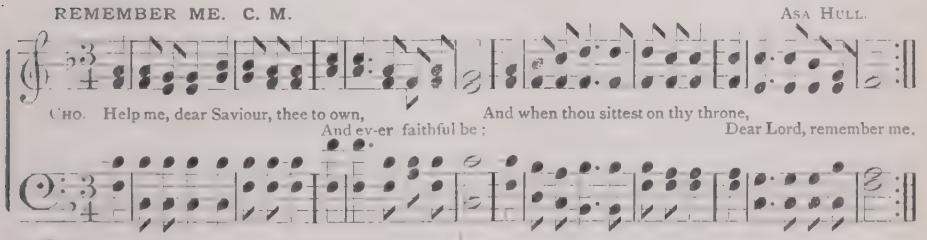
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I 'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.



342.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me. *Cho.*
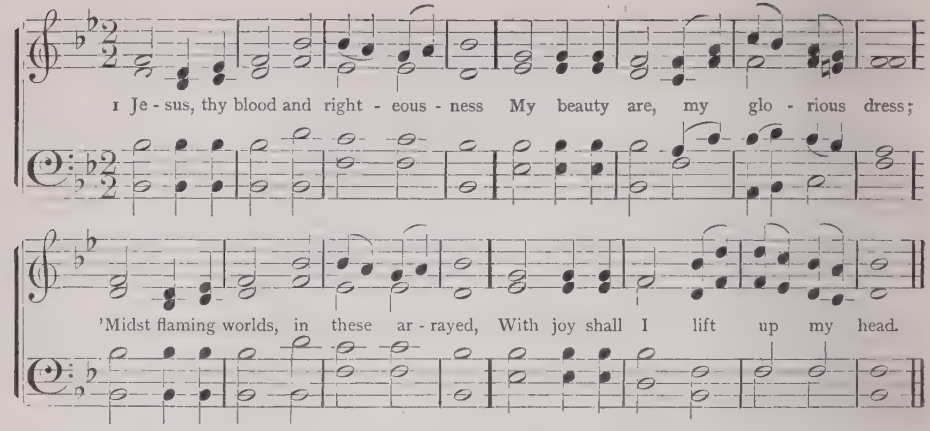
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me. *Cho.*

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me. *Cho.*

4 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me. *Cho.*

Richard Burnham, 1783.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



343.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

4 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Count Zinzendorf, 1739; tr. by John Wesley, 1740.

344.

1 JESUS, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

2 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

3 In thee we trust, on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

Ray Palmer, 1858.

345.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul to God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies, 1750.

346.

1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

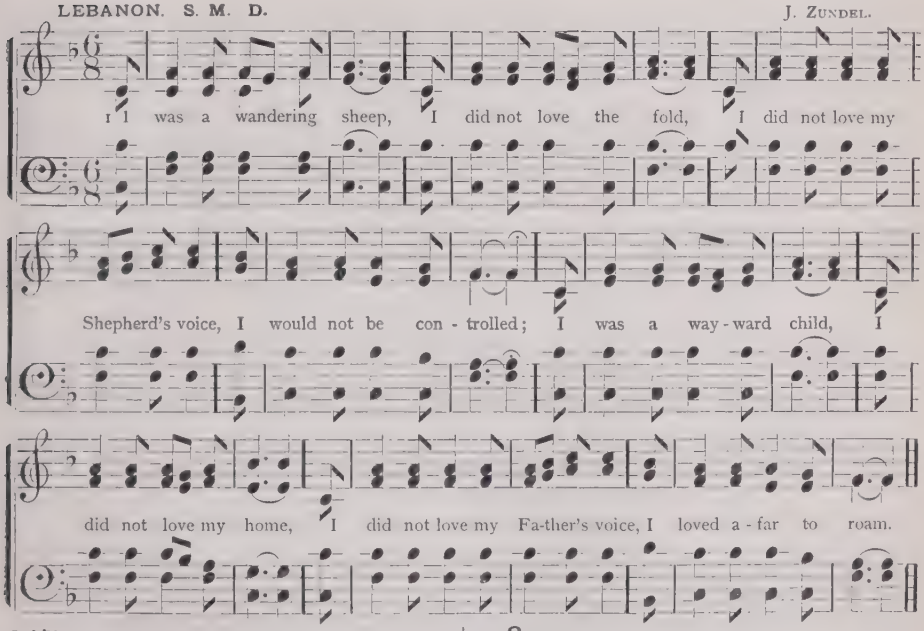
2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

LEBANON. S. M. D. J. ZUNDEL.



347.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death.
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

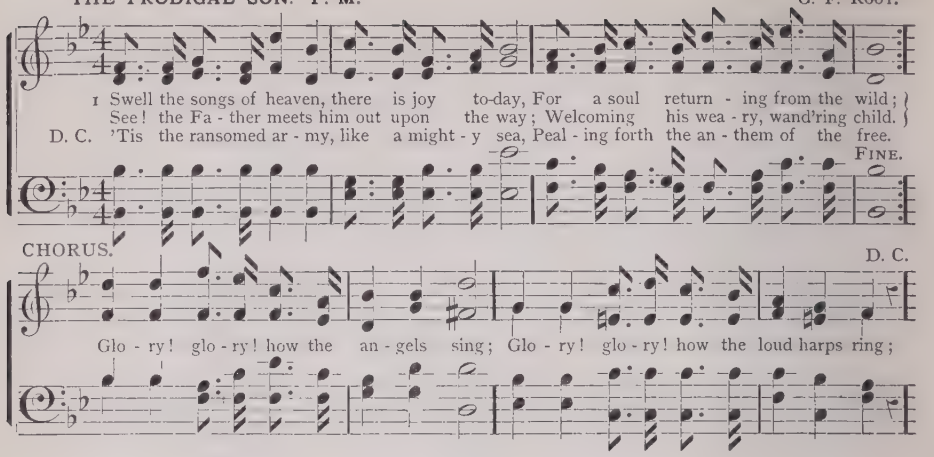
348.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays:
When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

2 When heaven's opening gates
Invite the pilgrim's feet;
And Jesus at their entrance waits,
To place them on his seat?
Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

Joseph Swain, 1792.

THE PRODIGAL SON. P. M. G. F. Root.

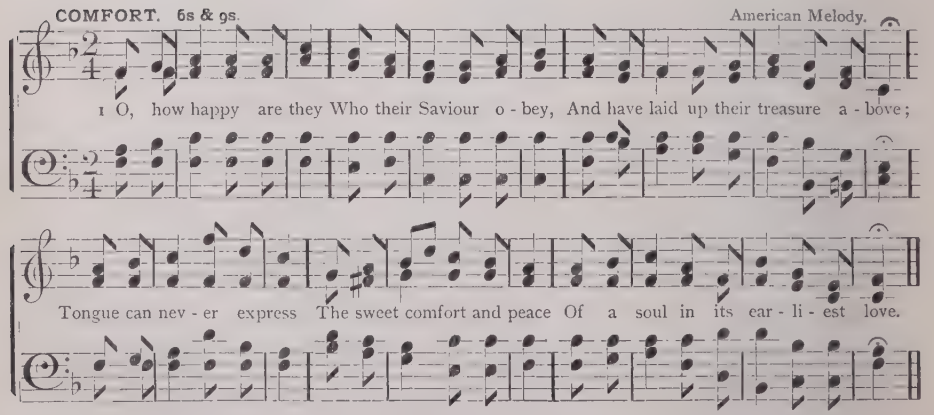


349. 2 Swell the songs of heaven, there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled,
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child. *Cho.*

3 Swell the songs of heaven, spread the feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad, triumphant strain;
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again. *Cho.*

W. O. Cushing, 1874.

COMFORT. 6s & 9s. American Melody.



350.

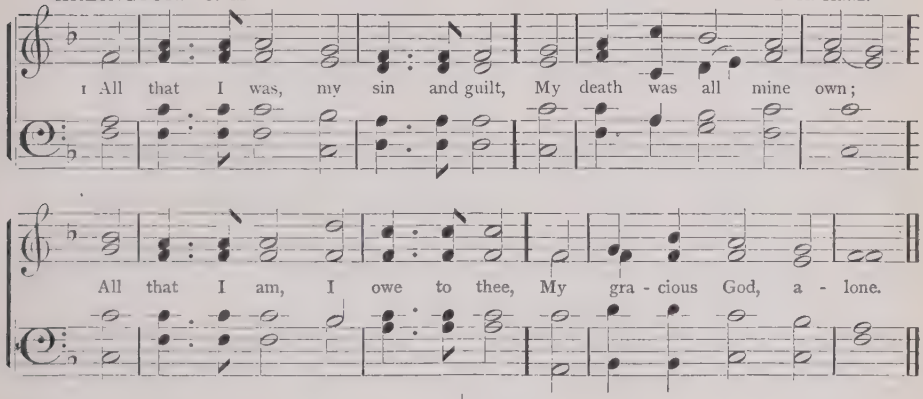
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

ARLINGTON. C. M. T. A. ARNE.



351.

1 ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all mine own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found;
And now I live, I live!

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

352.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

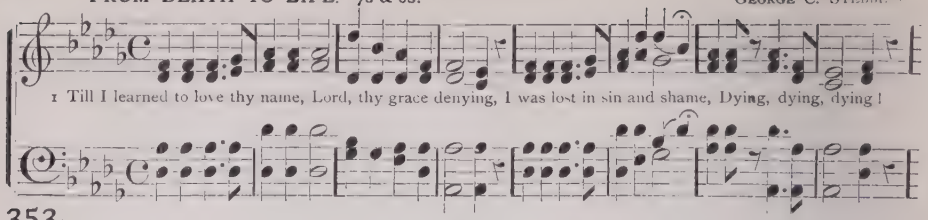
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton, 1779.

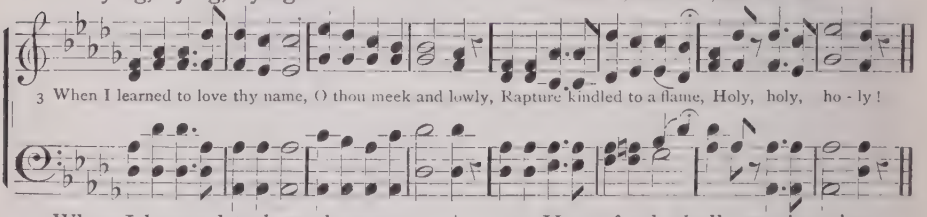
FROM DEATH TO LIFE. 7s & 6s. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



353.

1 TILL I learned to love thy name,
Lord, thy grace denying,
I was lost in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying!

2 Nothing could the world impart,
Darkness held no morrow;
In my soul and in my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

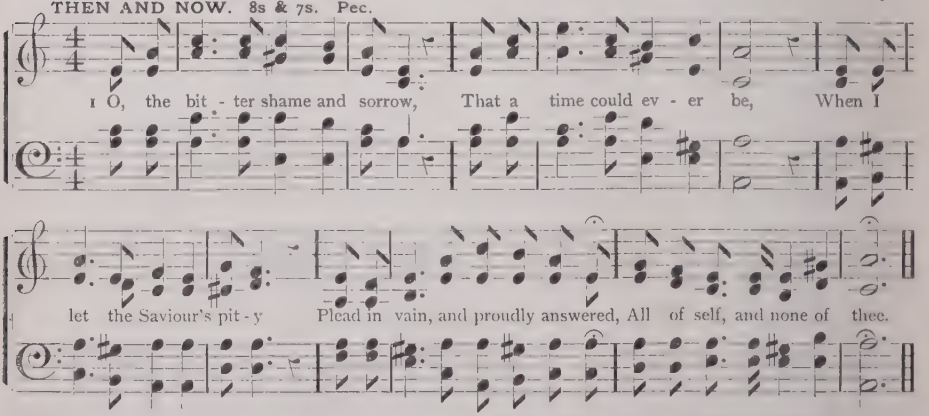


3 When I learned to love thy name,
O thou meek and lowly,
Rapture kindled to a flame,
Holy, holy, holy!

4 Henceforth shall creation ring
With salvation's story,
Till I rise with thee to sing
Glory, glory, glory,

Alice Cary.

THEN AND NOW. 8s & 7s. Pec.



354.

1 O, THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of thee."

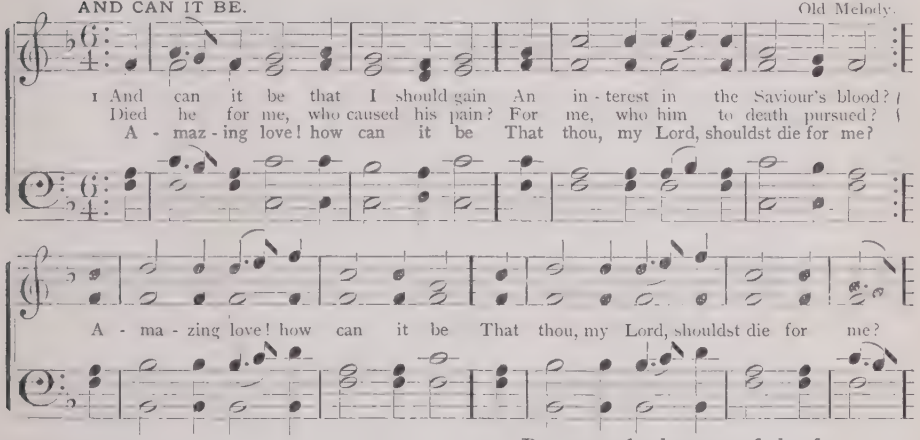
2 Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;
Heard him pray, "Forgive them,
Father";
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

3 Day by day his tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and oh! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee"

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of thee."

Theodore Monod, 1875.

AND CAN IT BE. Old Melody.



355.

2 'T is mystery all, th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'T is mercy all, let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray:
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

356.

1 Lord, I was blind! I could not see
In thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.
Ref. Amazing love, how can it be,
That thou shouldst bring such grace to me!

2 Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of thy voice;
But now I hear thee and rejoice,
And all thy uttered words are dear. *Ref.*

3 Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
The grace and glory of thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips thine eager praises wake. *Ref.*

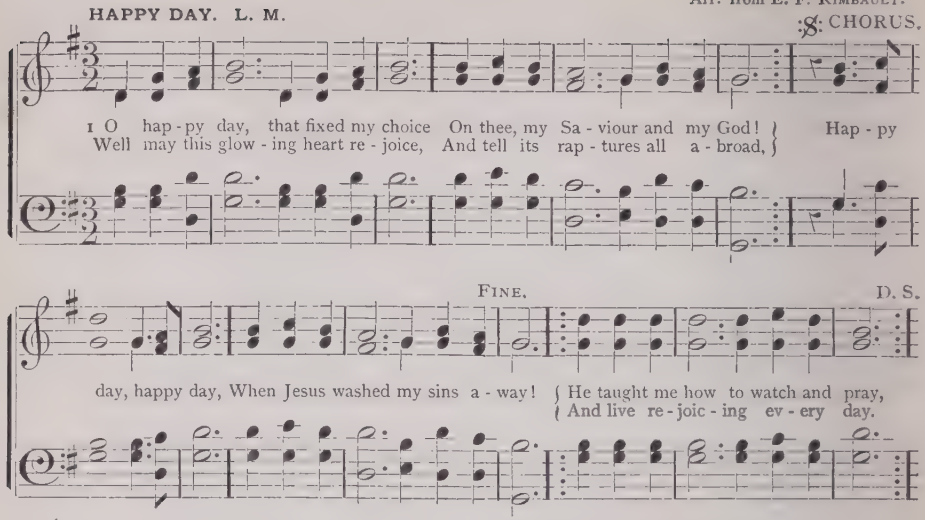
4 Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to thee:
But now, since thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre. *Ref.*

5 For thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live, and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity. *Ref.*

William T. Matson, 1865.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Arr. from E. F. RIMBAULT.



357.

DEUT. 33: 29.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

358.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He that I placed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I 'll go, for all the paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

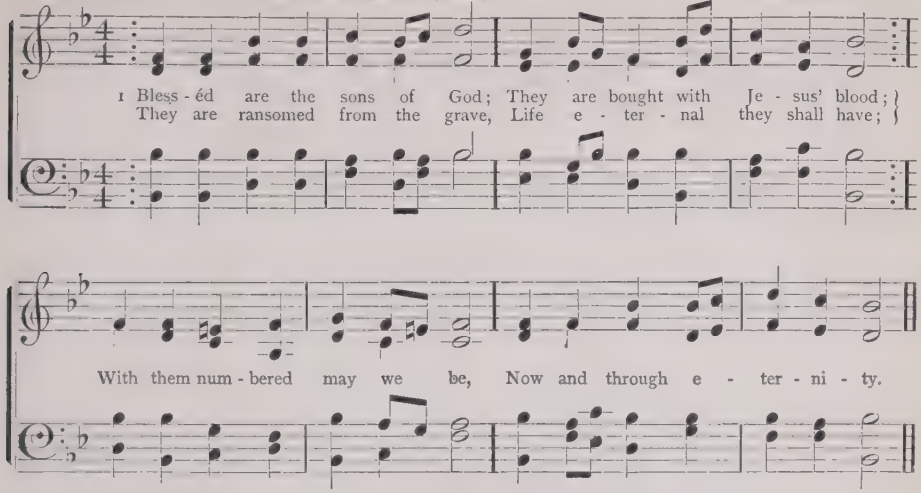
4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, for I 'm the Way!"

5 Lo, glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Yet help me, and thy praise I 'll live.

6 I 'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick, 1743.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. (Omit repeat for 4 lines.) CÆSAR MALAN.



359.

1 BLESSÉD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 God did love them in his Son
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, etc.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, etc.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, etc.

5 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by his Spirit sealed.
With them, etc.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743, a.

360.

1 REST, my soul, the work is done,
Done by God's almighty Son;
This to faith is now so clear,
There 's no place for doubt or fear.

2 Not through works of weary toil
Comes the sunshine of God's smile;
One with Christ, and found in him,
Brightly falls the glorious beam.
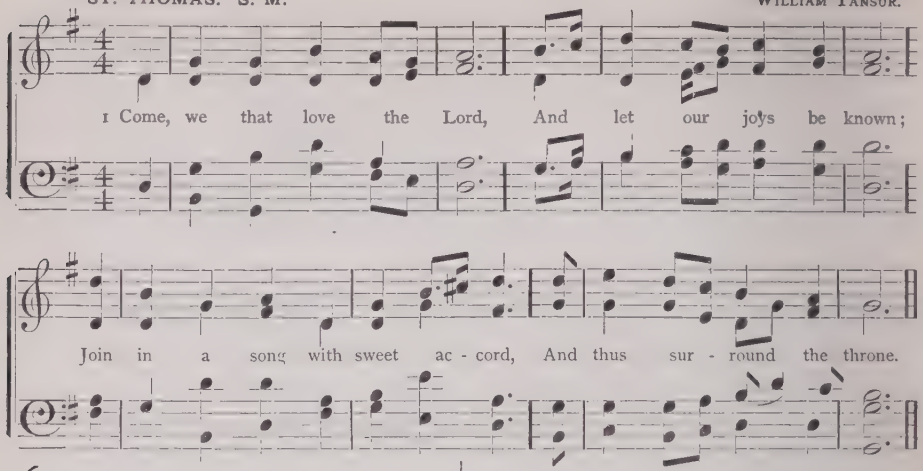
3 Now, with faith in Jesus blest,
We are entering into rest;
He, who full salvation brought,
In us all our works hath wrought.

4 Come, my soul, take up the cross,
Count the gain, despise the loss;
Labor for and with the Lord
Brings exceeding great reward.

5 Free from every fear of wrath,
Choose the laborer's happy path;
Tread the way which Christ hath trod,
Till the Sabbath of thy God.

Bristol Hymns, 1870.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



361.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground
We 're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

362.

1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

363.

1 JOHN 3: 1-3.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

364.

1 I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 In him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws his goodness forth,
And me he loveth still.

5 'T is he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives:
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

6 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1863.

365.

1 HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

3 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1650; tr. by C. Winkworth, 1855.

366.

1 DEAR Saviour! I am thine,
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign;
My soul is in thy hands.

2 To thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

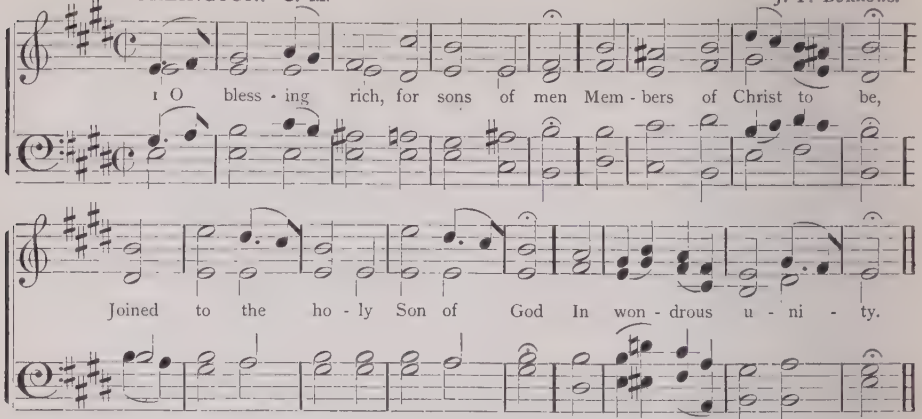
3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to him, my head;
Shall form me to his image bright,
And teach his paths to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near his side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

BURLINGTON. C. M. J. F. BURROWS.



367.

1 O BLESSING rich, for sons of men
Members of Christ to be,
Joined to the holy Son of God
In wondrous unity.

2 O Jesus, our great Head divine,
From whom most freely flow
The streams of life and strength and warmth
To all the frame below:

3 Keep us as members sound and whole
Within thy body true;
Build us into a temple fair,
Meet stones in order due.

4 For one with God, O Jesus blest,
We are, when one with thee,
With saints on earth and saints at rest
A glorious company.

Hymnologia Christiana, 1863.

368.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.

4 Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1771.

369.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

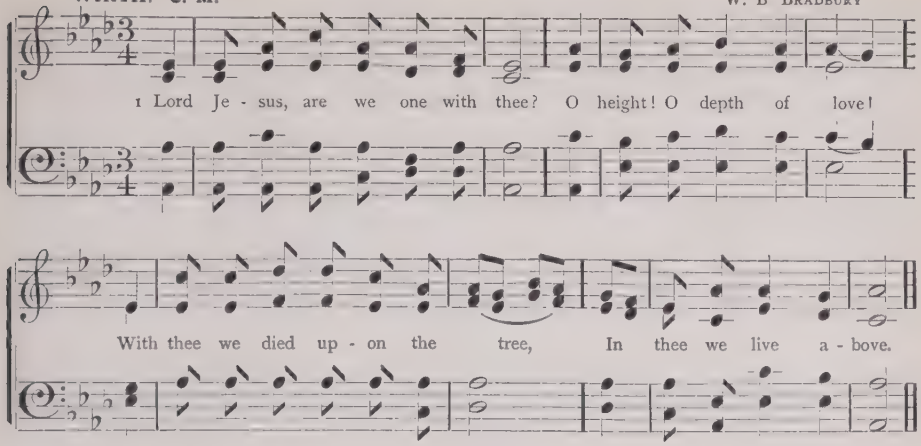
3 Thy saints on earth and those above
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face,
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

WIRTH. C. M. W. B BRADBURY



370.

1 LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
O height, O depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 O, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee!

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

James G. Deck, 1837.

371.

1 LORD, in thy people dost thou dwell,
And do they dwell in thee?
O blessedness unspeakable!
O wondrous unity!

2 One with thee, all thy life they know,
And all thou hast possess;
In thee they underwent all woe,
And wrought all righteousness.

3 One with them still thou walkest here,
And all their life dost know;
When they are glad, thou makest cheer;
Thou weepest in their woe.

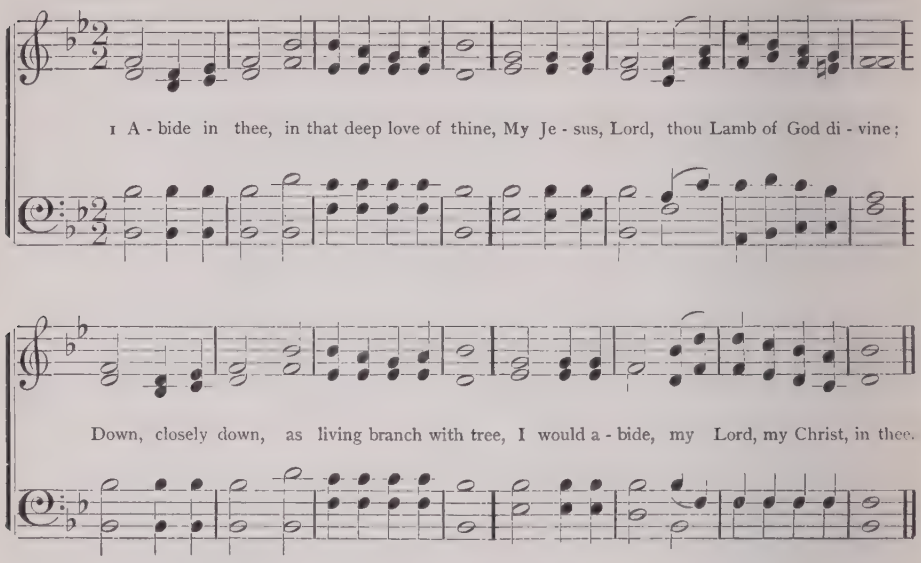
4 In every gift and grace of theirs,
Thy beauty, Lord, doth shine;
Their faithfulness thine own declares;
Their righteousness is thine.

5 When thou thy kingdom shalt obtain,
And put thy glory on,
Thine endless reign shall be their reign:
The King and they are one.

6 Lord Jesus, grant me all this grace;
Abide, be one with me;
Give me to dwell in thine embrace,
Forever one with thee!

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

ERNAN. 10s. L. MASON.



372.

1 ABIDE in thee, in that deep love of thine,
My Jesus, Lord, thou Lamb of God divine;
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

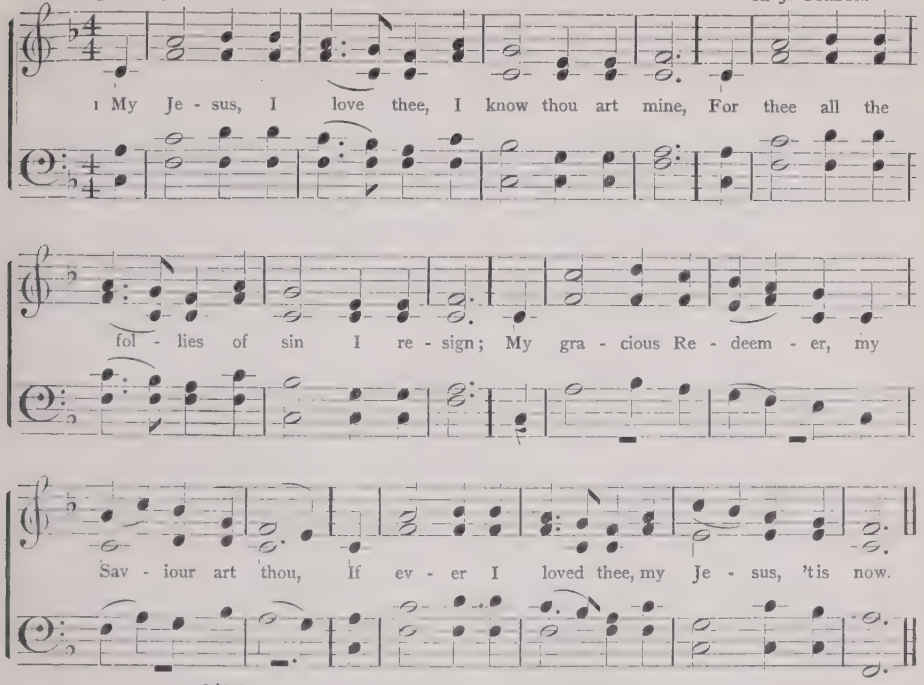
2 Abide in thee, my Saviour God, I know
How love of thine, so vast, in me may flow:
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to thee, without alloy.

3 Abide in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with thy blest life within;
Joined to thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought besides its motions to control.

4 Abide in thee, 't is thus I only know
The secrets of thy mind e'en while below;
All joy and peace, and knowledge of thy word,
All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11s. A. J. GORDON.



373.

1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.
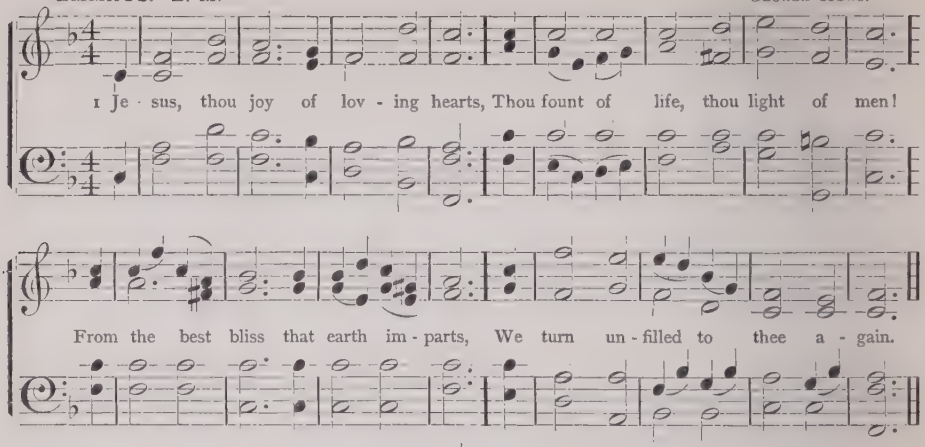
2 I love thee, because thou hast first lovéd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I 'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I 'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 't is now.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

EMMAUS. L. M. GEORGE HEWS.



374.

1 JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all!

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay; [bright;
Make all our moments calm and
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140; tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

375.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thine everlasting word, [sky!
That word which built the earth and

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

376.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne
And for thy life gave up his own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5 Ah, no: when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

Khrisnu Pàl; tr. by Joshua Marshman, 1801.

377.

1 O, THAT I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

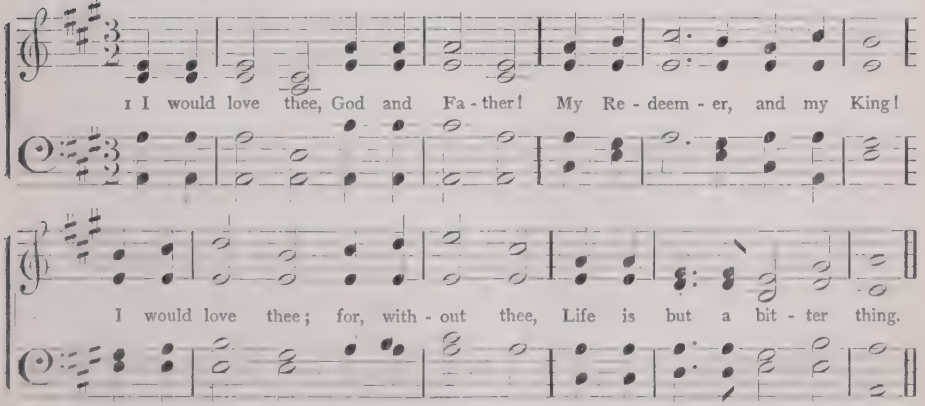
3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

OVIO. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



378.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne;
I would love thee, he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

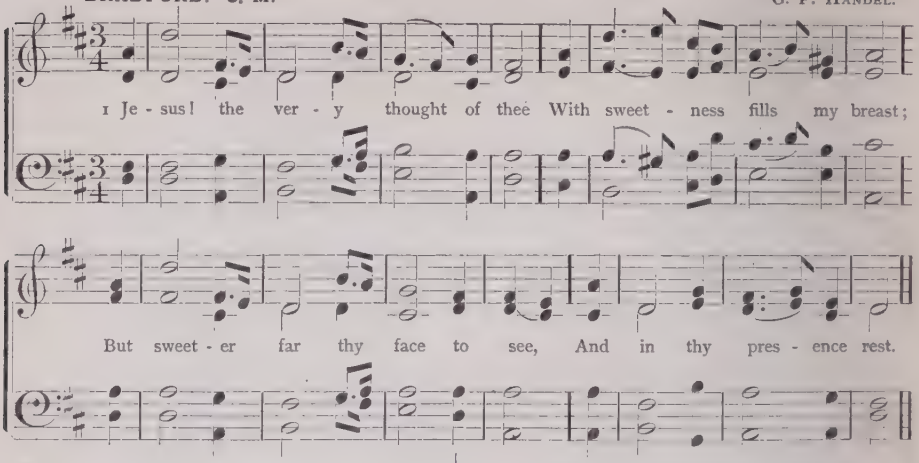
3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes:
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Madame J. M. B. Guyon, 1710.

BRADFORD. C. M. G. F. HANDEL.



379.

1 JESUS! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

380.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

381.

1 O JESUS, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

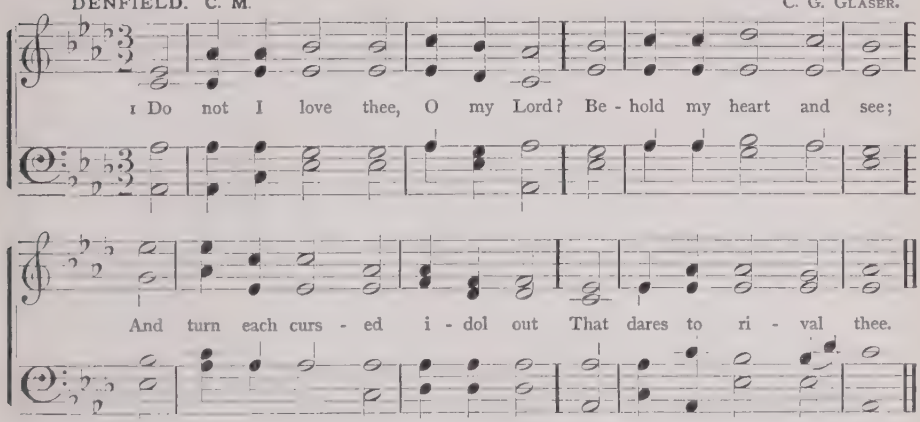
2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

3 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss,
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our life and joy, to thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140; tr. by E. Caswall, 1849, a.

DENFIELD. C. M. C. G. GLÄSER.



382.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each curséd idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne
To execute thy sacred will
And make thy glory known?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

383.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

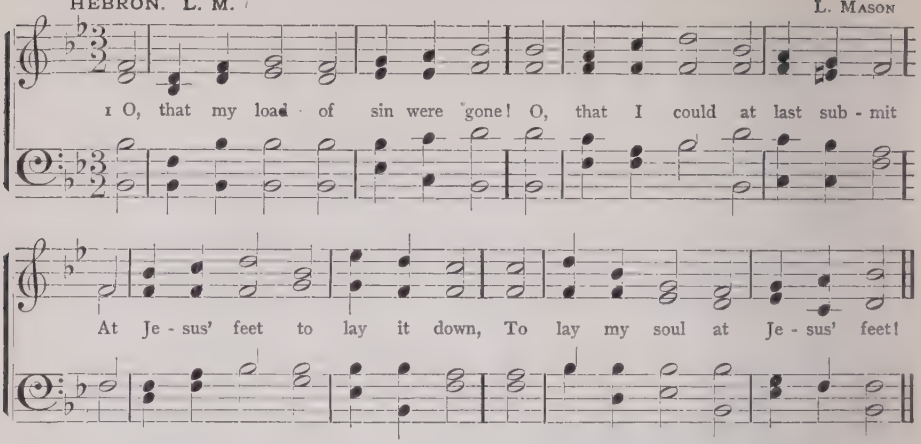
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON



384.

1 O, THAT my load of sin were gone!
O, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart!

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 This moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear;
With thee ascend to Calvary's top,
And bow my head and suffer there.

5 I would; but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

385.

1 THOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

2 Can I behold that closing eye,
Still fixed on me, still beaming love;
And can I see my Saviour die,
Nor feel one holy passion move?

3 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

4 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

Wm. Bengo Collyer, 1812.

386.

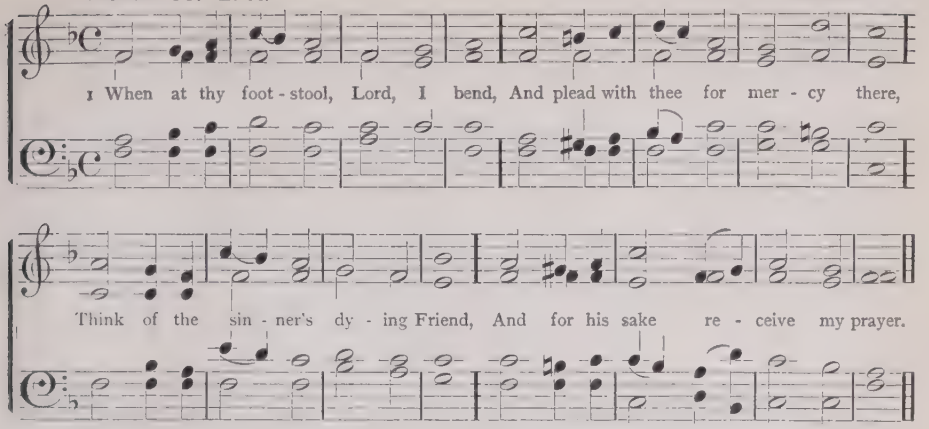
1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, help me soon, or else I die.

2 Here, on my soul, a burden lies,
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise;
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

Benjamin Beddome, 1778.

HUMILITY. L. M. S. P. TUCKERMAN.



387.

1 WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 O, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 O, think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.

4 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succor me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.

388.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

389.

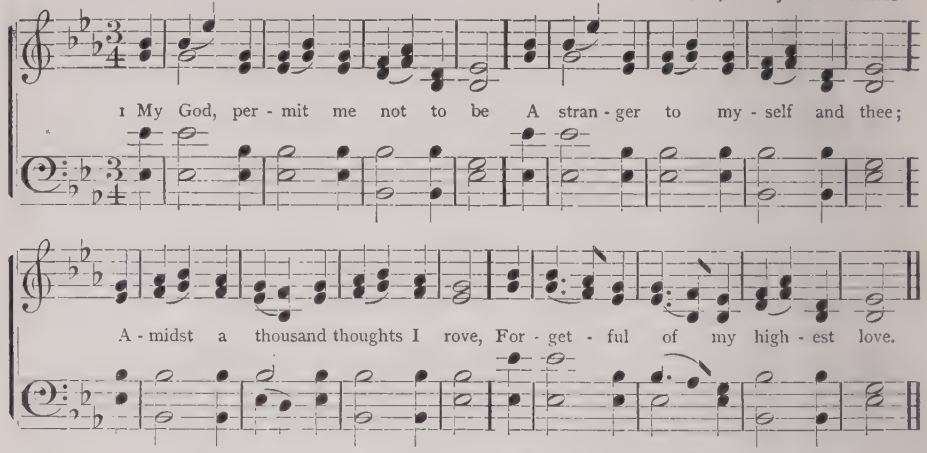
1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold my best affections are!

2 'T is sin, alas, with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O, for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Lord, let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

Anne Steele, 1760.

GRATITUDE. L. M. AMI BOST; arr. by T. HASTINGS.



390.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to my myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

391.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

J. F. Oberlin, 1820; tr. by Mrs. Daniel Wilson, 1830.

392.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

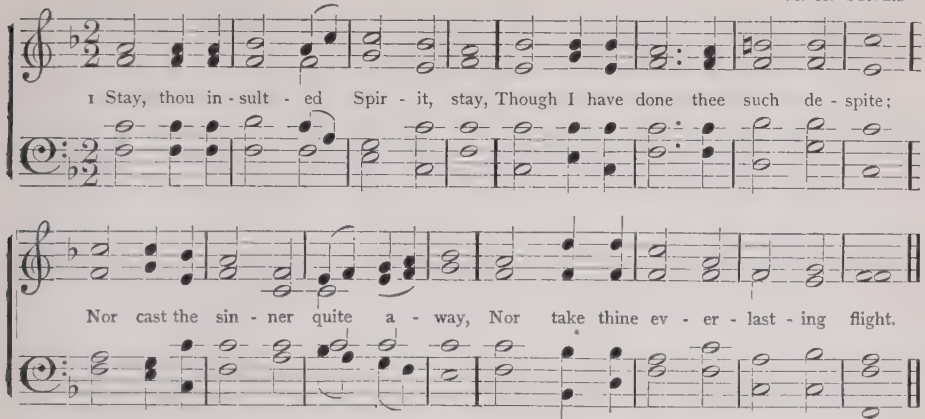
2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver.



393.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

394.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace, O boundless love!

Count Zinzendorf, John and Anna Nitschman, 1737 – 38; tr. by J. Wesley, 1740.

395.
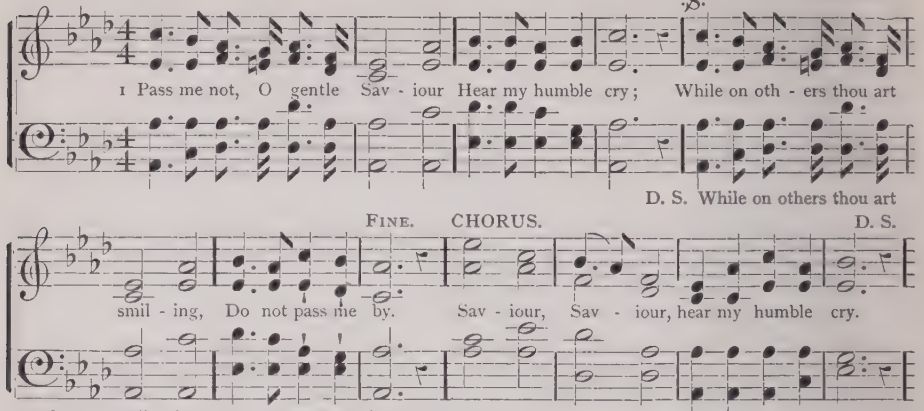
1 O, turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more its quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

James Merrick, 1763.

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s. W. H. DOANE.



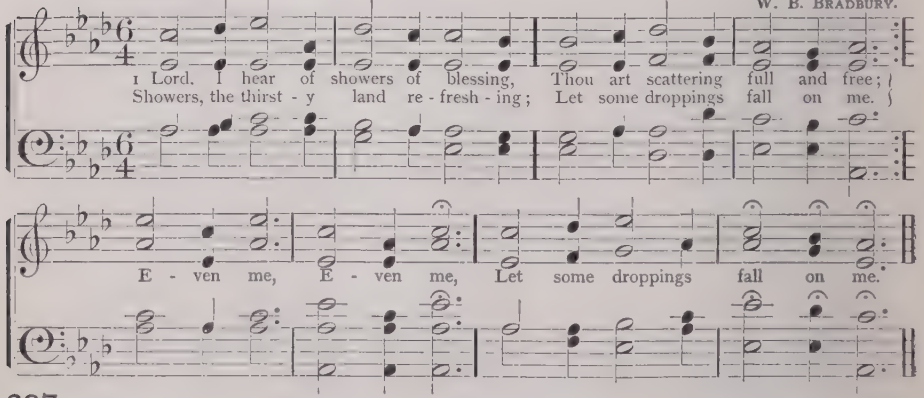
396.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief. *Cho.*

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Hear my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace. *Cho.*

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1869.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, & 3s. W. B. BRADBURY.



397.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

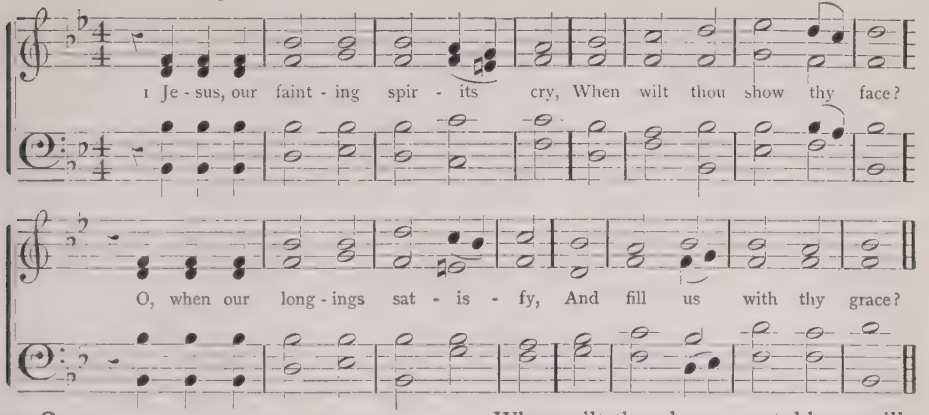
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour;
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O, forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M. S. HILL.



398

1 JESUS, our fainting spirits cry,
When wilt thou show thy face?
O, when our longings satisfy,
And fill us with thy grace?

2 We sinners, Lord, with earnest heart,
With sighs and prayers and tears,
To thee our inmost cares impart,
Our burdens and our fears.

3 Thy sovereign grace can give relief,
Thou Source of peace and light,
Dispel the gloomy cloud of grief,
And make our darkness bright.

4 Dear Lord, to thee our prayers ascend;
Our eyes thy face would see:
O, let our weary wanderings end,
Our spirits rest in thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091 – 1153; tr. by R. P. Dunn, 1858.

399.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Samuel Stennett, 1772.

400.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart,
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
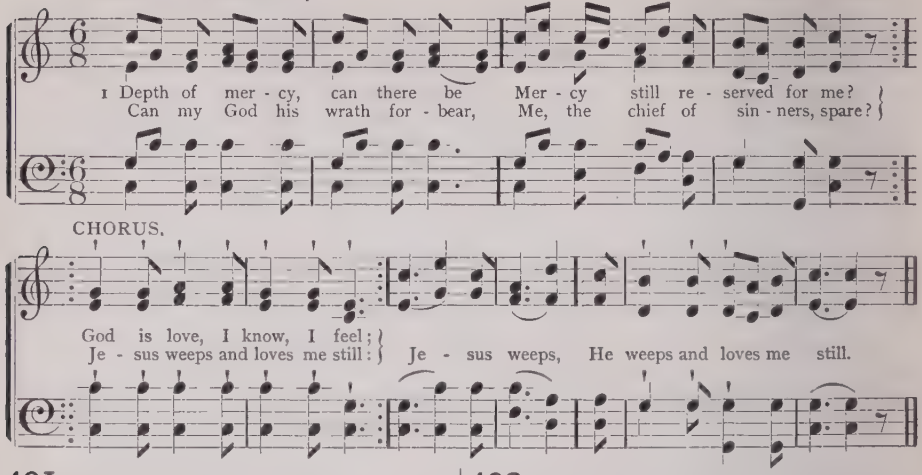
3 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele, 1760.

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s. W. H. ROBERTS



401.

1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare? *Cho.*

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls. *Cho.*

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop. *Cho.*

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still. *Cho.*

5 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet? *Cho.*

6 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *Cho.*

Charles Wesley, 1740.

402.

1 O, THIS soul how dark and blind!
O, this foolish, earthly mind!
O, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!

2 O, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise!
These still wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine!

3 O, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul that go,
Like the wild wind, to and fro;
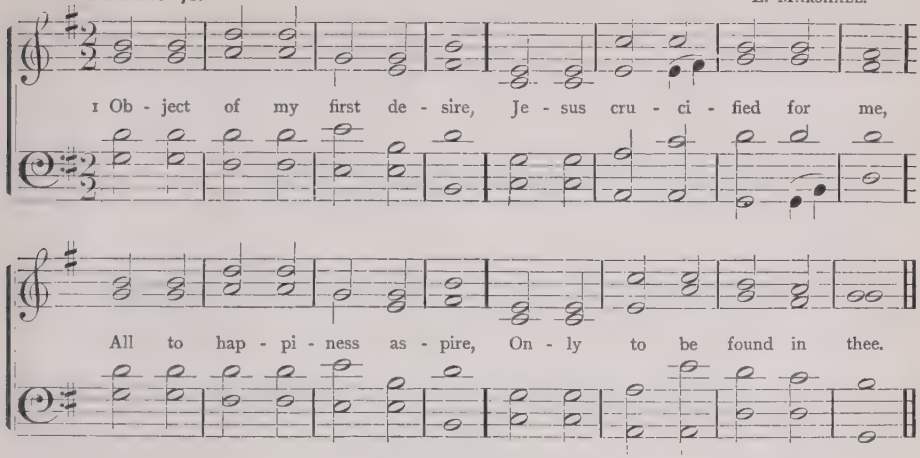
4 To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came;
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Adding to my weariness.

5 Giver of the heavenly peace,
Bid, O, bid these tumults cease;
Minister thy holy balm,
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm.

6 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

DELAY. 7s. L. MARSHALL.



403.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.

2 Thee to please and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

4 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

A. M. Toplady, 1774.

404.

1 JESUS, Jesus, visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest friend,
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord, my longings never cease,
Without thee I find no peace;
'T is my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Come, inhabit then my heart,
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

John Angelus, 1660; tr. by R. P. Dunn, 1858.

405.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art so let us be!

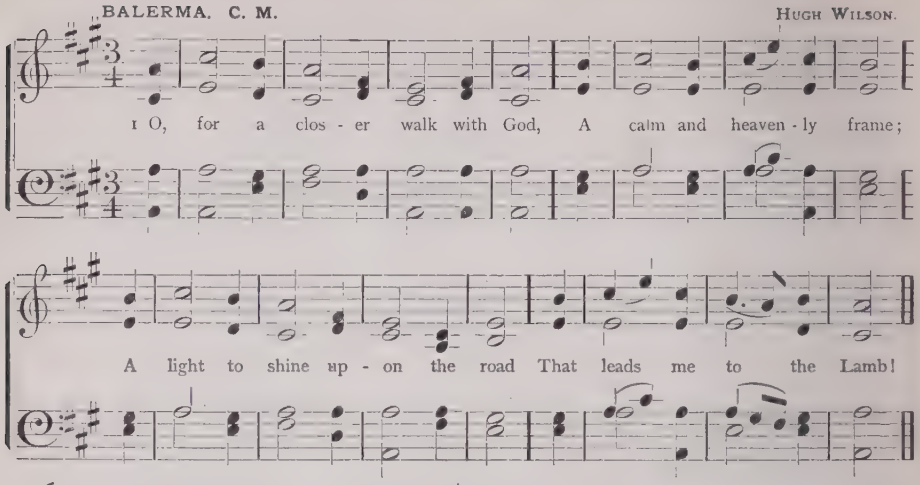
2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O, fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Anna Dober, 1735; tr. by John Wesley, 1740.

BALERMA. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



406.

1 O, FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1779.

407.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
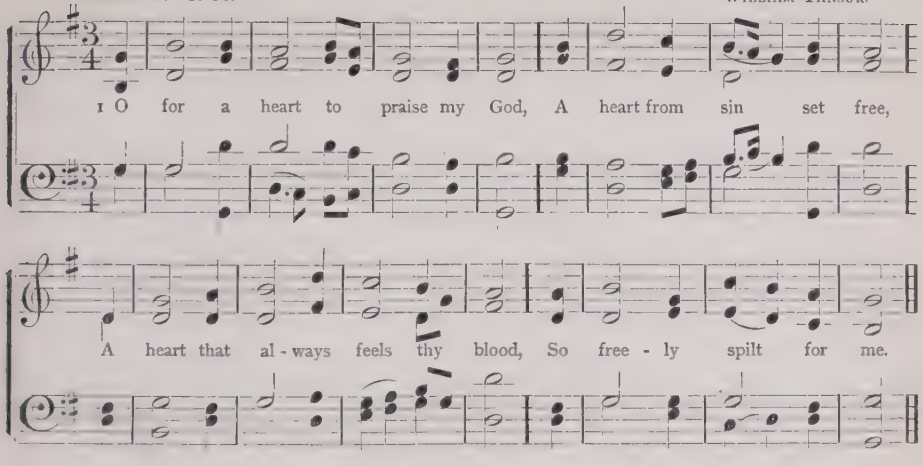
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

408.

1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;

BARBY. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed;
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

409.

1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine;
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

Benjamin Cleavland, 1792, a.

410.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

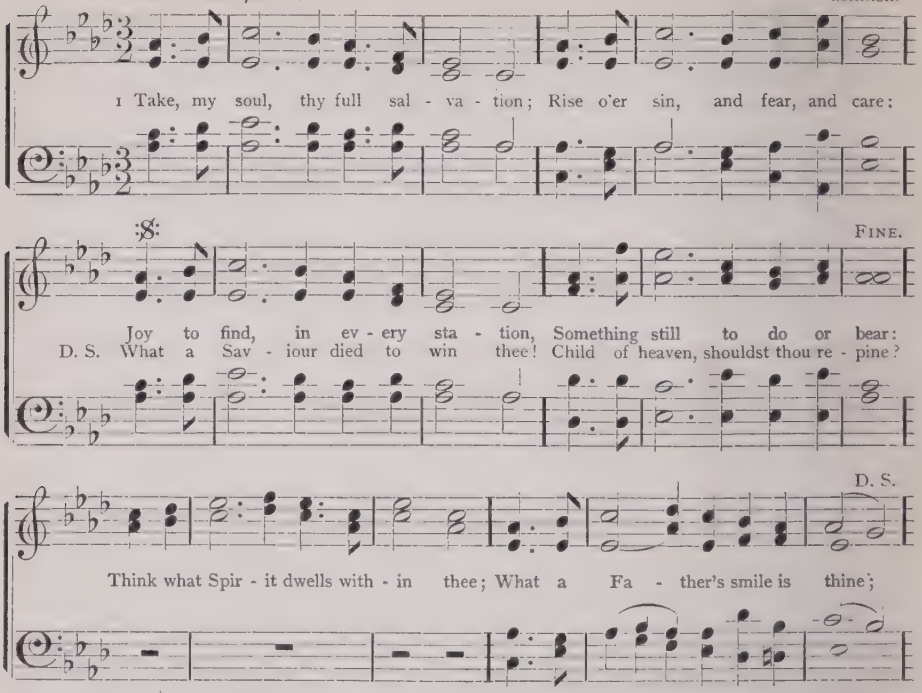
2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 O, lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 O, draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D. SPANISH.



411.

2 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1833.

412.

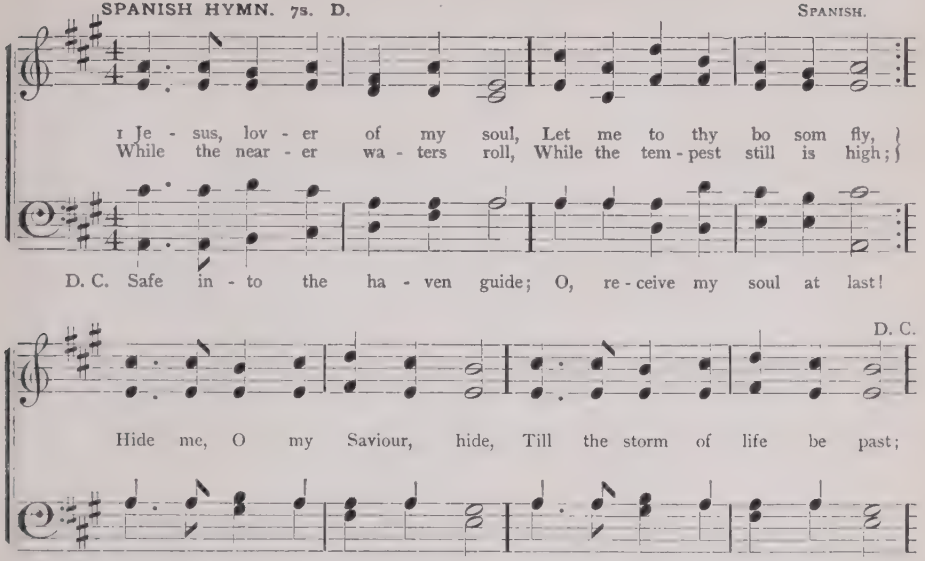
1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D. SPANISH.



413.

MATT. 14: 30.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo, on thee I cast my care;
Reach me out thy gracious hand,
While I of thy strength receive;
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

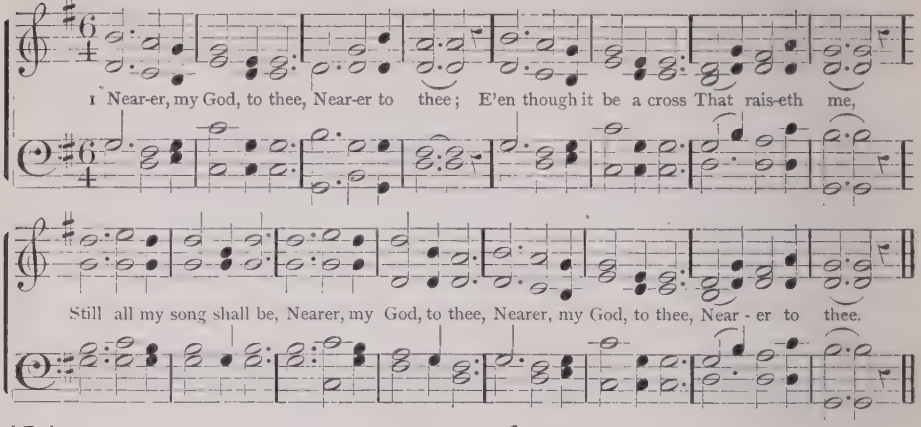
414.

1 THOU, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

2 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley, 1740

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



415.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1840.

416.

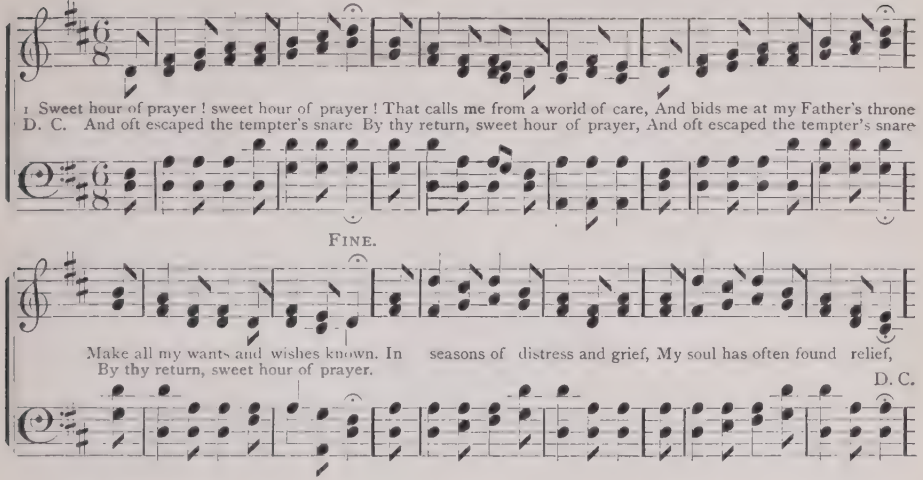
1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

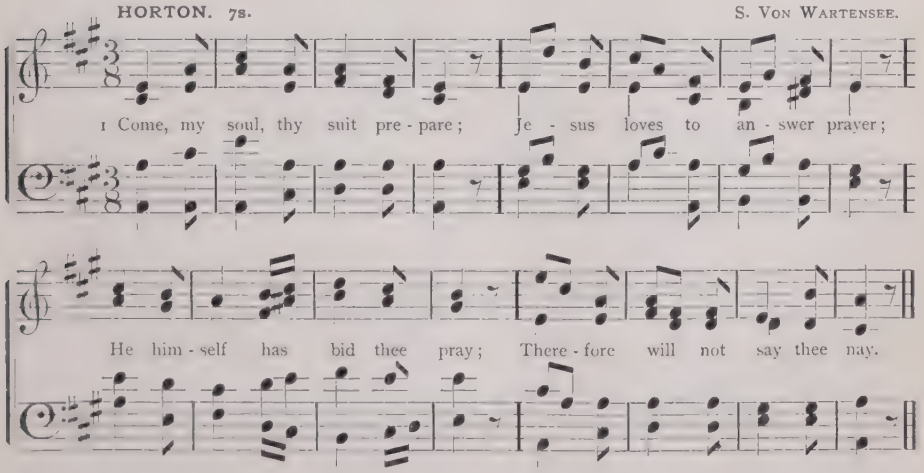
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
And shout, while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford, 1846.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. W. B. BRADBURY.



HORTON. 7s. S. VON WARTENSEE.



417.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring:
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

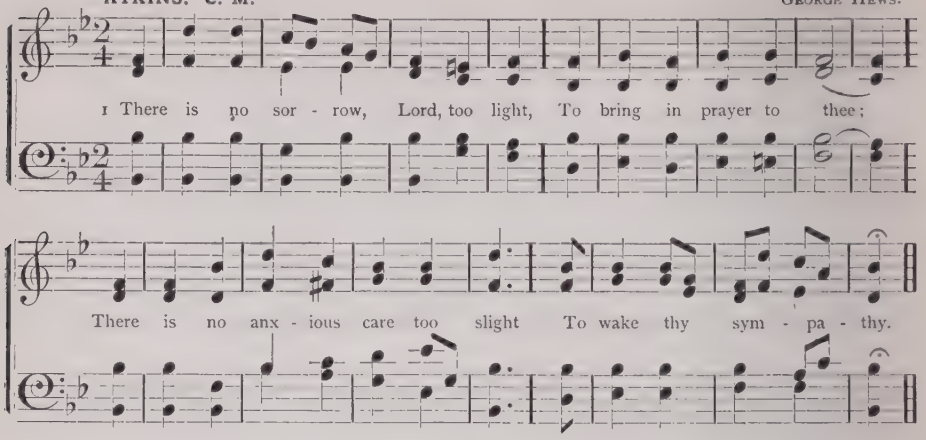
3 With my burden I begin;
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

ATKINS. C. M. GEORGE HEWS.



418.

1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1860; alt. by B. H. Kennedy, 1863.

419.

1 O, THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I 'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I 'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I 'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I 'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

Isaac Watts, 1720.

420.

GEN. 32: 24-29.

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Spirit's interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden Name.

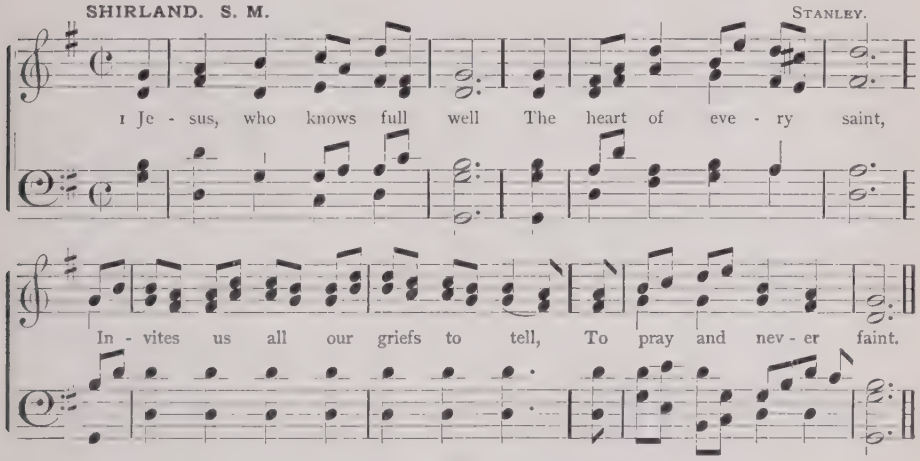
4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart, —
I will not let thee go:

5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me:
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

SHIRLAND. S. M. STANLEY.



421.

LUKE 18: 1-7.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 His nature, truth, and love
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his mercies move,
And can they be denied?

5 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

John Newton, 1779.

422.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

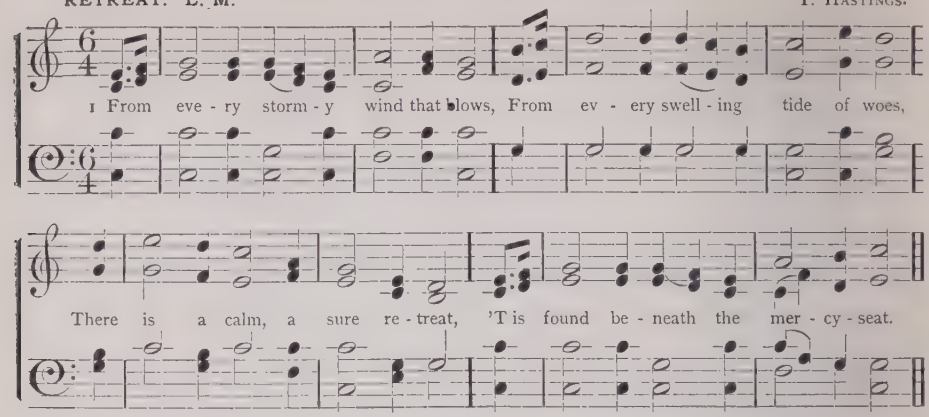
3 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1779.

RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



423.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1831.

424.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1779.

425.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

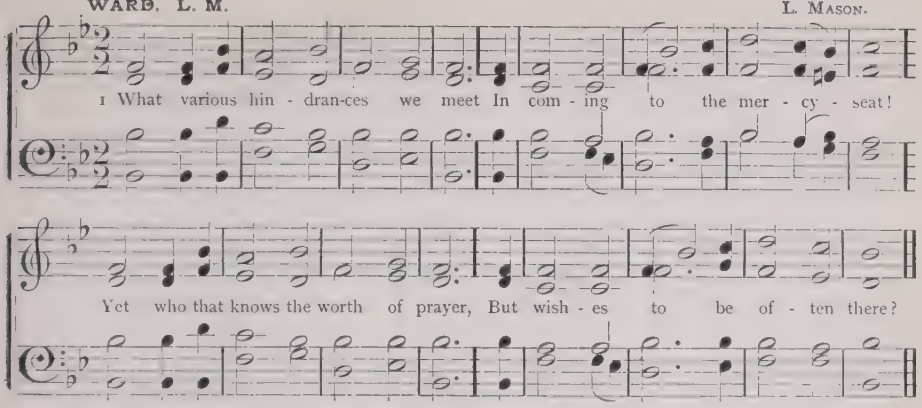
2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

3 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine!
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father God, with joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

WARD. L. M. L. MASON.



426.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper, 1779.

427.

1 CHILDREN of God, in all your need,
Remember him who died for you;
Ye suppliants, think, whene'er you plead,
The Lord of love is pleading too.

2 Nor pleads in vain; the Father hears
The voice of his beloved Son;
'T is music in Jehovah's ears;
He pleads, and lo, the suit is won.

3 "Father, forgive them," Jesus cried,
When bleeding on th' accursed tree,
"Bless, bless them, Lord, for this I died!"
Is still his all-prevailing plea.

4 Come, brethren, then; our feeblest prayer,
Perfumed with Jesus' blessed name,
Is heard on high, is treasured there;
And all that heaven can give may claim.

5 From everlasting we are his,
In love's eternal counsel given;
And he himself our portion is,
The glory of our promised heaven.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

428.

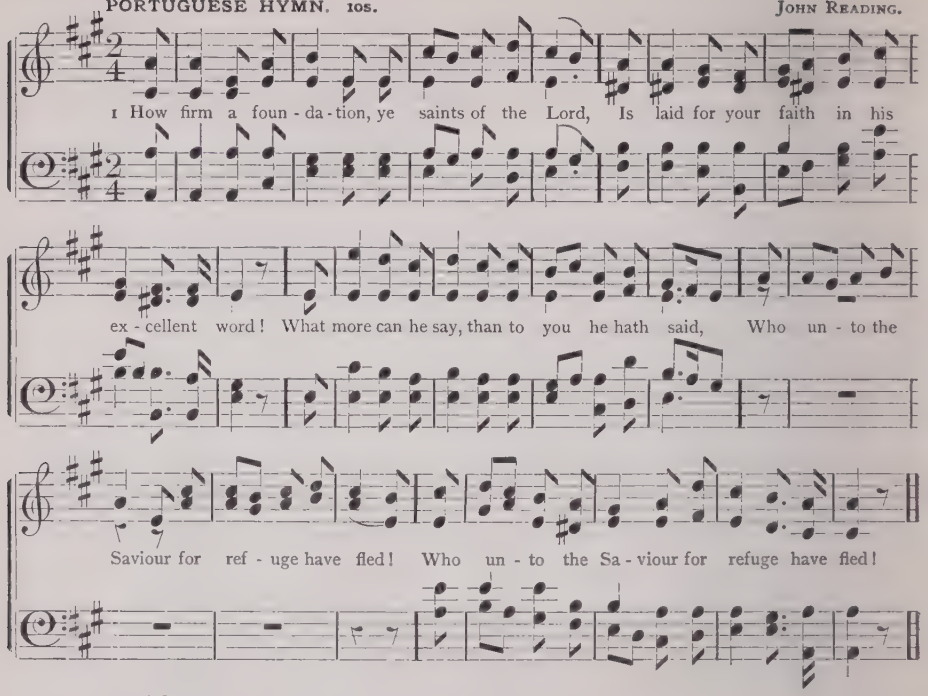
1 HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Ryle's Collection.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 105. JOHN READING.



429.

2 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

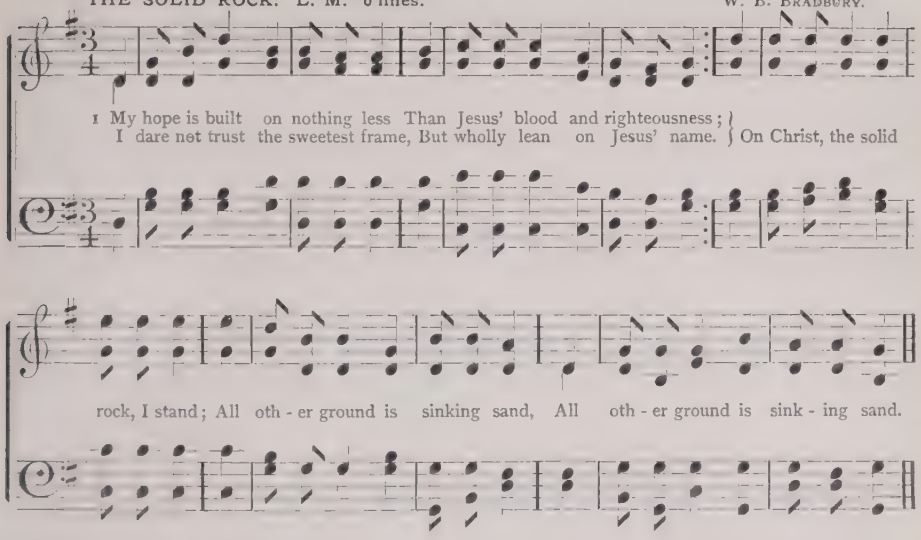
3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I 'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

K. Rippon's Selection, 1787.

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines. W. B. BRADBURY.



430.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil. *Ref.*

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. *Ref.*

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!
Ref.

Edward Mote, 1825.

431.

1 When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

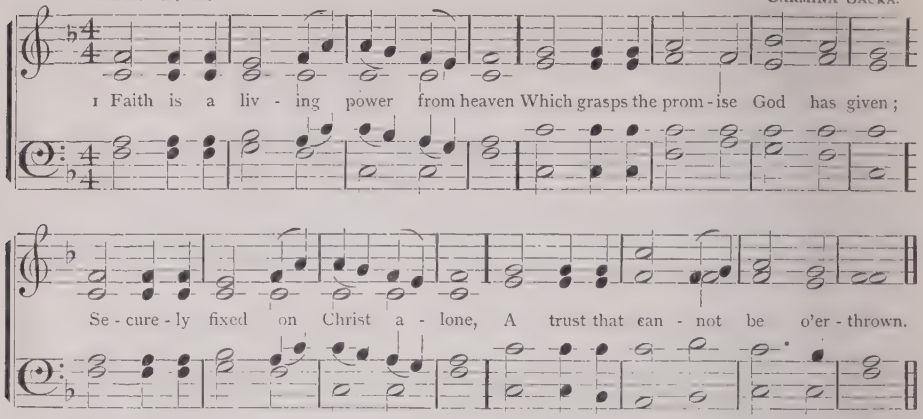
2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun his presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before his face my Priest appears;
My Advocate the Father hears;
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
The voice of that atoning blood.

4 By faith that voice I also hear;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear:
The accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of him whose name is Love;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by the atoning blood.

James G. Deck, 1838.

ILLA. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.



432.

1 FAITH is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given;
Securely fixed on Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

Bohemian Brethren, 1531;
tr. in Hymnologia Christiana, 1863.

433.

1 SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look, and look again.

2 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

3 Look to the Lord, his word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own:
There wait and look, and look again;
You shall not wait nor look in vain.

4 Erelong that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O, then I 'll look, and look again.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

434.

1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

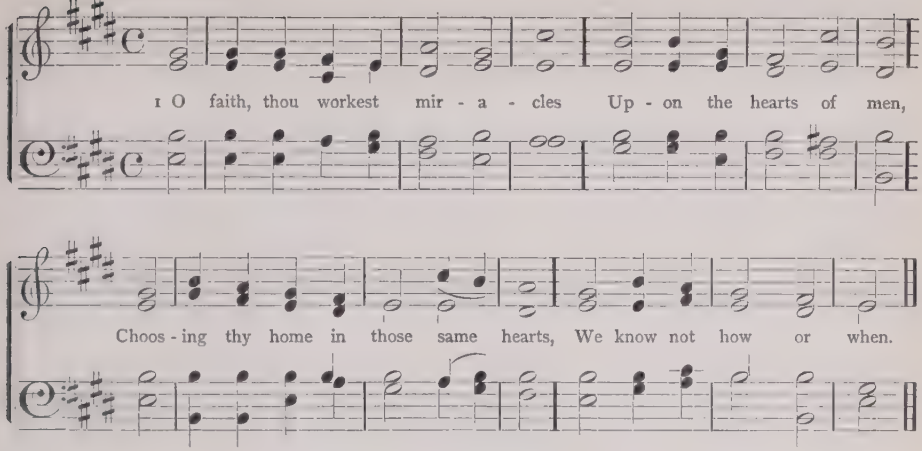
2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God.
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

FAITH. C. M. S. P. TUCKERMAN.



435.

1 O FAITH, thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts,
We know not how or when.

2 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

3 There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

4 Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

5 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

6 O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

F. W. Faber, 1840.

436.

1 O, FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

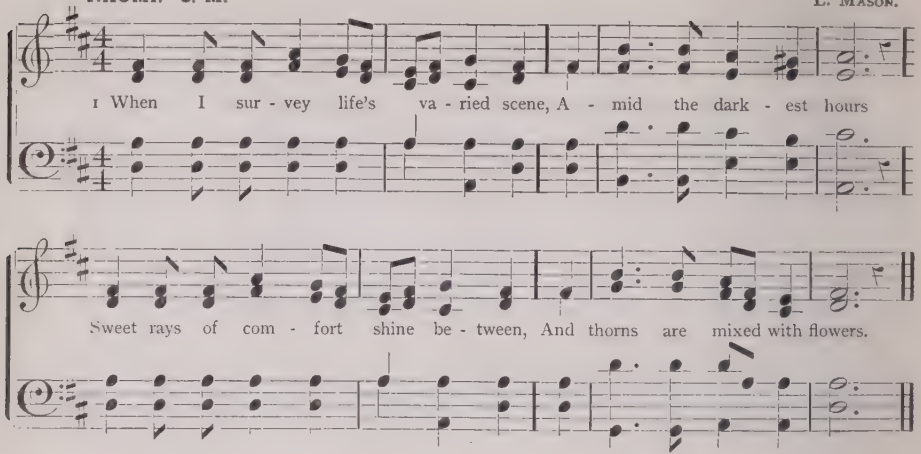
4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



437.

1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

5 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end!

Anne Steele, 1760.

438.

1 ETERNAL God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let thy grace supply;
The good unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick, 1765.

439.

PSALM 40.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
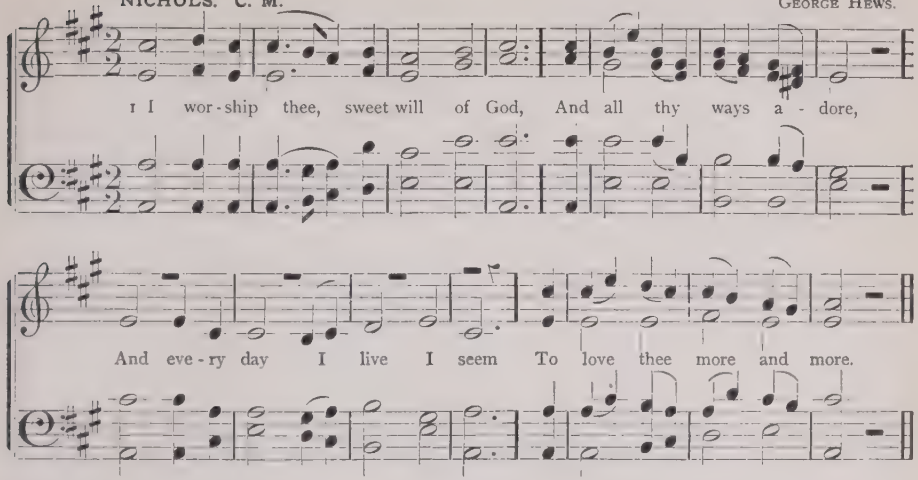
2 He raised me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I 'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

NICHOLS. C. M. GEORGE HEWS.



440.

1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

4 I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

5 And when it seems no chance nor change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And patient waits on thee.

6 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will, ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

F. W. Faber, 1832.

441.

1 O THOU whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

2 My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am thine.

3 Give me the spirit of thy trust,
To suffer as a son,
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done.

4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire he sends
Some embassy of grace.

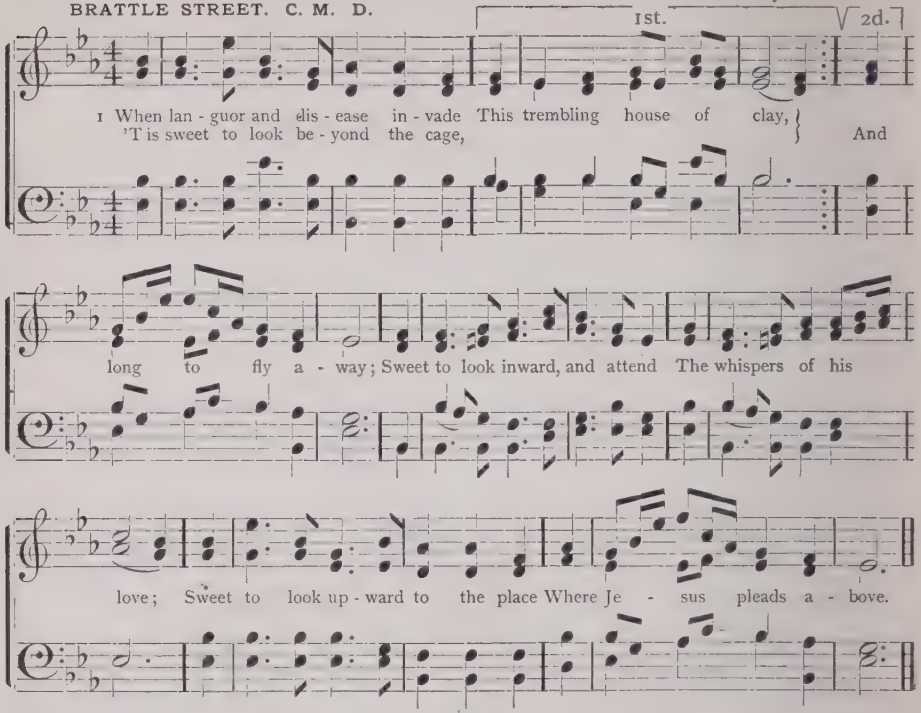
5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

6 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

James D. Burns, 1858.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

I. PLEYEL; arr. by N. MITCHELL.



442.

2 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own;
Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend;

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately, from thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

443.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

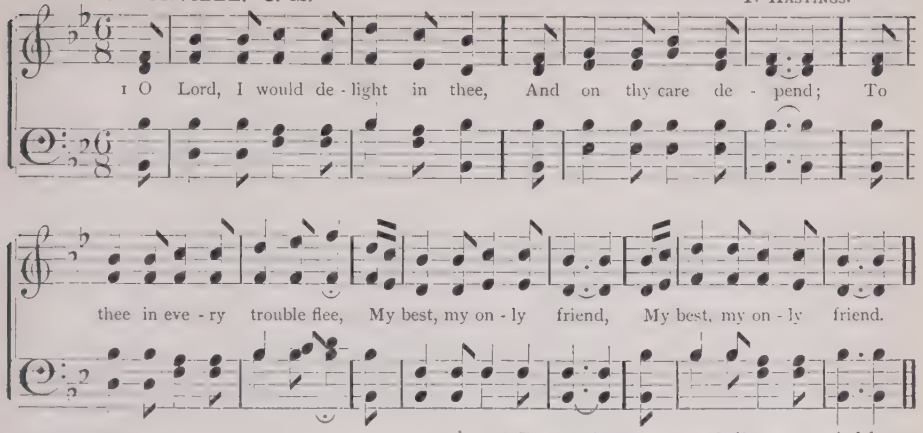
2 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
O, bend my will to thine.

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 My God, my Father, be thy name
My solace and my stay;
O, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele, 1760.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



444.

2 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

3 O, that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

4 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

John Ryland, 1777

445.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

446.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by its God.

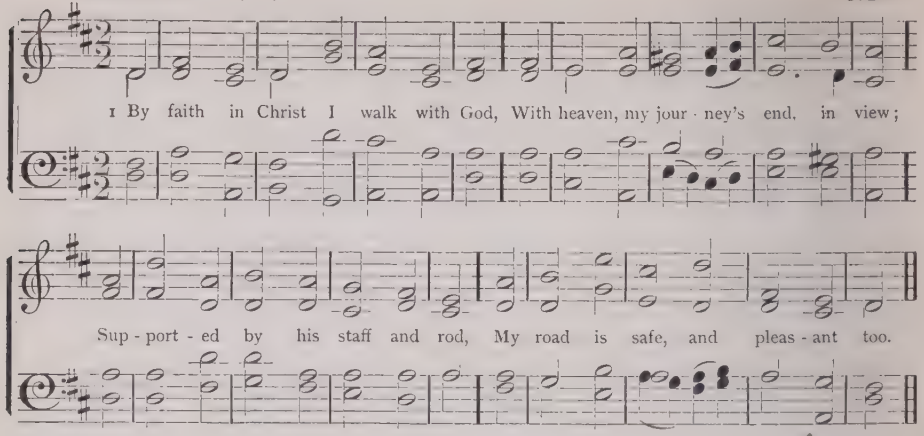
2 Through all the winding maze of life
His hand hath been my guide,
And in that long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M. GREEN.



447.

1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe, and pleasant too.

2 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

3 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures, that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend!

John Newton, 1779.

448.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

449.

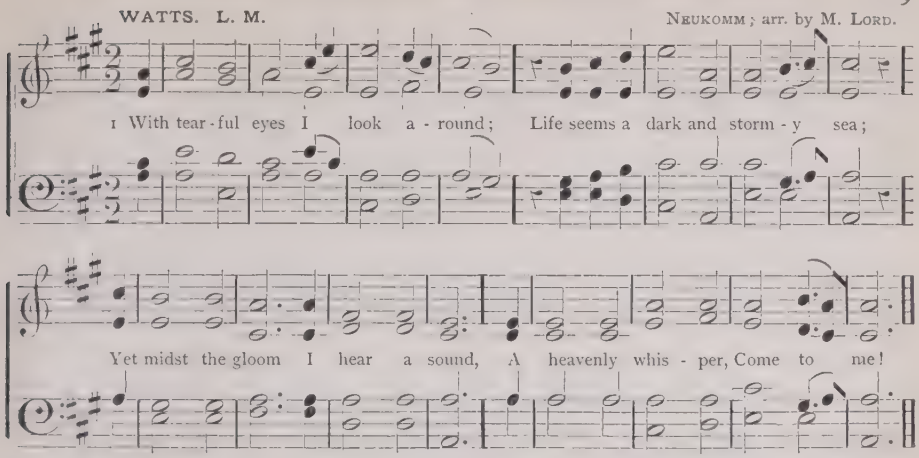
1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769; tr. by John Wesley, 1738.



450.

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me!

3 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to me!

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me!

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

451.

PSALM 42.

1 My spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

452.

1 JESUS, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

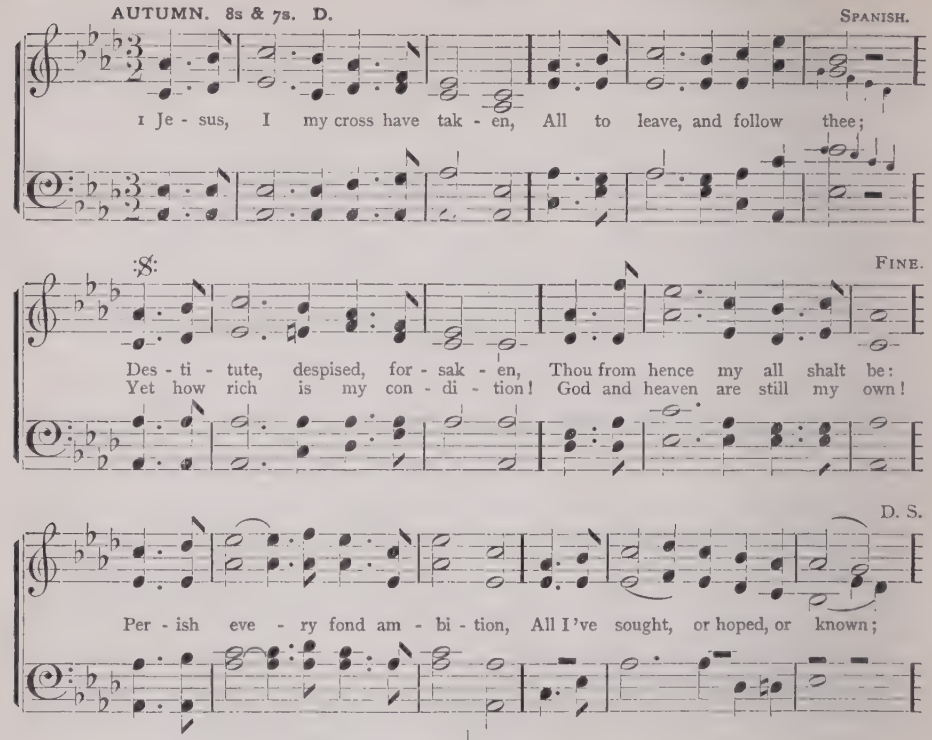
2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh; [gone,
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions peace;
Say to my trembling heart, be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

5 O death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Charles Wesley, 1740.



453.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face, and all is bright. [me,

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me,
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

Henry F. Lyte, 1833.

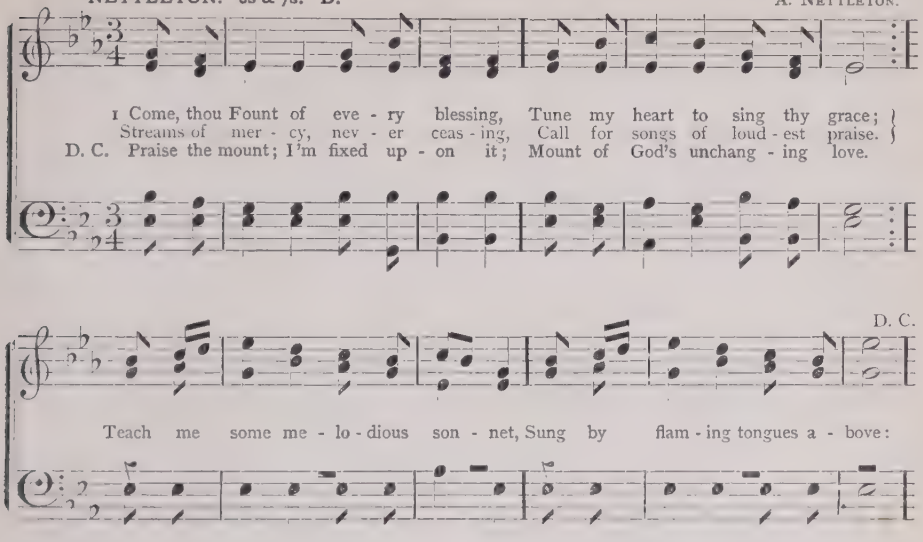
454.

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer, and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

2 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edward H. Nevin, 1858.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. A. NETTLETON.



455.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount; I 'm fixed upon it;
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1757.

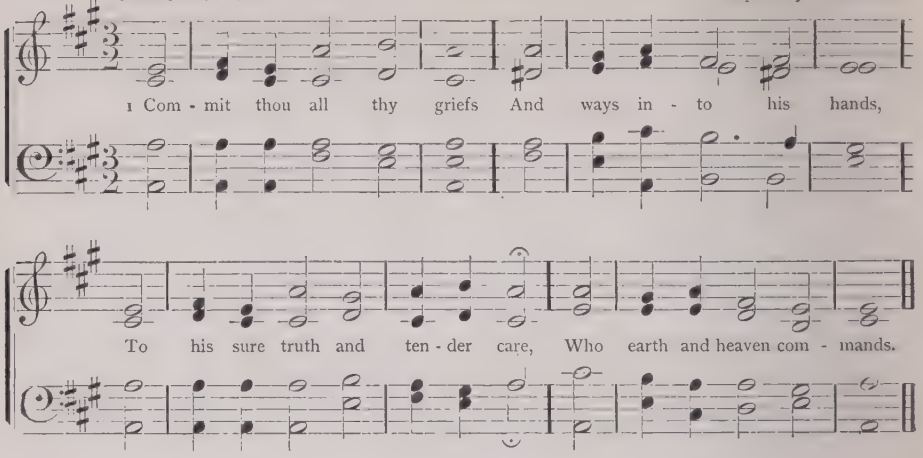
456.

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Adapted by L. Mason.



457.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

3 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

Paul Gerhard, 1666; tr. by J. Wesley, 1739.

458.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

459.

1 It is thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from thee:
I bow beneath thy chastening rod;
'T is love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

3 My God, thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare:
His piercéd hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is best;
All work for good to me.

James G. Deck, 1843.

460.

1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

461.

1 Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

462.

PSALM 61.

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

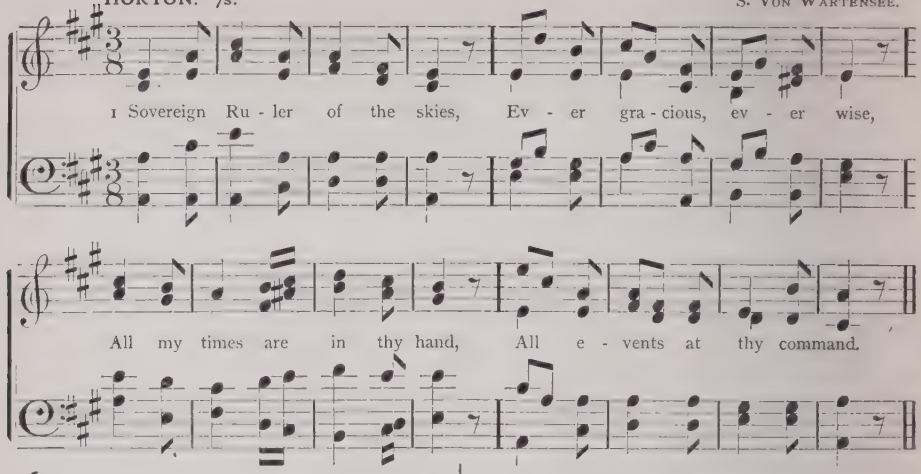
2 O, lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

HORTON. 7s. S. Von Wartensee.



463.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,

3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love,—
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereavéd be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

John Ryland, 1777.

464.

1 Lord, my times are in thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not mine own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I 'm provided for to-day.

4 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

Josiah Conder, 1837.

465.
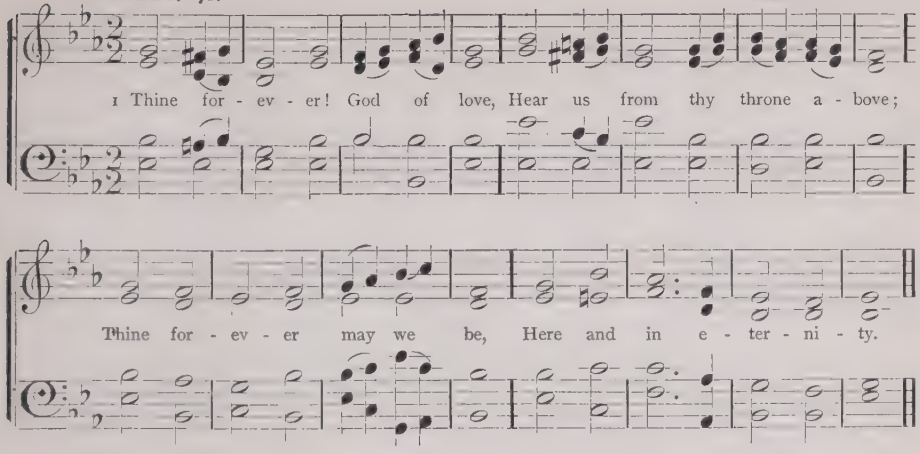
1 'T is my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper, 1779.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEORGE HEWS.



466.

1 THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

3 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O, defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Mary F. Maude, 1848.

467.

1 HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing thee.

4 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

Josiah Conder, 1855.

468.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

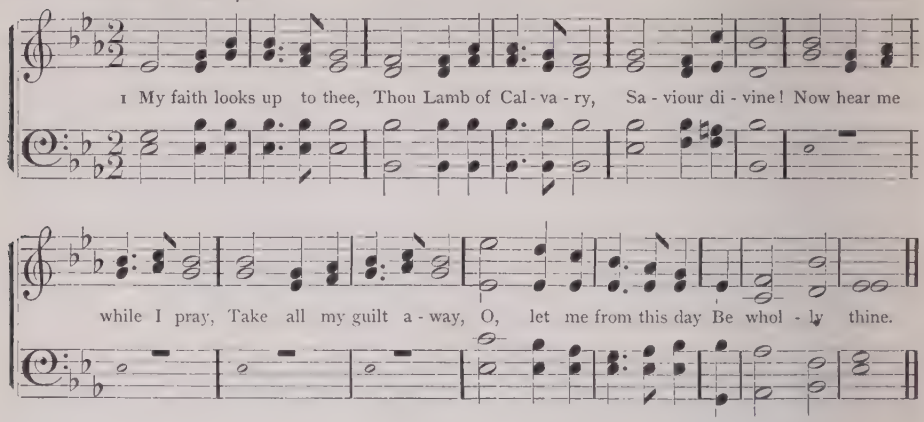
2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1825.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



469.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

470.

1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

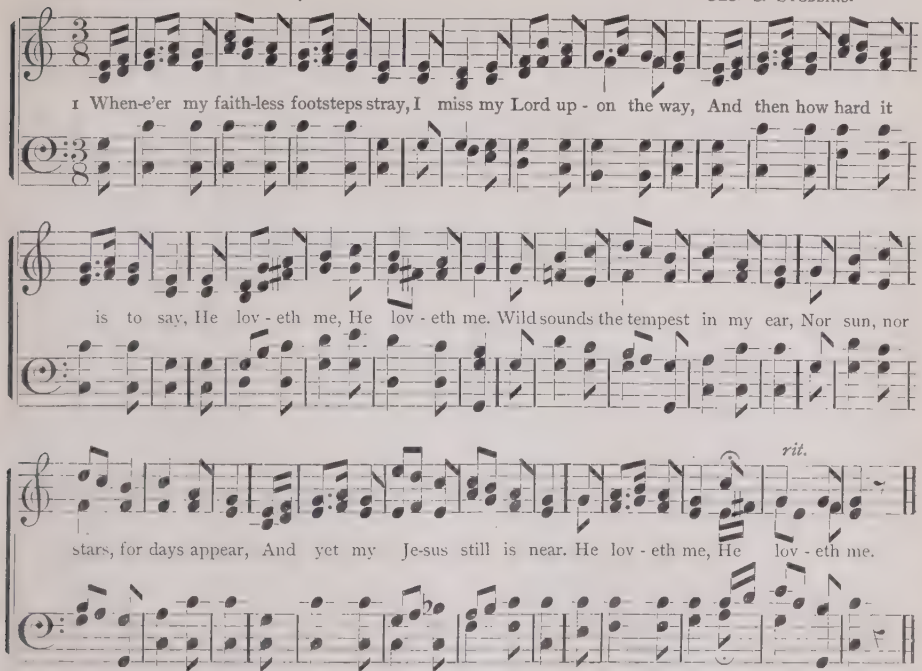
2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, thou.

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod:
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

Felicia D. Hemans, 1832.

HE LOVETH ME. 8s & 4s. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



471.

2 How can I doubt him? for my name
Is graven on his breast. He came
To bear for me my sin and shame.
He loveth me.
Upon the cross I see him bleed,
Mocked with a crown and broken reed!
Made sin for me. O soul, indeed
He loveth me.

3 When drooping, on my way I go,
That sweet assurance can bestow
Peace in the darkest hour; I know
He loveth me.
"He loveth me!" Take courage ye
Who sigh for him you cannot see.
Sure none should ever hopeless be.
He loveth me.

Anna Shipton, 1866.

472.
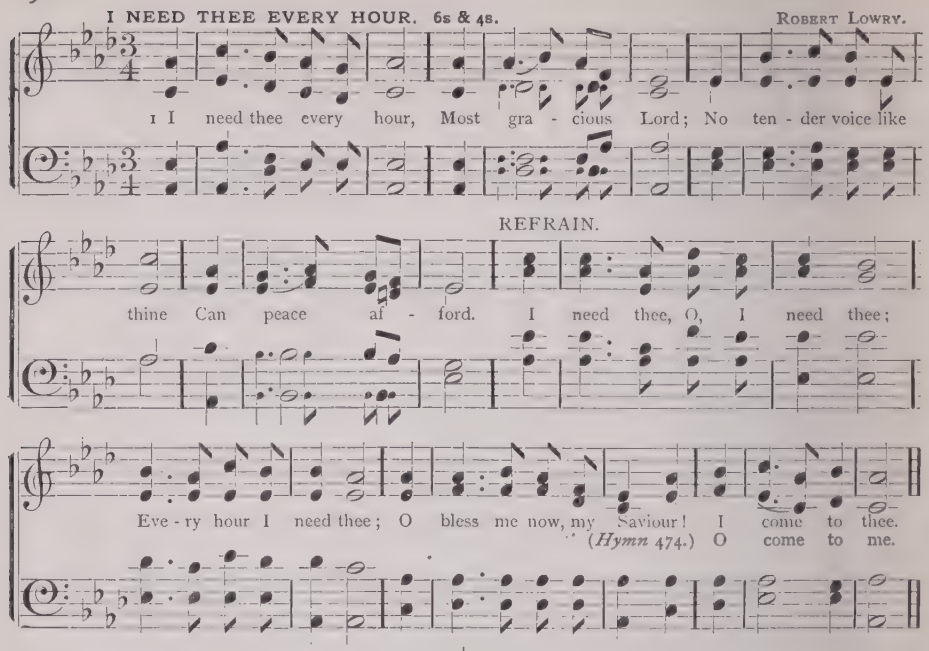
1 TOSSED with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
"'T is I, 't is I; be not afraid."

2 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on me;
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
"'T is I, 't is I; be not afraid."

3 The bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced;
"'T is I, 't is I; be not afraid."

4 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
"'T is I, 't is I; be not afraid."

Elizabeth Charles, 1862.



473.

1 I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford. *Ref.*

2 I need thee every hour:
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh. *Ref.*

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

Annie S. Hawkes.

474.

1 O LIGHT of light, shine in!
Cast out this night of sin;
Create true day within;
O Light of light, shine in! *Ref.*

2 O Joy of joys, come in!
End thou this grief of sin!
Create calm peace within;
O Joy of joys, come in! *Ref.*

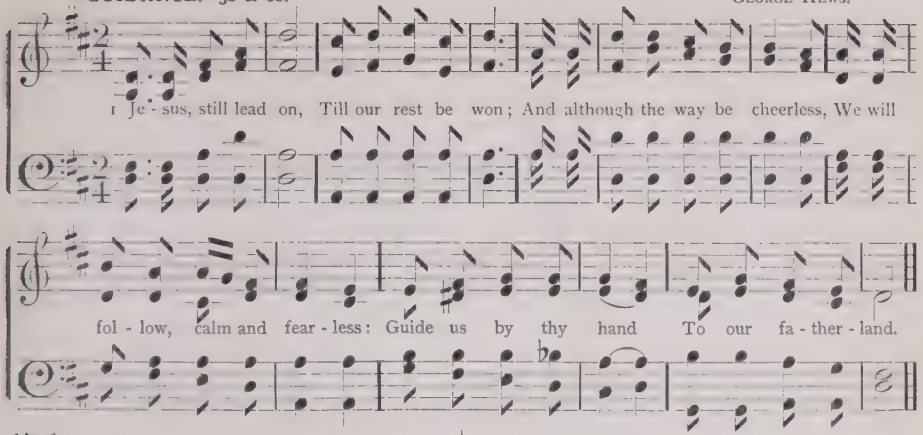
3 O Life of life, pour in!
Expel this death of sin;
Awake true life within;
O Life of life, pour in! *Ref.*

4 O Love of love, flow in!
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy within;
O Love of love, flow in! *Ref.*

5 My God and Lord, oh, come!
Of joys the Joy and Sum,
Make in this heart thy home;
My God and Lord, oh, come! *Ref.*

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

GUIDANCE. 5s & 8s. GEORGE HEWS.



475.

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

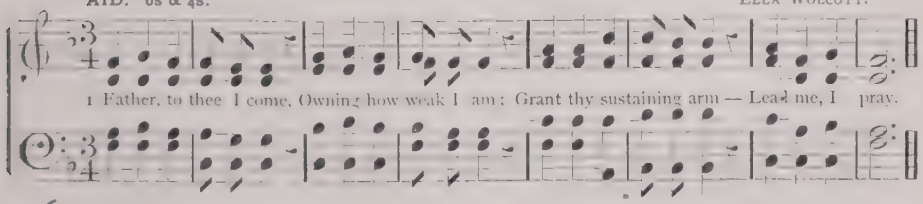
2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Count Zinzendorf, 1721; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

AID. 6s & 4s. ELLA WOLCOTT.



476.

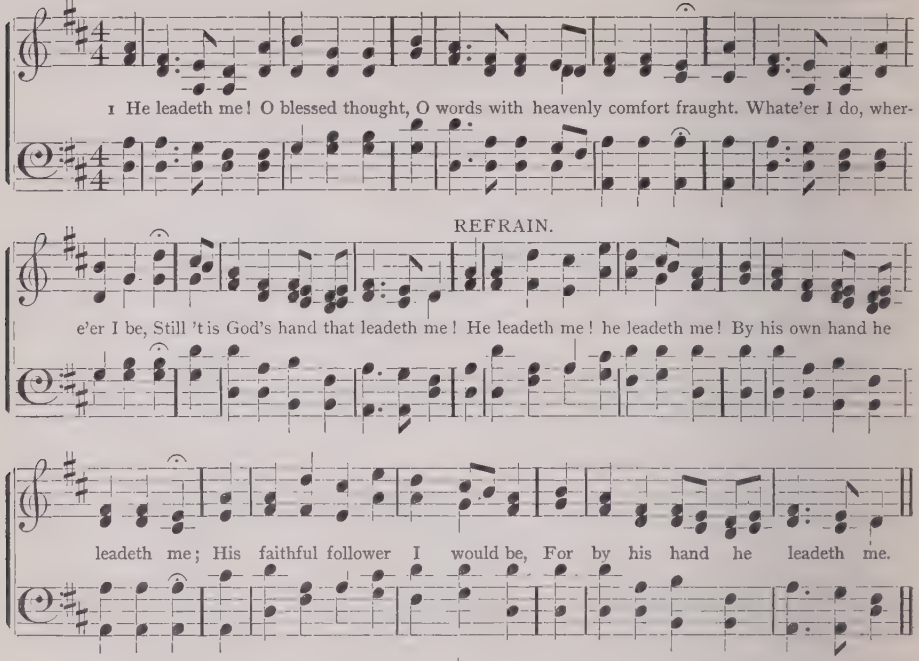
2 More of thy love I 'd have;
Nearer to thee would live;
Earnest heart-service give,
Day after day.

3 When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds can see,
Strengthen my trust in thee,
Let me not stray.

4 When comes that final night,
Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be thou the perfect light,
Leading to day.

Ella Wolcott, 1874.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



477.

2 Sometimes, mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me! *Ref.*

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me. *Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory 's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Ref.

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1859.

478.

(Tune, *All for Jesus*, next page.)
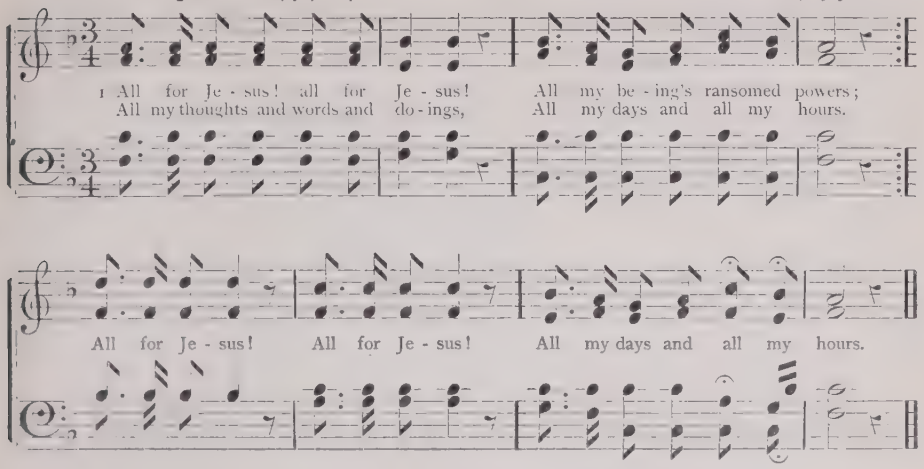
1 SHEPHERD of thine Israel, lead us,
Pilgrims through this desert land;
Thou who hast from bondage freed us,
Guard us by thy mighty hand;
Daily feed us
Till we reach the heavenly strand.

2 As thou didst in wondrous manner
Guide thy chosen flock aright,
Let thy presence be our banner,
Cloud by day and fire by night;
Thy protection
Be our shield, thy word our light.

3 When we come to death's dark river,
Should we dread the swelling tide,
Death of death, life's Source and Giver!
Bid the narrow stream divide:
Joyful praises
We will sing on Canaan's side.

Josiah Conder, 1854.

ALL FOR JESUS. 8s, 7s, & 4s. ASA HULL, by per.



479.

1 ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform his bidding;
Let my feet run in his ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I 've lost sight of all beside, —
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified!

5 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.

Mary D. James, 1870.

480.
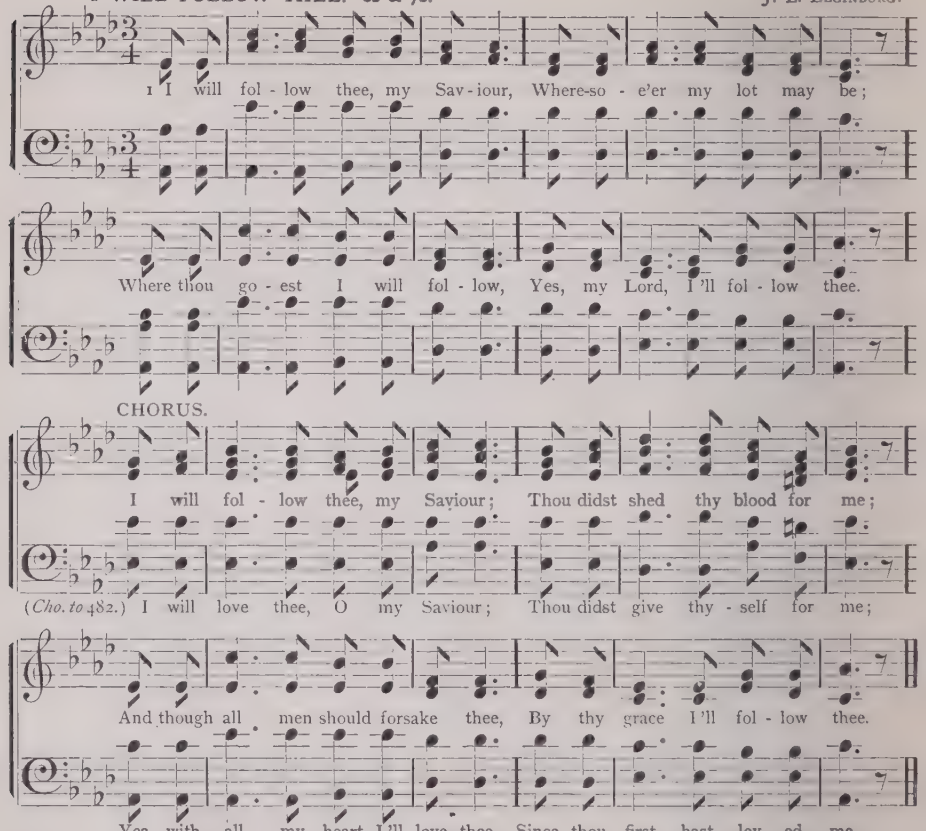
1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams, 1773.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s. J. L. ELGINBURG.



481.

2 Though the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow thee. *Cho.*

3 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee. *Cho.*

4 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee. *Cho.*

James L. Elginburg, 1866.

482.

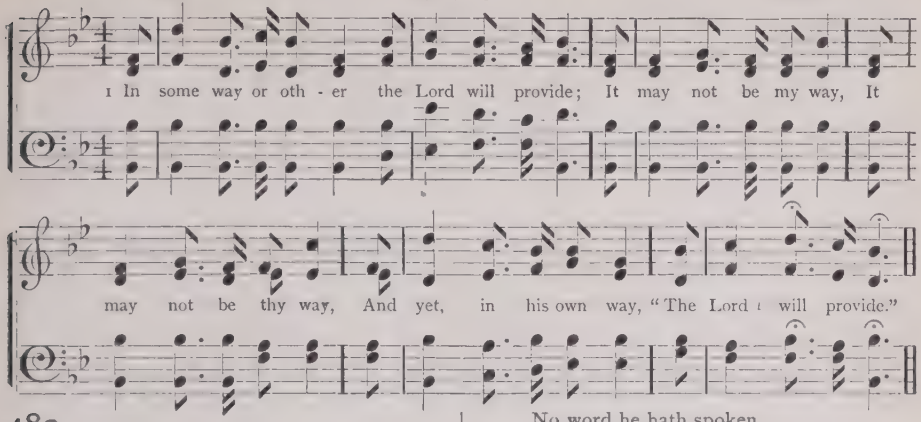
1 I WILL love thee, all my treasure;
I will love thee, all my strength;
I will love thee without measure,
And will love thee right at length. *Cho.*

2 I will praise thee, Sun of glory!
For thy beams have gladness brought;
I will praise thee, will adore thee,
For the light I vainly sought. *Cho.*

3 I will love in joy or sorrow,
While I in this body dwell;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
With a love no words can tell. *Cho.*

John Angelus, 1657; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 11s, 6s, & 5s. C. S. HARRINGTON.



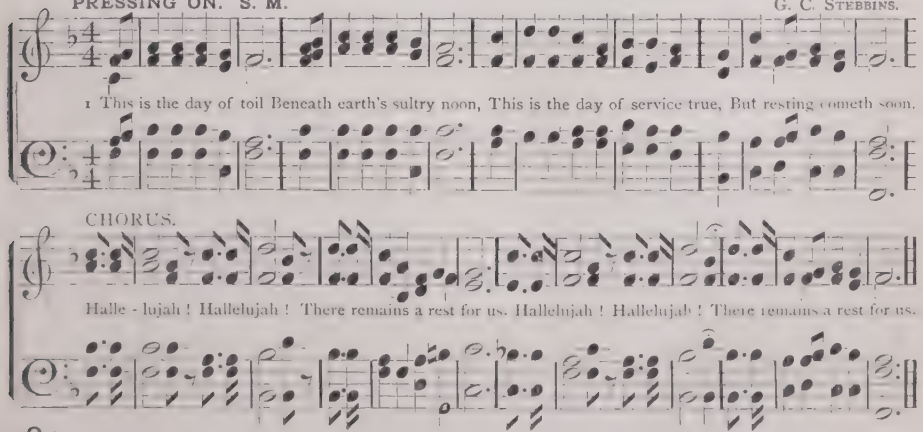
483.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet, in his own time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token, —
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken, —
"The Lord will provide."

4 Màrch on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide:
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We 'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide." M. W Cook, 1864.

PRESSING ON. S. M. G. C. STEBBINS.



484.

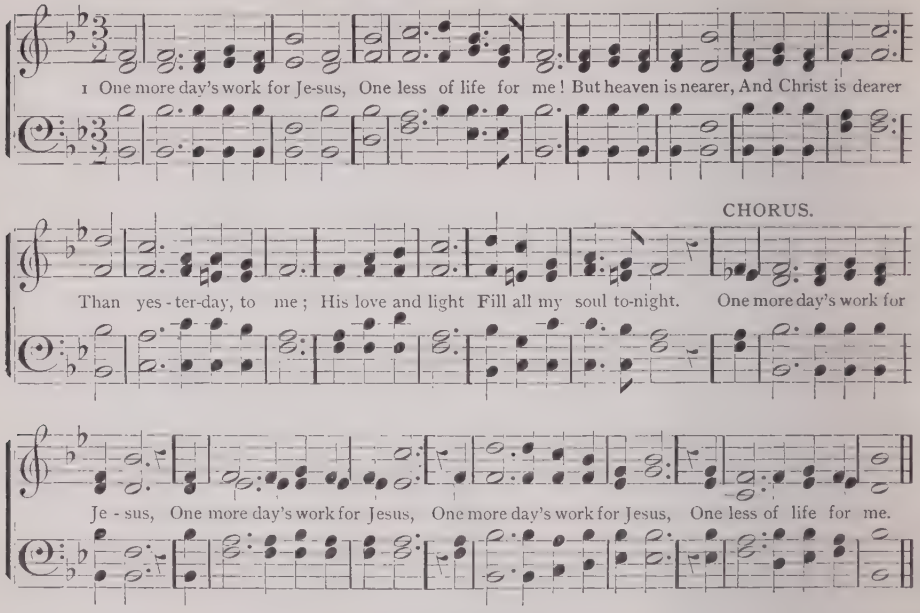
2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way. *Cho.*

3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still;
Ours is the path the Master trod
Through good report and ill. *Cho.*

4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase,
We gird our loins and hasten on, —
The end, the end is peace. *Cho.*

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS. P. M. R. Lowry.



485.

1 One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

Cho. One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How glorious is my King!
'T is joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
Cho.

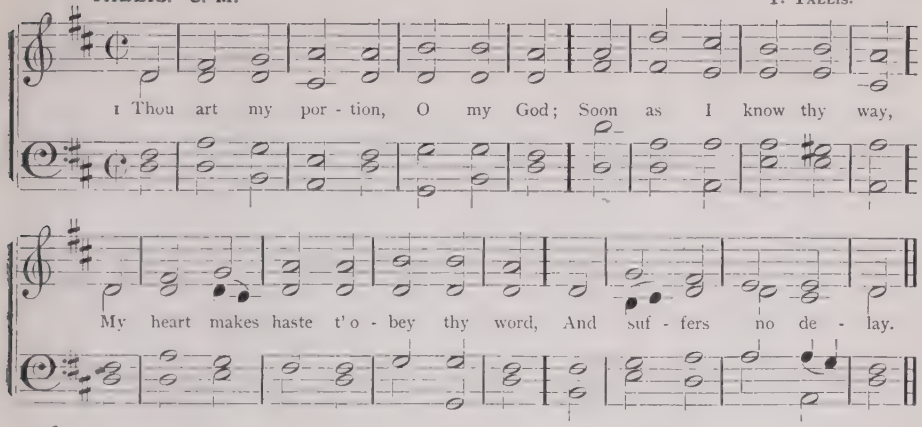
3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine! *Cho.*

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
O, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall. *Cho.*

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I 'll serve another day! *Cho.*

Anna Warner, 1874.

TALLIS. C. M. T. TALLIS.



486.

PSALM 119.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

487.

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

488.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace has set me free.

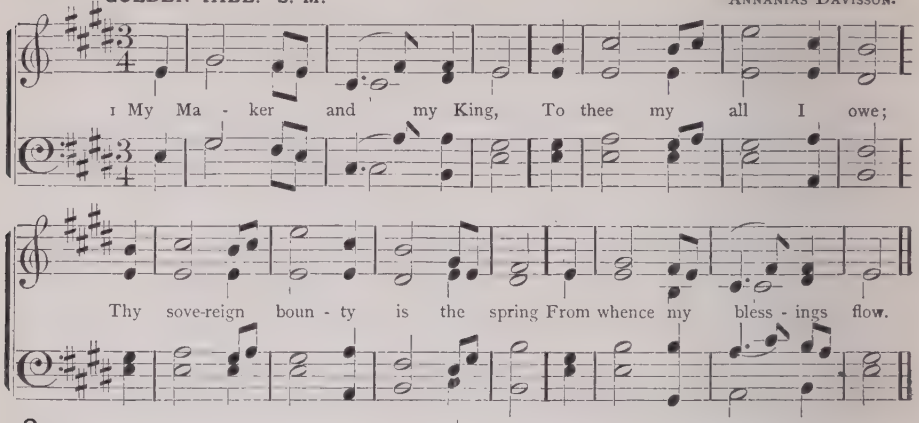
2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name and love and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton, 1779.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. ANNANIAS DAVISSON.



489.

1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 O, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

Anne Steele, 1760.

490.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert, 1632, a.

491.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

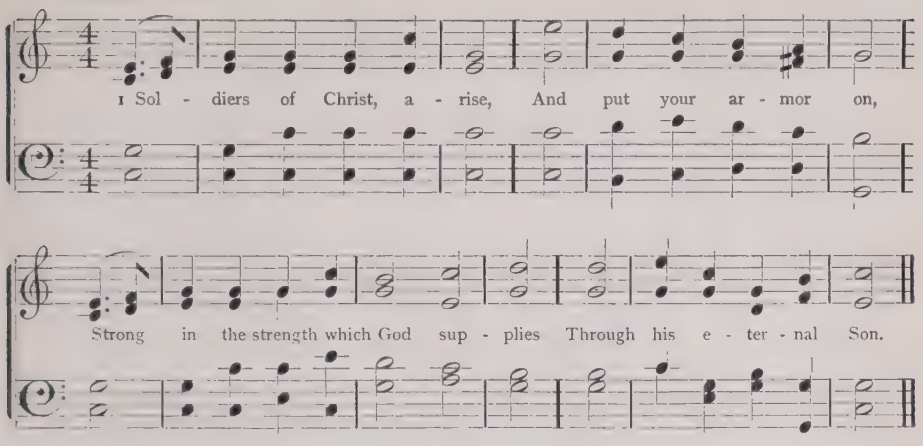
3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;

5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

LABAN. S. M. L. MASON.



492.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

493.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

George Heath, 1781.

494.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

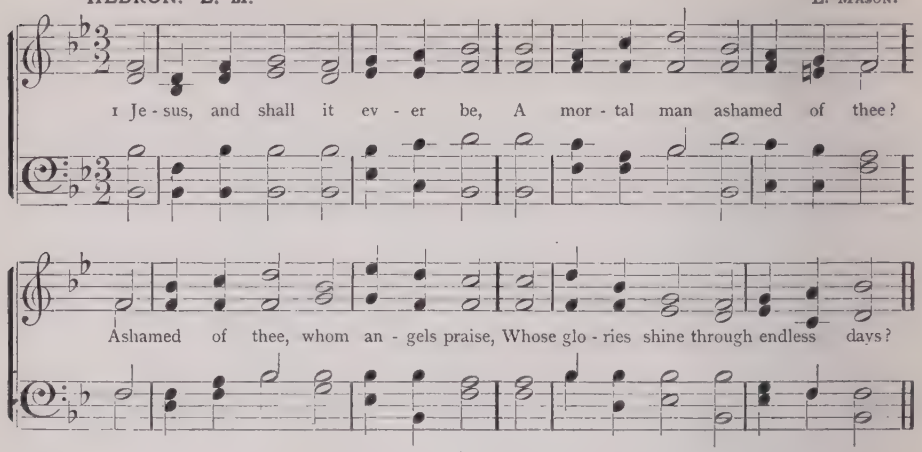
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1767.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.



495.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765; alt. by Benj. Francis, 1787.

496.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where thy great Captain-Saviour 's

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

497.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and
Our inward piety approve. [love,

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

498.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend!

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

499.

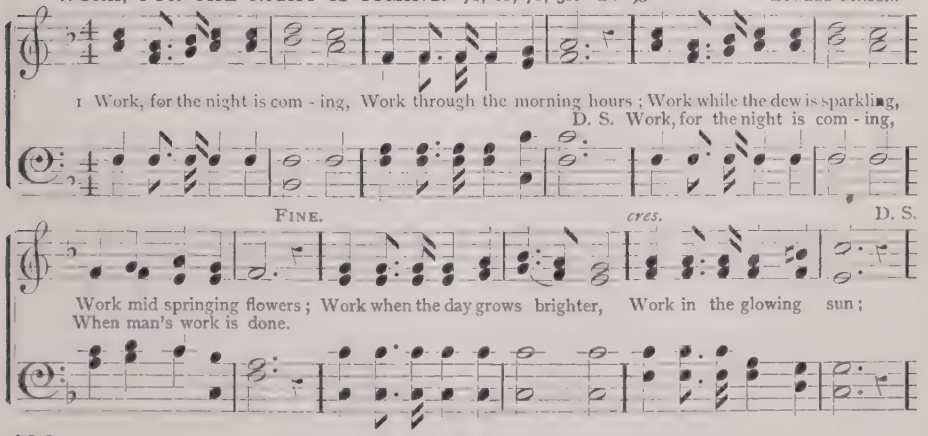
1 O thou, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

3 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. 7s, 6s, 7s, 5s. D. Lowell Mason.



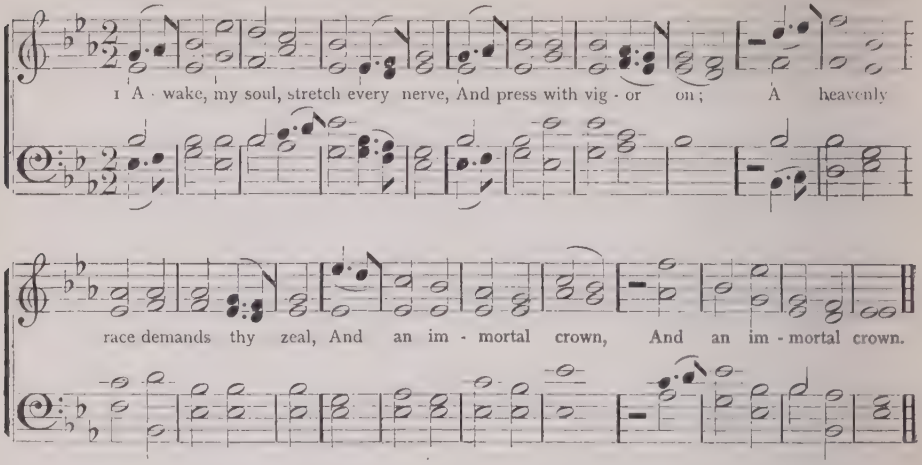
500.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Sidney Dyer, 1865.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. G. F. HANDEL.



501.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I 'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

502.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

503.

1 I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

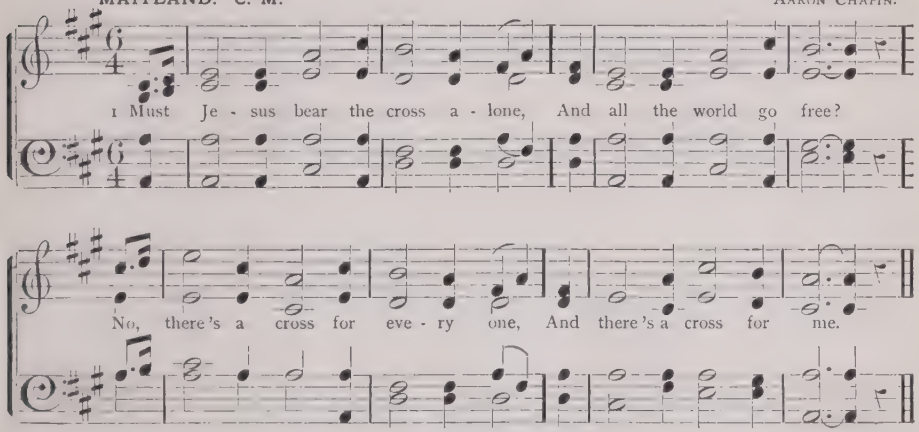
2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

MAITLAND. C. M. AARON CHAPIN.



504.

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I 'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen, 1849, a.

505.

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

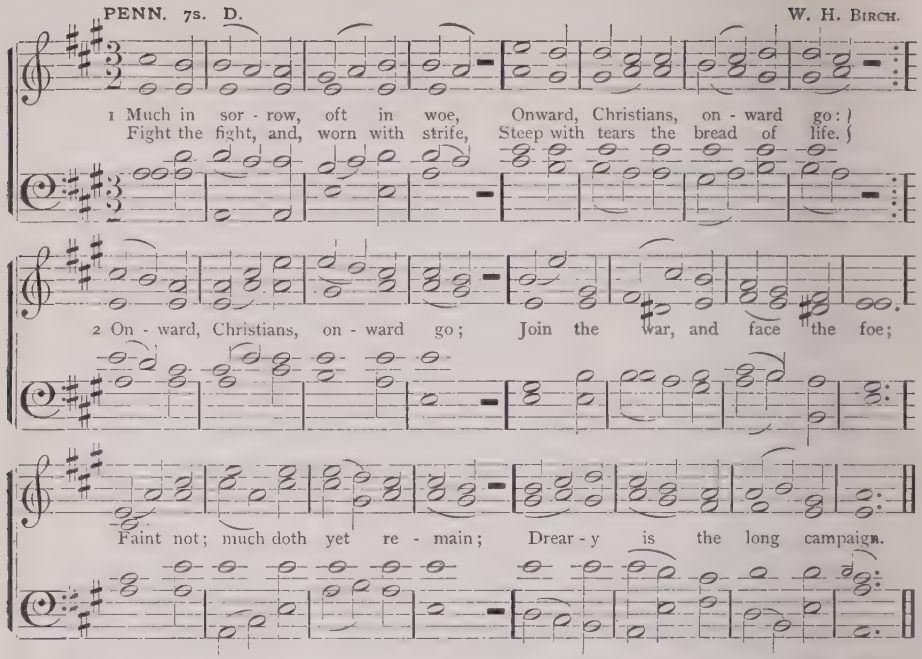
2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

J. H. Gurney, 1838.



506.

1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight; and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not; much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.
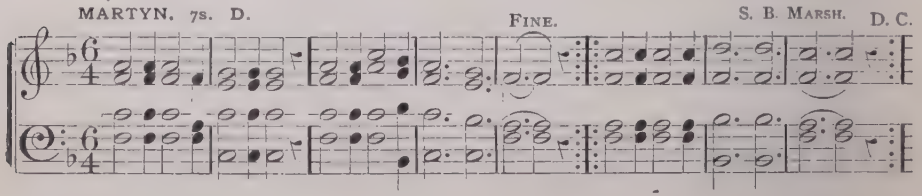
3 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.
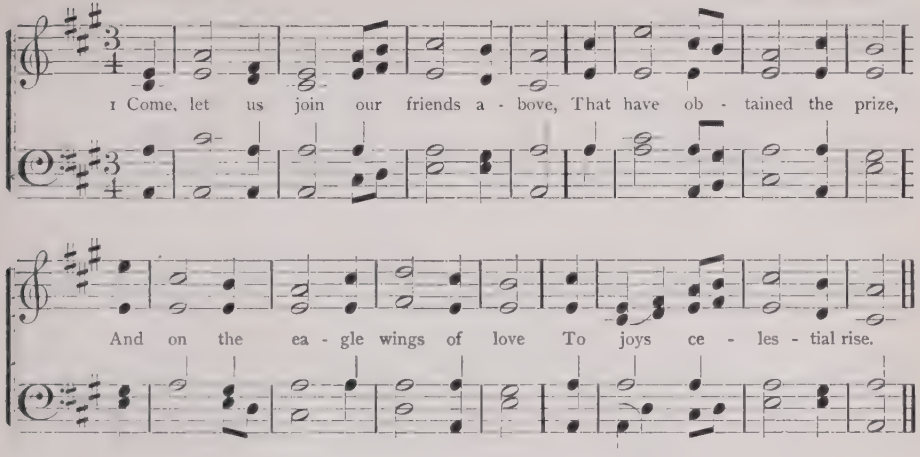
5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry Kirke White, 1806;
completed by Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827.



AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



507.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

5 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

6 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley, 1759.

508.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T is heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

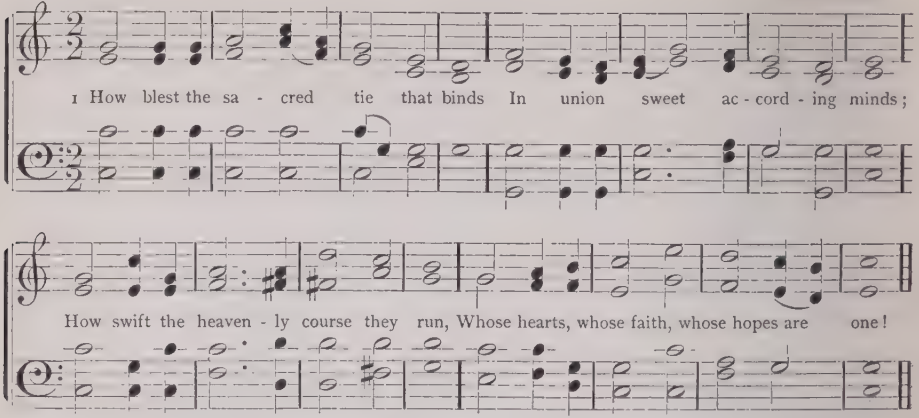
4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

William E. Miller, 1800

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



509.

2 To each the soul of each how dear;
What jealous love, what holy fear;
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy because of love.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1773.

510.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still am I nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name,

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

511.

1 BLEST is the man whose spirit shares
A suffering brother's wants and cares:
The Lord will visit him in grief,
And bring his trials sweet relief.
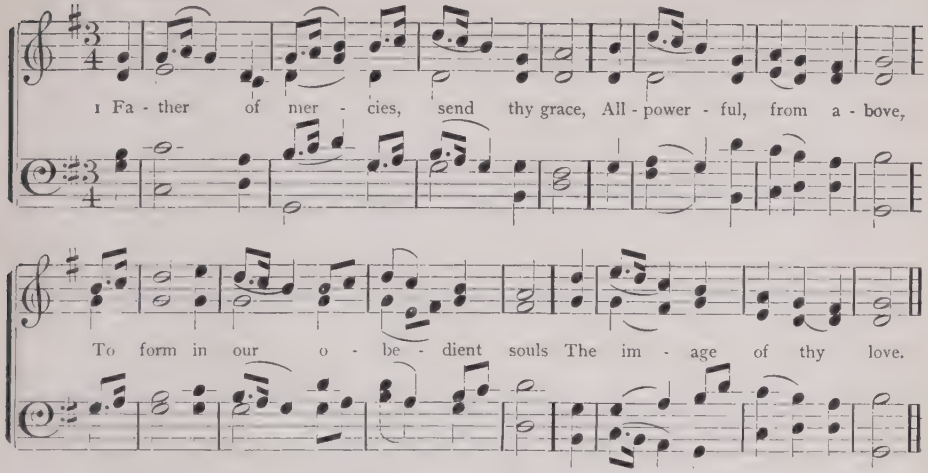
2 The sinner's Friend delights to see
His people kind and good as he,
And bids them each with each unite
To make their common burden light.

3 That burden well the Saviour knows:
He bore on earth our sins and woes;
By friends betrayed, by foes assailed,
Yet love divine o'er all prevailed.

4 That love, O Lord, still let us share,
Still lead us on through foe and snare,
Till we thy face unclouded see,
And lose ourselves and earth in thee.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



512.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies,
And, 'midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

513.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

514.

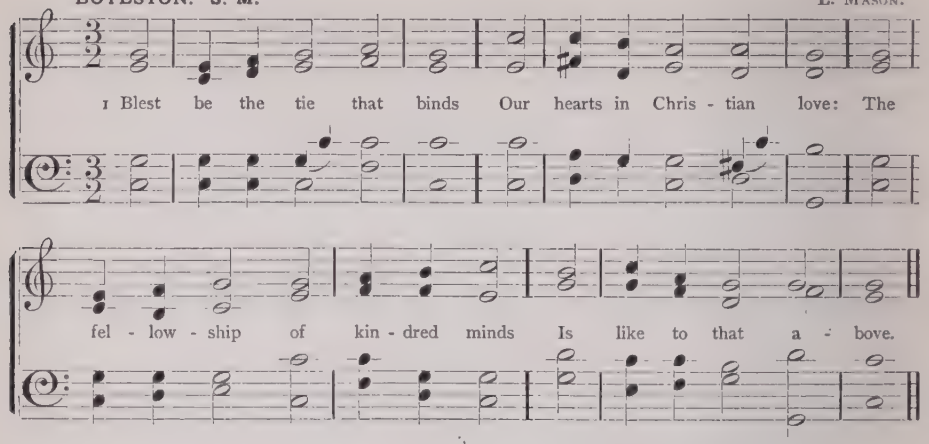
1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



515.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

516.

PSALM 133.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

517.

1 FOR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
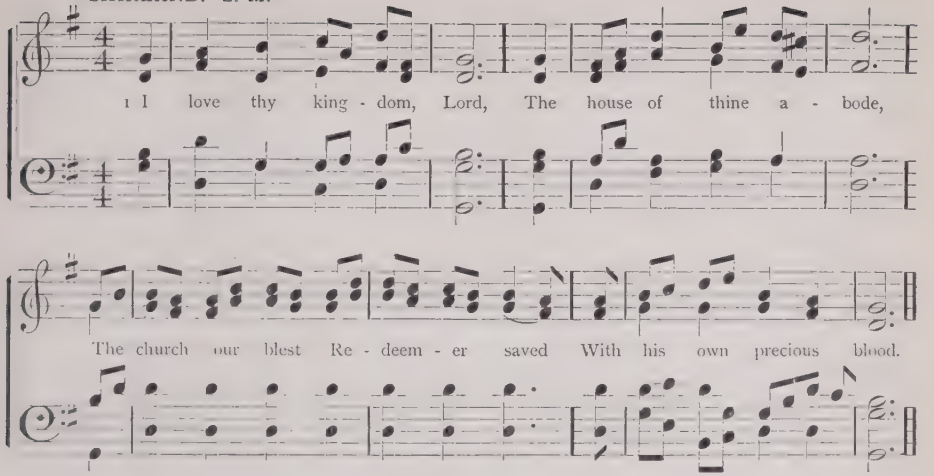
2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Richard Mant, 1849, a.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



518.

PSALM 137.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

519.

PSALM 48.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;

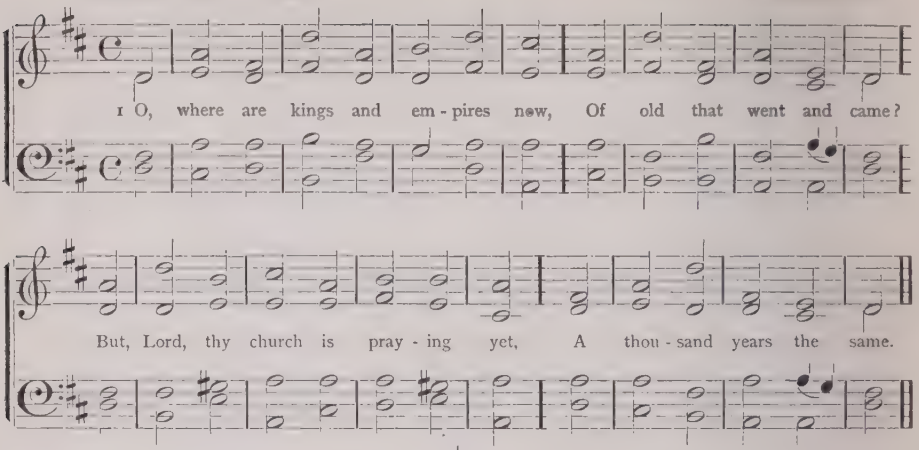
4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die, —
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

LONDON NEW. C. M. WILLIAM CRAFT.



520.

1 O, WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threat-
'ning her,
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

A. C. Coxe, 1850.

521.

1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice.

2 A little flock, — so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise; [priests
They whom God makes his kings and
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

522.

PSALM 102.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

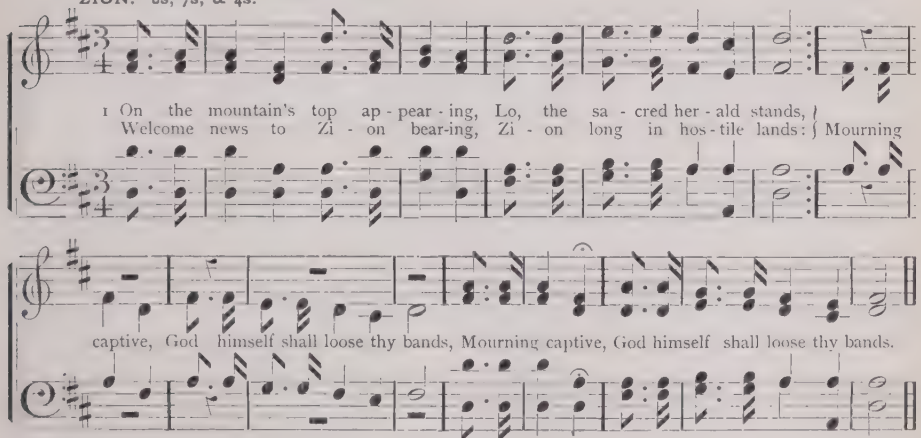
4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



523.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

524.

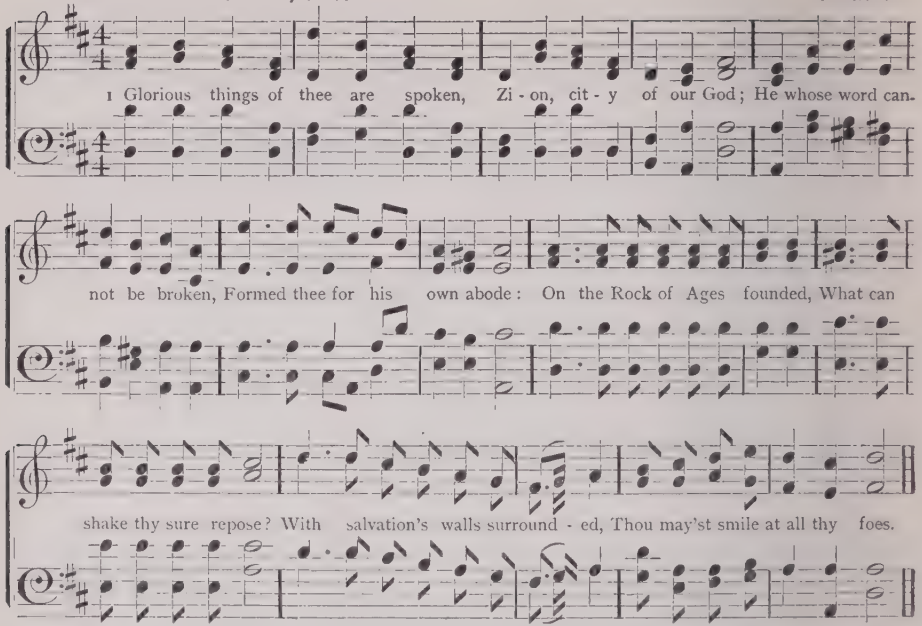
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,
'T is to save, and not destroy:
If he punish, 't is in measure;
'T is to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s. D. UNKNOWN.



525.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose words cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

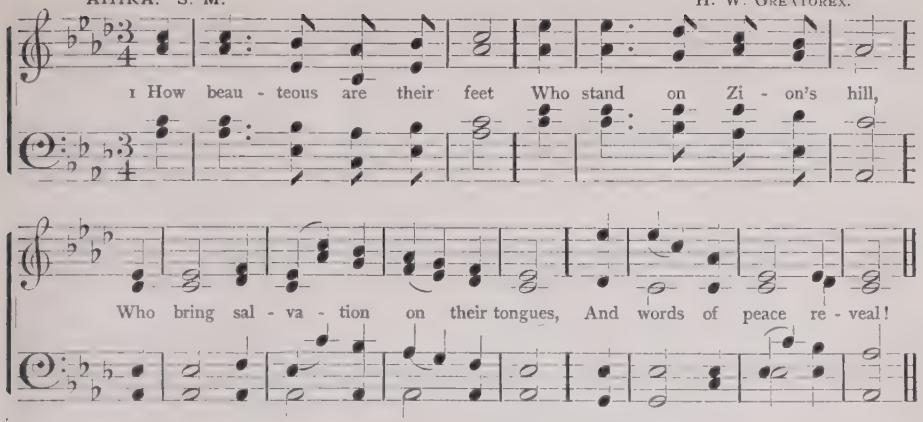
526.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour—
To revive thy work afresh.

John Newton, 1779.

AHIRA. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



527.

ISAIAH 53: 7-10.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

528.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

529.

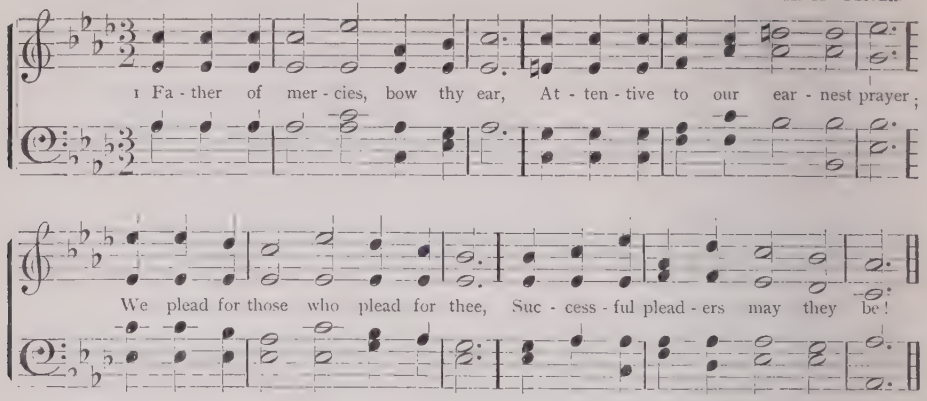
1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey!
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

Mrs. Voke, 1806.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M. H. K. Oliver.



530.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

531.

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin,
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery, 1825.

532.

1 Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!
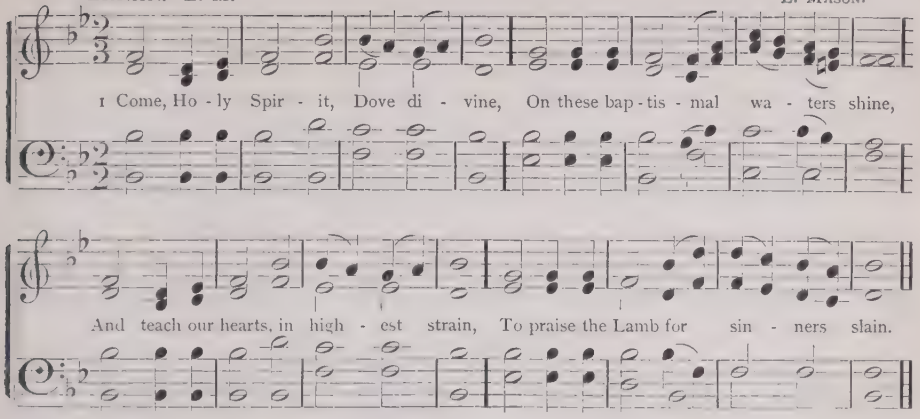
3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign!
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine!

James Montgomery, 1825.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



533.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We plunge beneath thy mystic flood,
O, plunge us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

Adoniram Judson, 1788–1850.

534.

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

Adoniram Judson, 1788–1850.

535.

1 While we thy ways, blest Saviour, tread,
We think what thou for us hast done,
Rejoice in thee, our glorious Head,
And sing the triumphs thou hast won.

2 Here we with rapture see portrayed
With thee, O Lord, our union sure,
Where grace its riches has displayed,
Which shall forevermore endure.

3 Lord, may we ever live to prove
Thy cleansing blood hath set us free,
In willing services of love
To consecrate our lives to thee.

Bristol Hymns, 1870.

536.

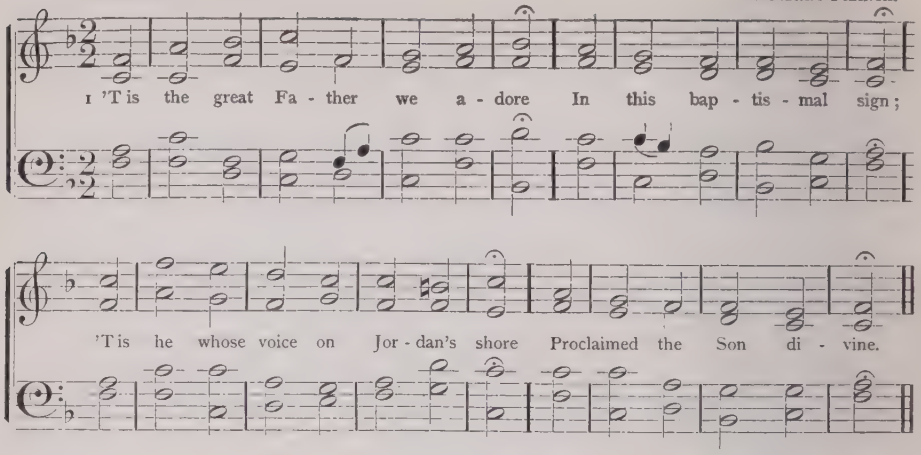
1 Buried in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

3 He by his blood atoned for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean;
And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

Moravian Collection, 1754

DUNDEE. C. M. WILLIAM FRANCK.



537.

2 The Father hailed him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Blest Spirit, with intense desire
Solicitous we bow:
Baptize us in renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.

5 Let earth and heaven our pledge record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

Maria G. Saffery, 1828.

538.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

539.

GEN. 24: 56.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I 'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
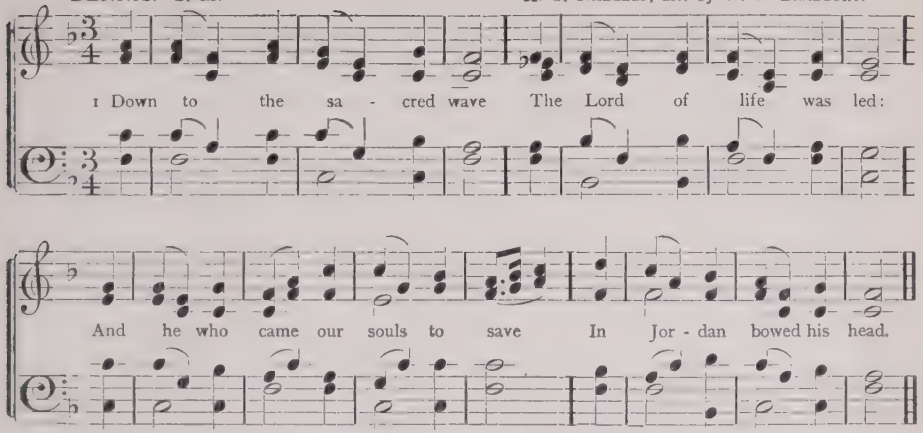
2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I 'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome, death;
I 'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland, 1773.

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAEGELI; arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.



540.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led:
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

541.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led:

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1843.

542.

1 O, WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

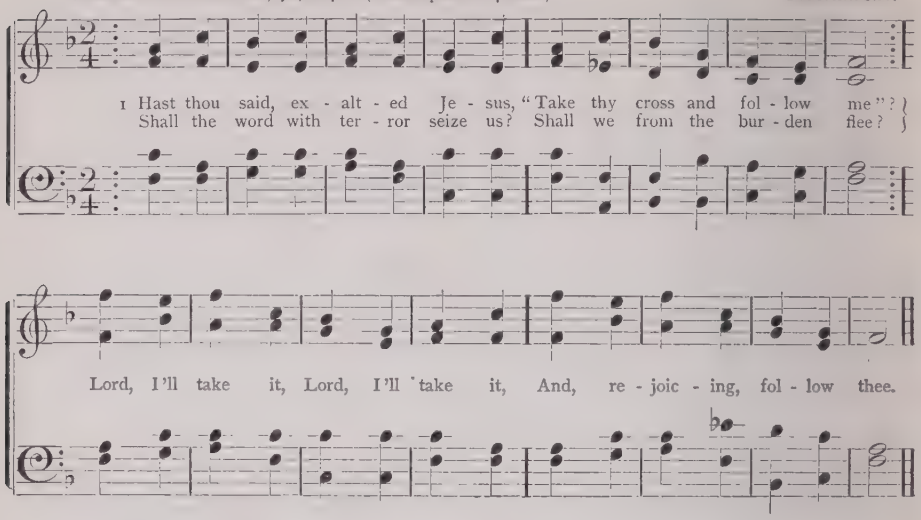
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God forevermore.

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1859.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, & 4s. (Omit repeat for 4 lines.) BOSTMIANSKY.



543.

1 HAST thou said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me"?
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I 'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

3 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

4 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise to enjoy the blessing,
Kept for those in Jesus found,
When the archangel
Wakes the sleepers under ground.

5 Then, baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, thy praise I 'll sing;
Loudly, with the immortal story,
All the harps of heaven shall ring:
Saints and seraphs
Sound it loud from every string.

John E. Giles, 1844.

544.

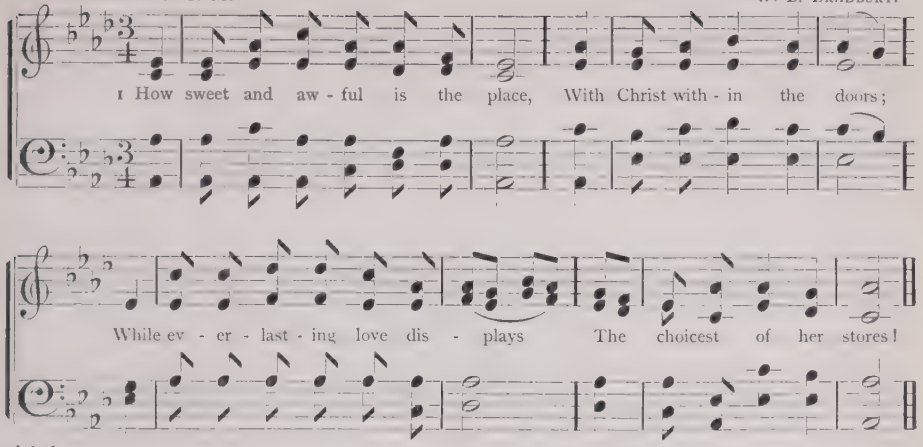
1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

John Fellows, 1773.

WIRTH. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



545.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

546.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel, 1813.

547.

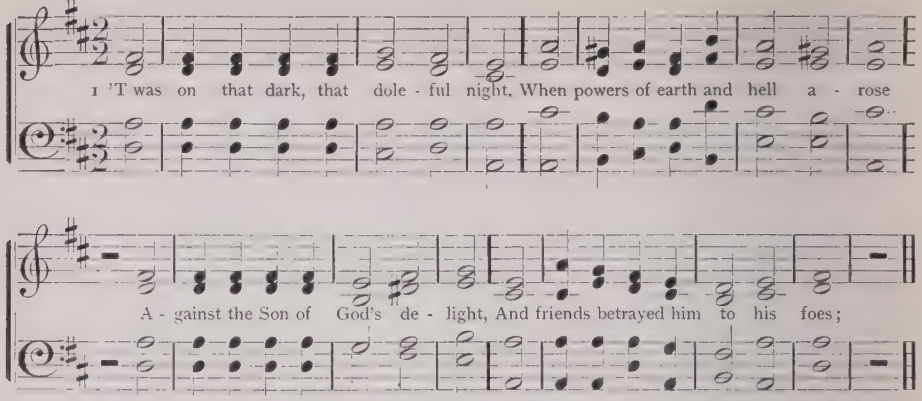
1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

ASHWELL. L. M. L. MASON.



548.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food";
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

549.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

550.

1 AMIDST us our Belovéd stands,
And bids us view his piercéd hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the Crucified.
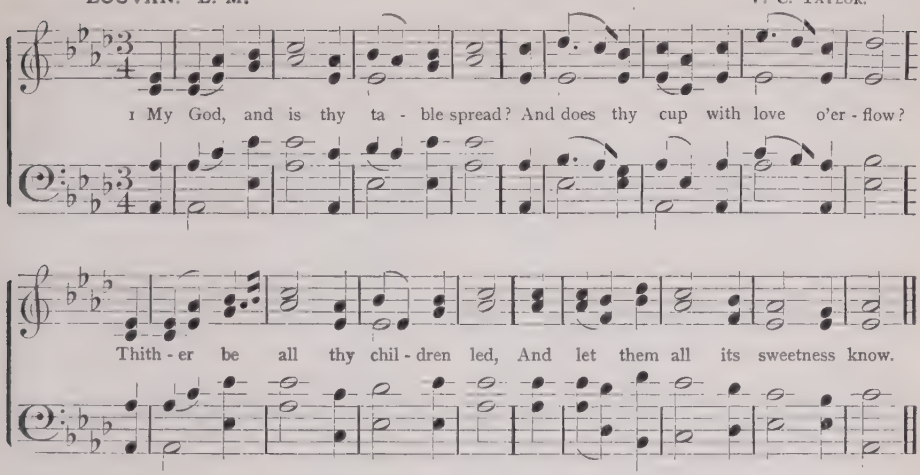
2 What food luxurious loads the board,
When at his table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs but see not him,
O, may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face!

4 Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,
Thy present smile a heaven imparts:
O, lift the veil, if veil there be,
Let every saint thy beauties see!

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.



551.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Philip Doddridge, 1775.

552.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 O, let each minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

553.

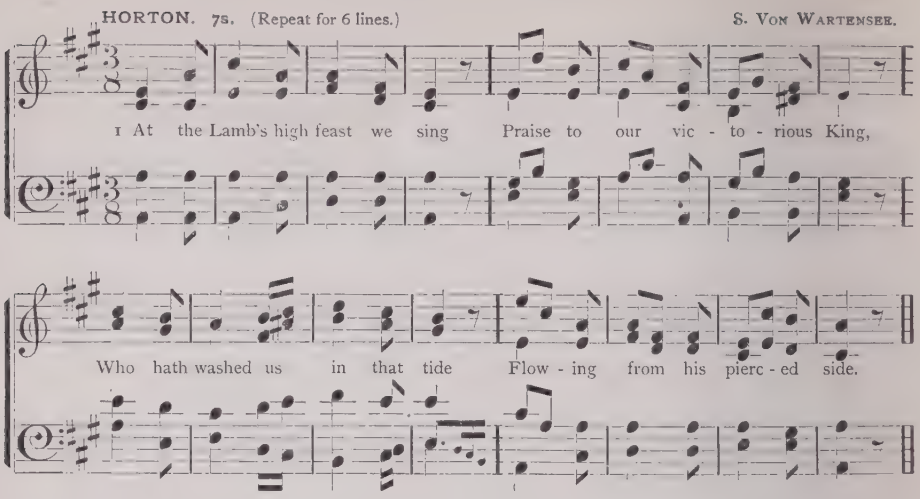
1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen or angels known.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



554.

1 'At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercéd side.

2 Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the Priest.

3 Where the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

4 Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love,
Eat we manna from above.

Tr. from the Latin by Robert Campbell, 1850.

555.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds my healing give,
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life, oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built in thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

556.

1 Cor. 11: 26.

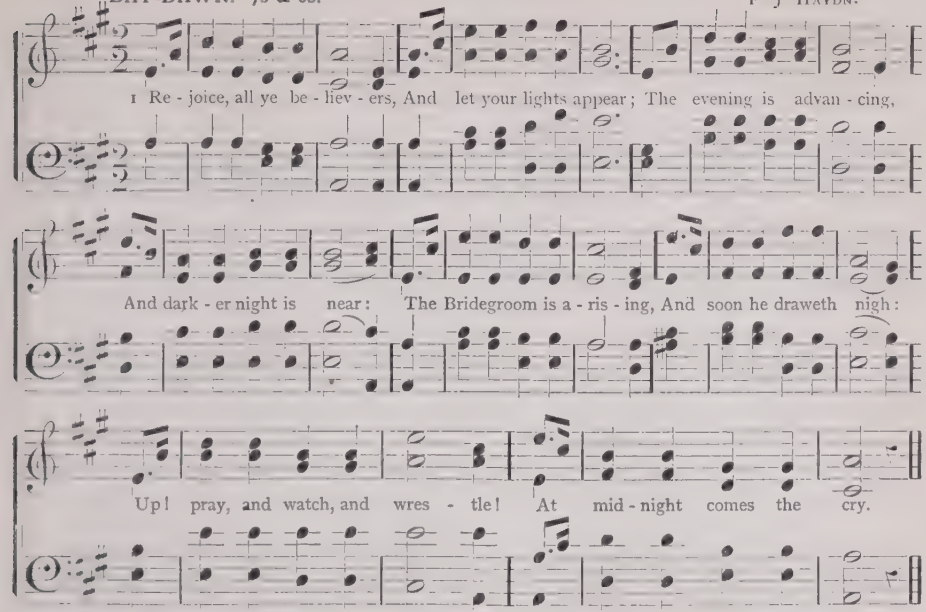
1 "Till he come!" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only "till he come."

3 See the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine and break the bread,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round the heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1866.

DAY-DAWN. 7s & 6s. F J HAYDN.



557.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear:
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide-open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand!

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!

Laurentius Laurenti, 1700; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

558.

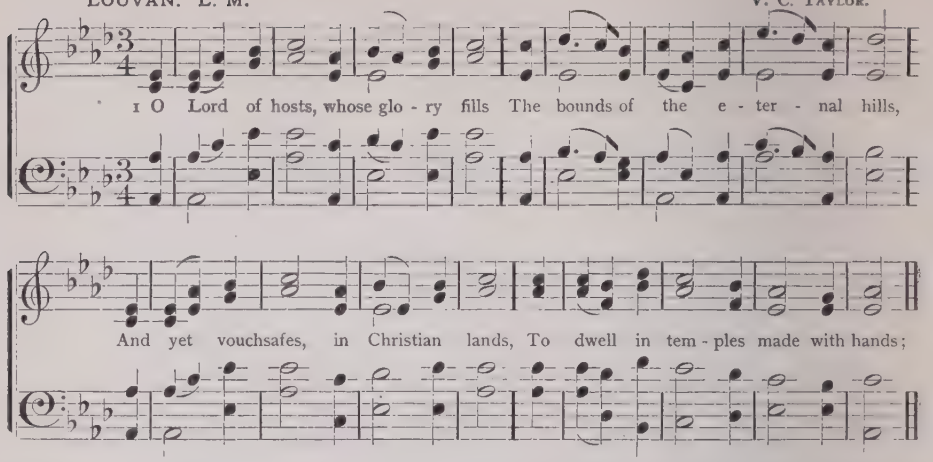
1 O, BREAD to pilgrims given,
O, food that angels eat,
O, manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
O, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more.
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

Thomas Aquinas, 1260; tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.



559.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

5 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

John Mason Neale, 1851.

560.

1 SING to the Lord with heart and voice,
Ye children of his sovereign choice;
The work achieved, the temple raised,
Now be our God devoutly praised.

2 Lord of the temple, once disowned,
But now in worlds of light enthroned;
Thy glory let thy servants see
Who dedicate this house to thee.

3 Be thy dear name like ointment shed
O'er every soul, on every head:
Make glorious, O our Saviour-King,
The place where thus thy chosen sing.

4 More grand the temple, and the strain
More sweet, when we thy heaven shall gain,
And bid, for realms where angels dwell,
Thy courts on earth a glad farewell.

Joseph Tritton, 1861.

561.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
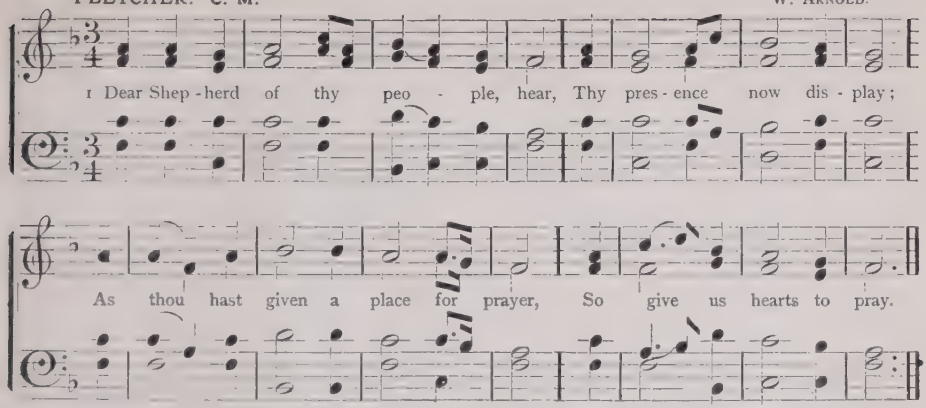
2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

FLETCHER. C. M. W. ARNOLD.



562.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

John Newton, 1779.

563.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the dew and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

4 Come, as the wind, with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace,
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O, come, great Spirit, come.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

564.

PSALM 132.

1 ARISE! O King of grace, arise!
And enter to thy rest;
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest!

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
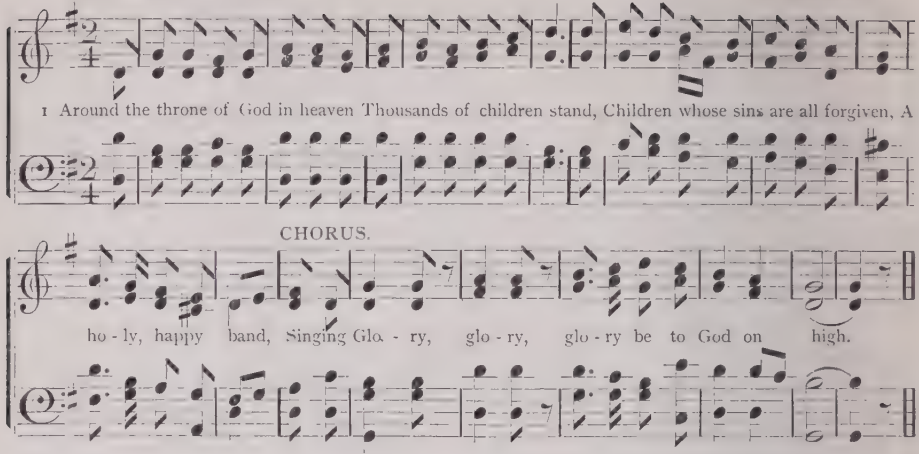
3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine:
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE. C. M. UNKNOWN.



565.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade. *Cho.*

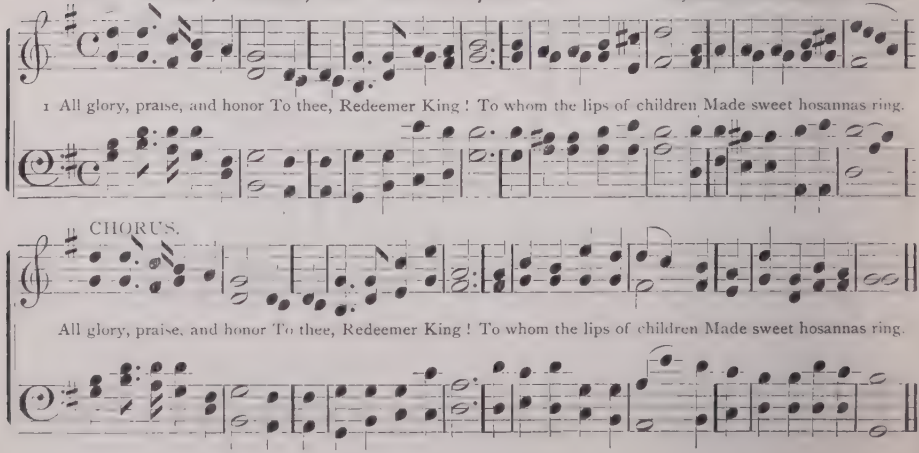
3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there? *Cho.*

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean. *Cho.*

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb. *Cho.*

Anne H. Shepherd, 1841.

ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR. 7s & 6s. Hymns of the Eastern Church.



566.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blesséd one. *Cho.*

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply. *Cho.*

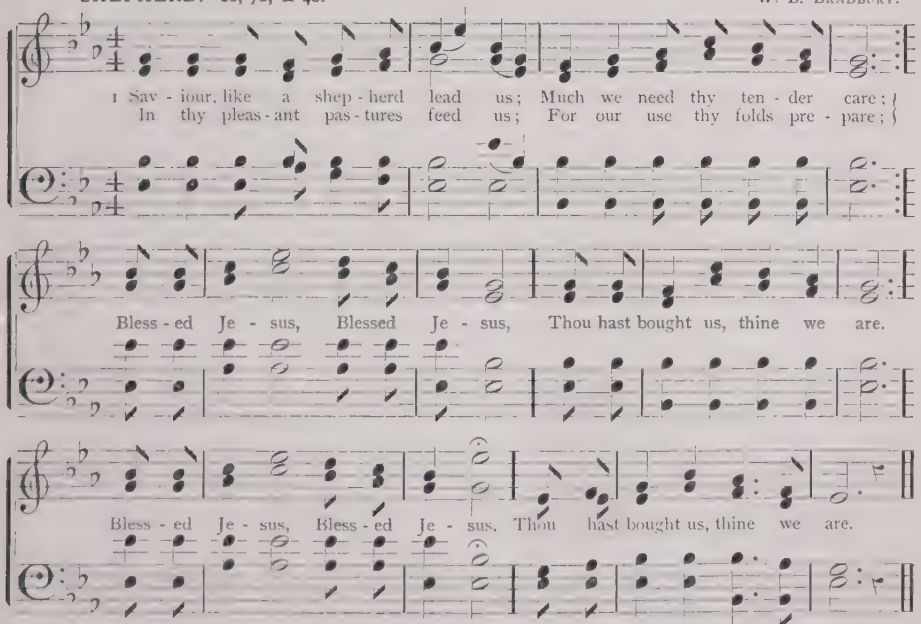
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present. *Cho.*

5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee amidst thy glory
Our melody we raise. *Cho.*

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious king! *Cho.*

Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, 821;
tr. by J. M. Neale, 1856.

SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, & 4s. W. B. BRADBURY.



567.

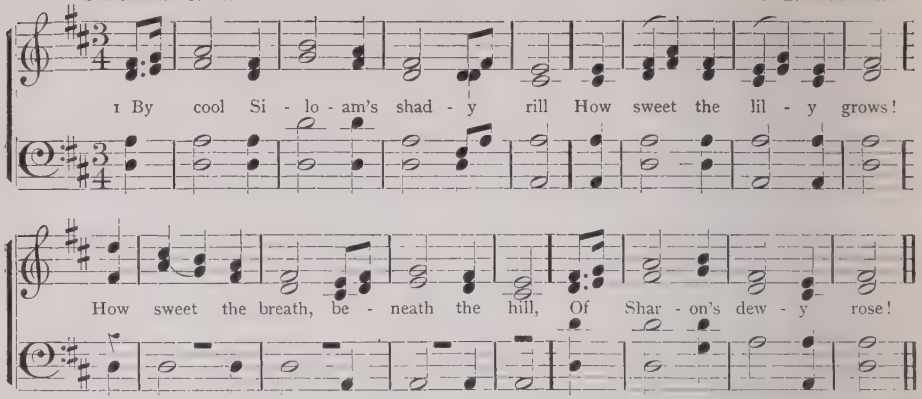
2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blesséd Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



568.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine, [crowned,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine, —

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

569.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

570.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

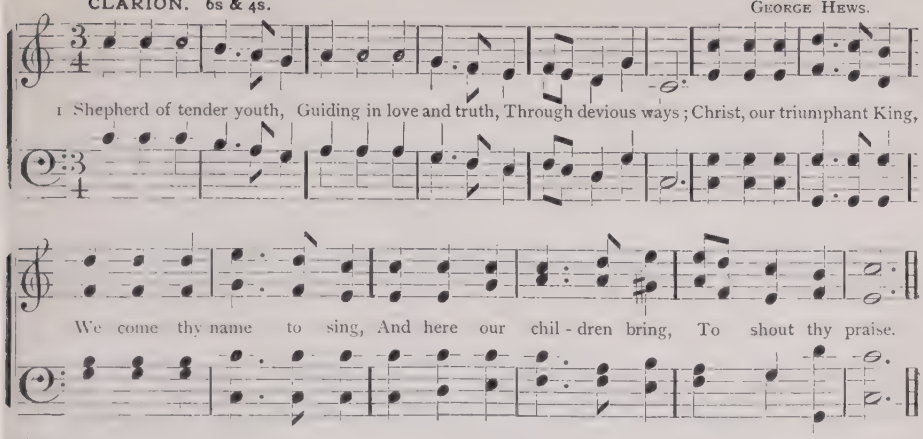
2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blessèd place to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Mrs. W——, 1840.

CLARION. 6s & 4s. GEORGE HEWS.



571.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

Clemens Alexandrinus, before 217; tr. by Henry M. Dexter, 1846.

572.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day was won;
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

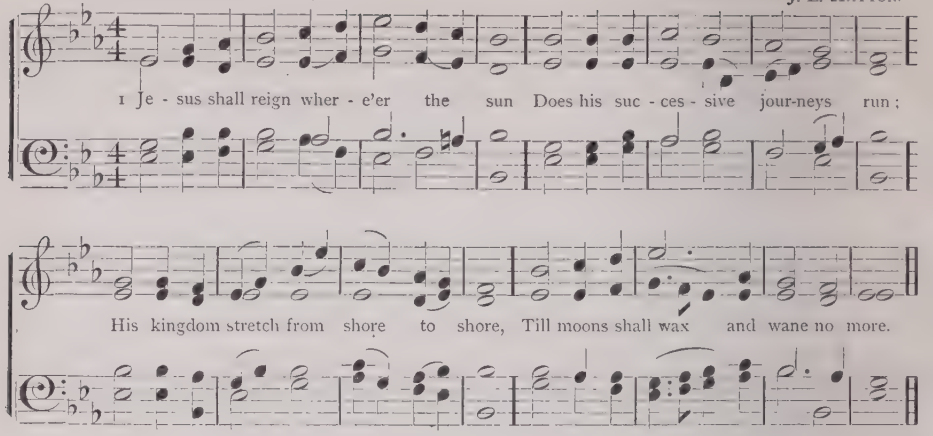
2 Far over sea and land,
'T is our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will the work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. L. HATTON.



573.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

574.

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise,
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

Leonard Bacon, 1823, a.

575.

PSALM 72.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

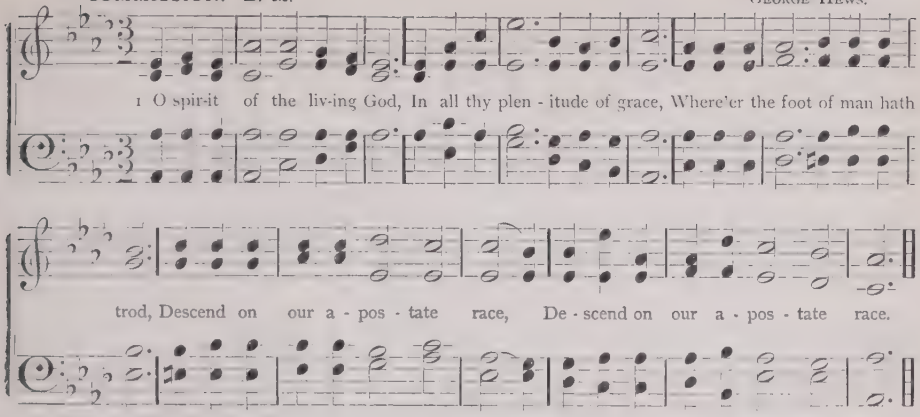
2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shade of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

COMMISSION. L. M. GEORGE HEWS.



576.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

577.

1 AWAKE! all-conquering arm, awake!
And lift the Saviour's standard high;
O cause thy cheering face to shine,
And call thy chosen people nigh.

2 Baptize benighted nations, Lord,
And let thy saving truth be known;
Arise, thy royal power assume,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

3 Bless those who now in distant lands
Bid the untutored heathen live;
Be thou their guard, their God, their friend;
Success to every effort give.

4 Mountains of unbelief and sin
Shall fall before thy sacred word;
And millions, saved from death and hell,
Shall own the Saviour as their Lord.

Aaron C. H. Seymour, 1805.

578.

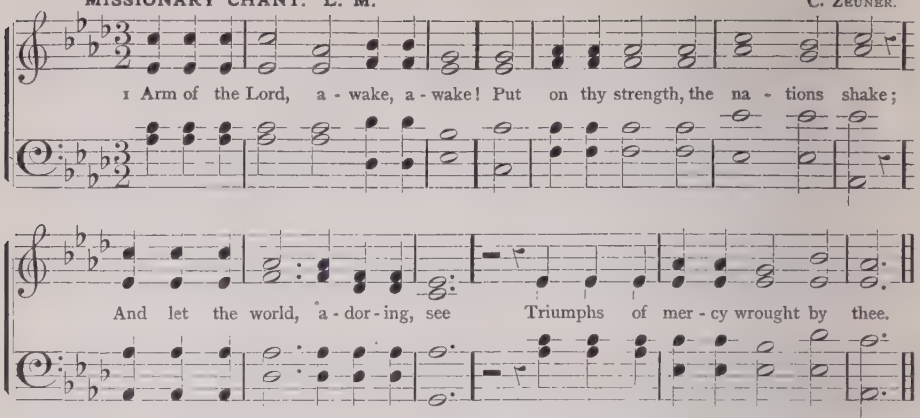
1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the myriads of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke, 1816.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. C. ZEUNER.



579.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Shrubsole. 1795.

580.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

B. H. Draper, 1816.

581.

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all!

Mrs. Voke, 1816.

582.

ISAIAH 62: 6, 7.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

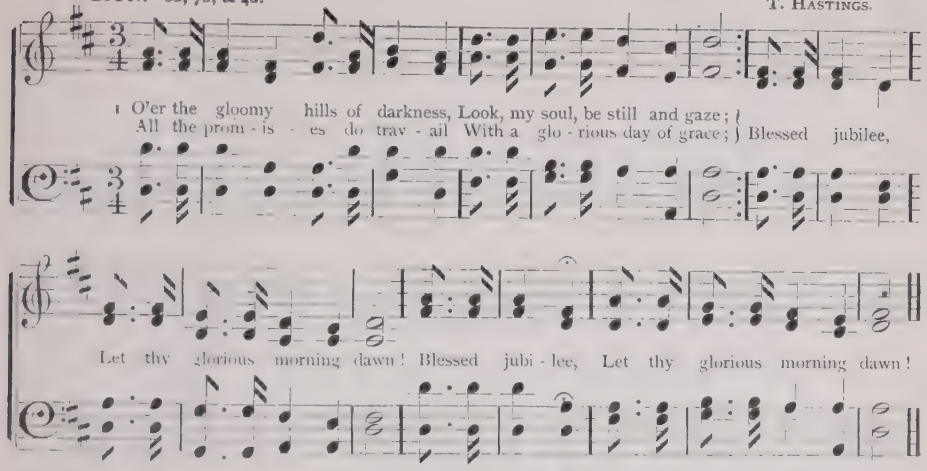
2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;
Till thine own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round:
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar:
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



583.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the saving light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

William Williams, 1772.

584.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord appears, there 's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command!

Thomas Kelly, 1806

585.
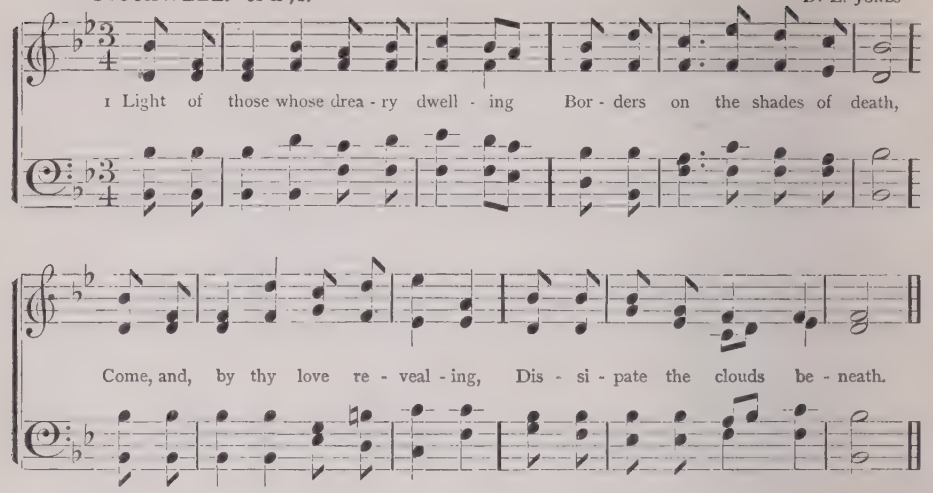
1 MIGHTY Lord, extend thine empire!
Be thy truth with triumph crowned!
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious gospel's sound,
From our borders,
To the world's remotest bound.

2 By thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night!
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
And the future
Realize our visions bright.

3 Come, too long to earth a stranger,
Once again thy reign restore!
In thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till the heathen
Shall the Lord supreme adore.

Joseph Cottle, 1828.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. JONES



586.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

5 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

587.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
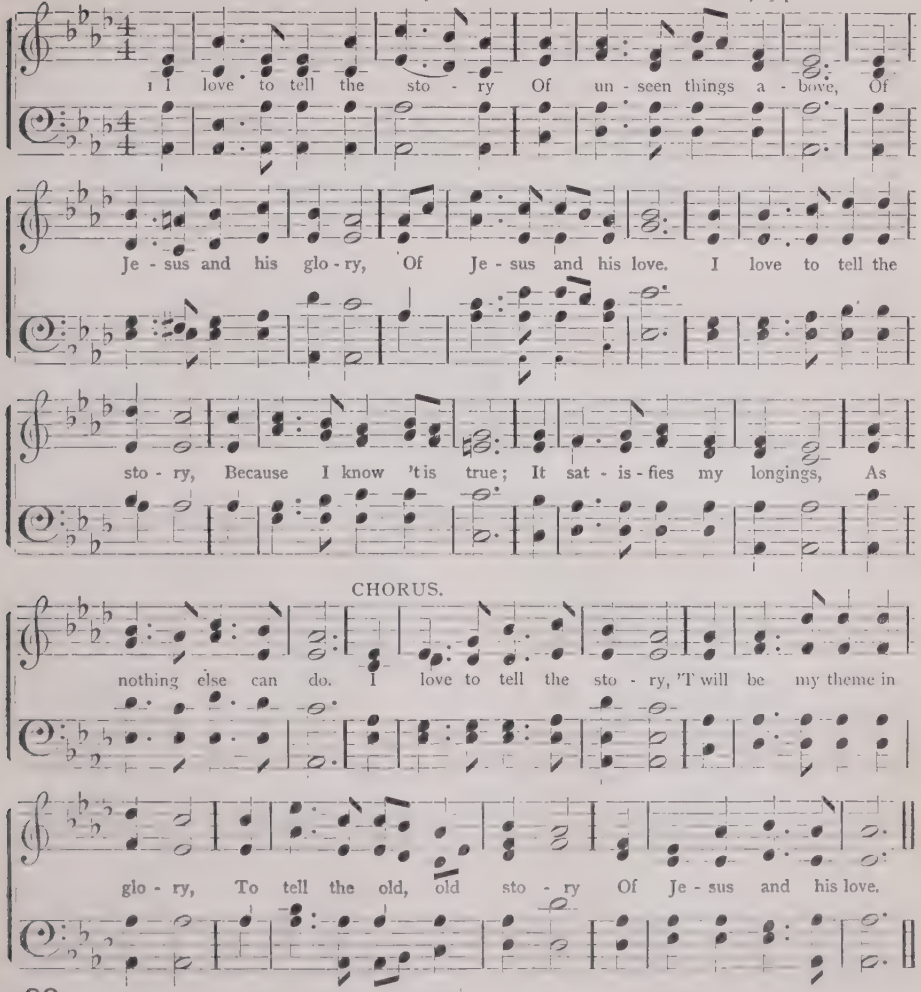
2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!
Praise him, all ye hosts above!
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love!

Benjamin Francis, 1774.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. W. G. FISCHER, by permission.



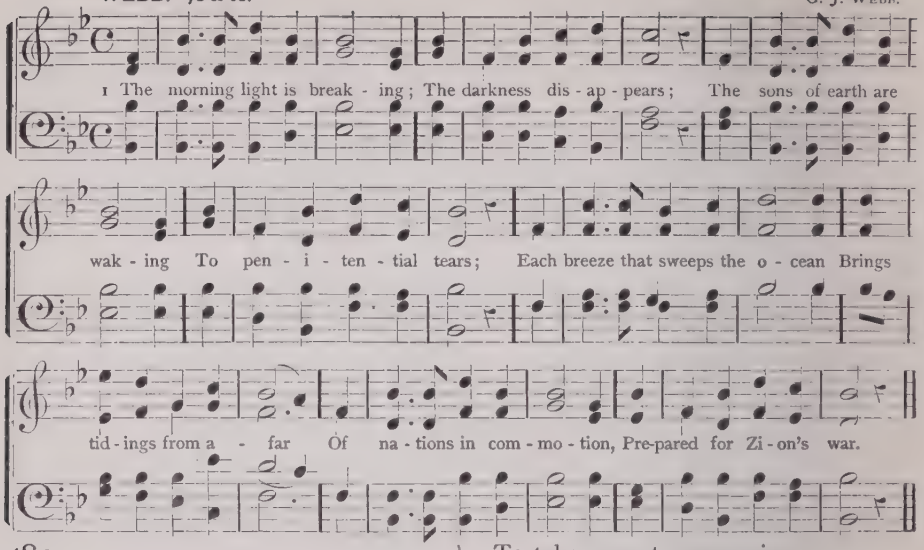
588.

2 I love to tell the story:
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word. *Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'T will be — the old, old story
That I have loved so long! *Cho.*

Kate Hankey. 1866.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. G. J. WEBB.



589.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 1843.

590.

PSALM 72.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

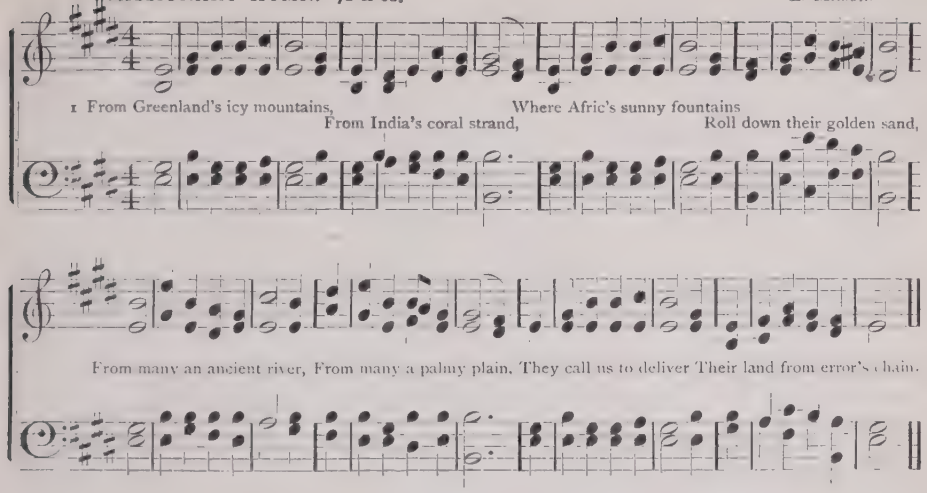
2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

James Montgomery, 1822.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. L. MASON.



591.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1810.

592.
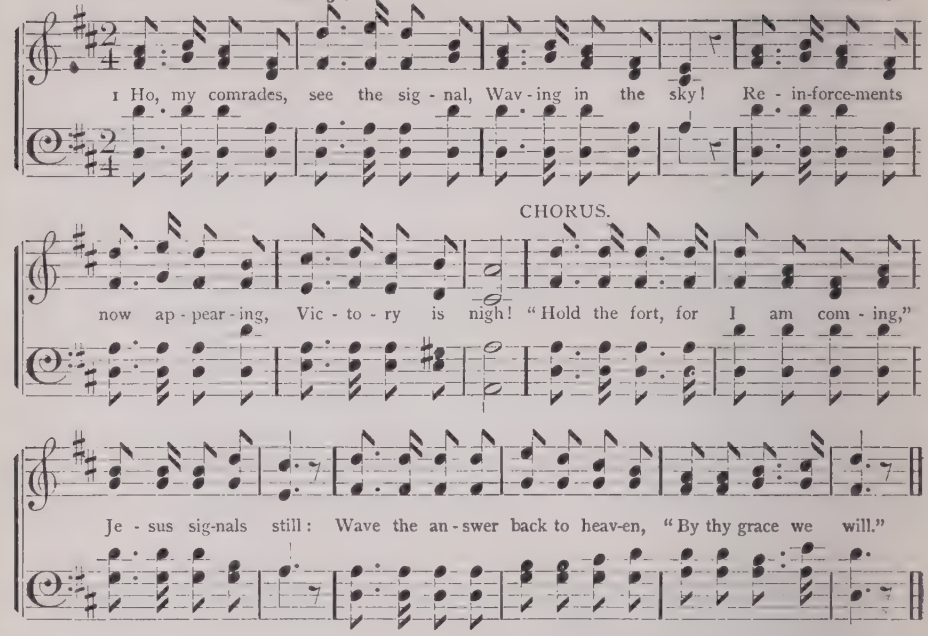
PSALM 14

1 O, THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

Henry F. Lyte, 1832.

HOLD THE FORT. 8s & 5s. P. P. Bliss.



593.

1 Ho, my comrades, see the signal,
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Cho. "Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still:
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone. *Cho.*

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we 'll triumph
Over every foe. *Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer! *Cho.*

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

594.

1 Friends of temperance, lift your banners,
Wave them in the air;
Sing ye now your glad hosannas,
Sound them loud and clear.

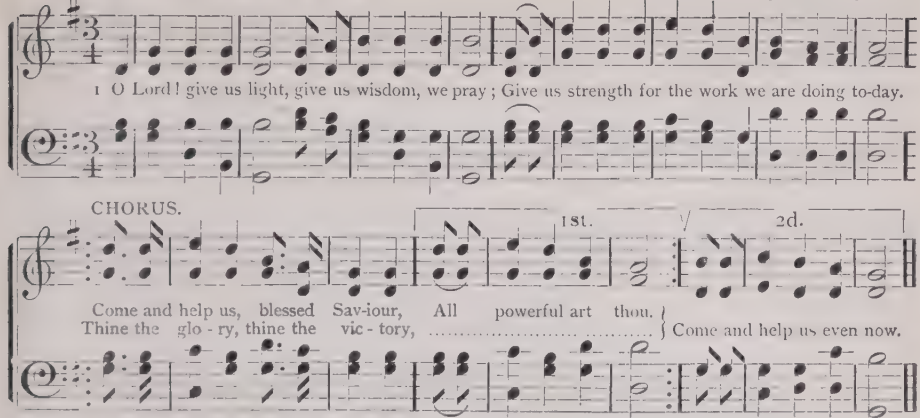
Cho. Jesus Christ, the strong deliverer,
Pledges you his grace;
Fight the foe in holy warfare,
Meet him face to face.

2 Men and women, youth and maidens,
March against the foe,
With the strength of Christ invested,
Praying as ye go. *Cho.*

3 Lo, the hour of victory cometh,
See the dawning day;
Rouse, ye drunkards, break your bondage,
Dash your cups away. *Cho.*

Arthur Bittenger, 1875.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 11s & 12s. English Melody.



595.

2 Though weak in ourselves, yet in thee we are strong;
For thou art our strength, our salvation, our song. *Cho.*

3 For the slaves of the cup, Lord, we cry unto thee;
O, loose them from bondage, and let them go free. *Cho.*

4 O, visit their souls in their darkness and night,
And wake them from slumber to freedom and light. *Cho.*

5 Thy presence, thy power, and thy mercy we seek;
Lord! lift up the fallen and strengthen the weak. *Cho.*

Unknown.

596.

1 GREAT God, whose hand pours out the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven;

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaffed;
Type of that fount whose streams, above,
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

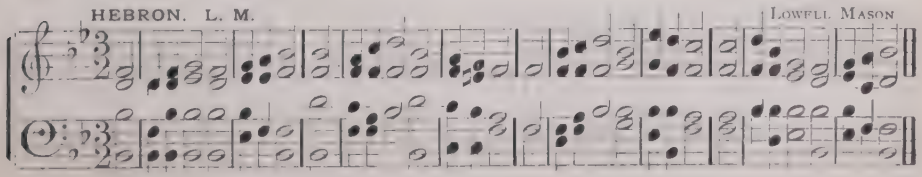
3 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his path to hell,
O, wake, assist us, Lord, to save
Their souls from thirst beyond the grave!
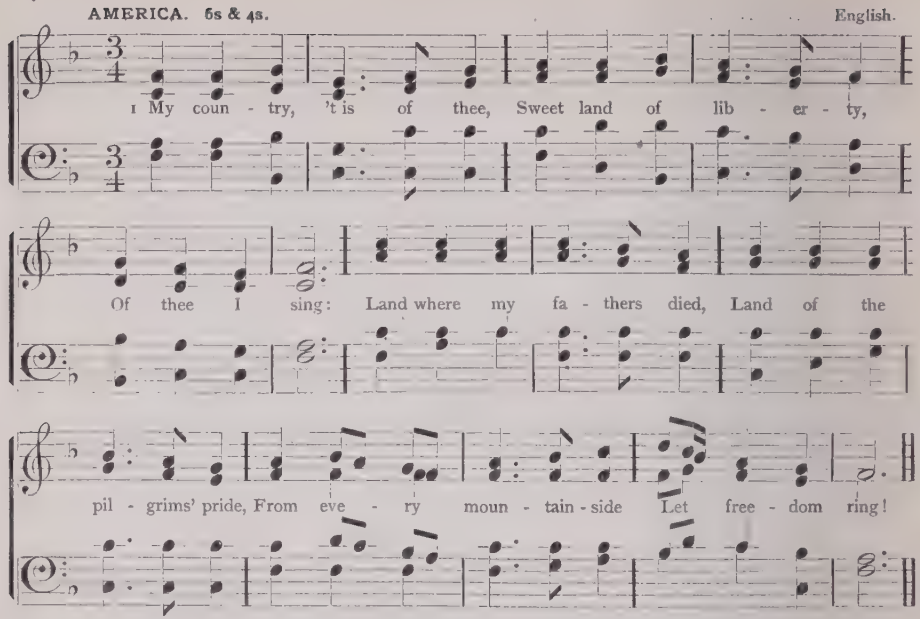
4 Help us to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine,
To fear and flee th' accurséd thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

5 Stay thou, O Lord, the tide of death,
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh, speed, on every shore
The day when strong drink slays no more!

Unknown.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON





597.

1 My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith, 1833.

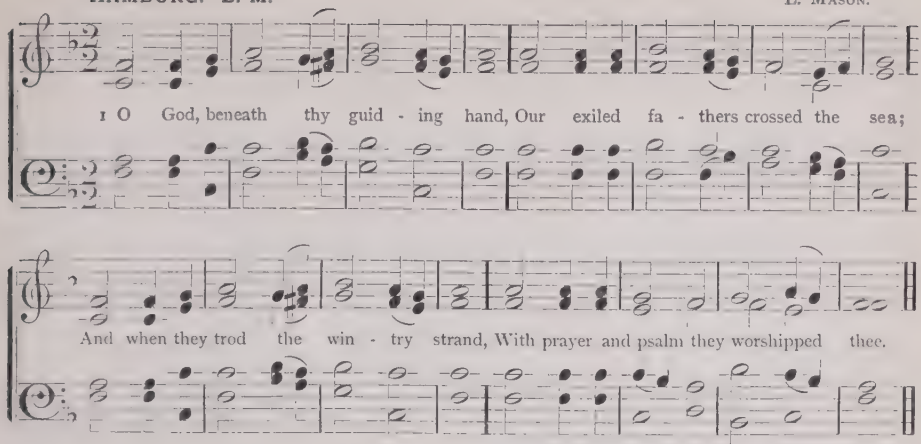
598.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844

HAMBURG. L. M. L. MASON.



599.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1838.

600.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And, oh, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott, 1820.

601.

1 O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
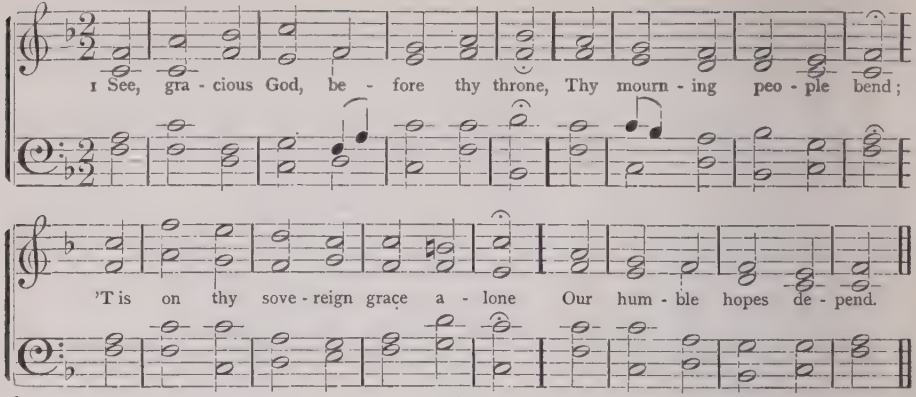
2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

DUNDEE. C. M. W. FRANCK.



602.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

4 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

603.

PSALM 78.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

604.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 For, not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save:
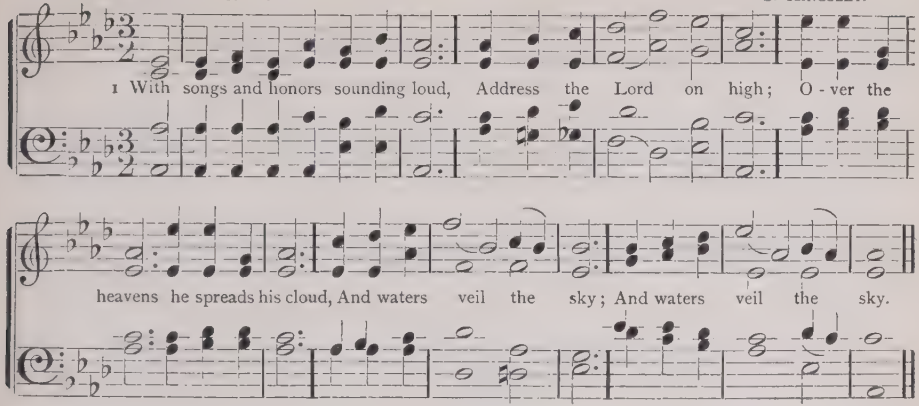
3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring!

5 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

Tate and Brady, 1698.

NEWBOLD. C. M. C. KINGSLEY.



605.

PSALM 147.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

606.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 The spring's sweet influence was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew

3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

4 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

Anne Flowerdew, 1811.

607.

1 LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

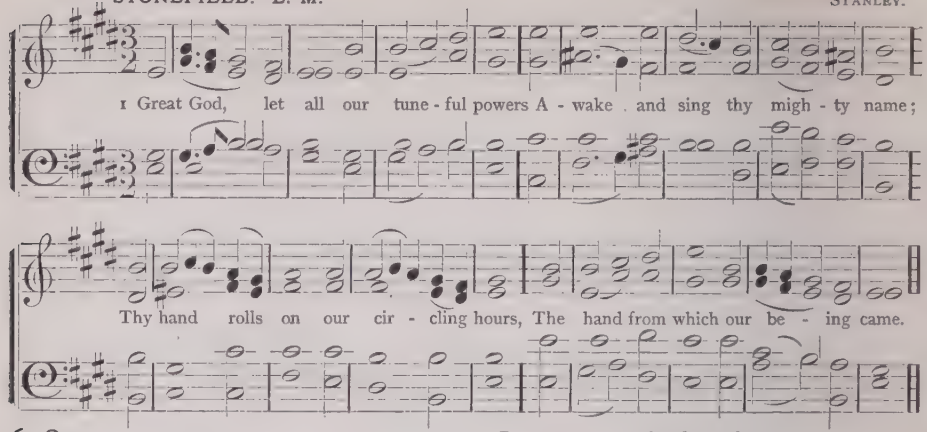
2 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

3 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

4 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and shade below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

John Keble, 1857

STONEFIELD. L. M. STANLEY.



608.

2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise,
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hopes of nobler joys above.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1768–1794.

609.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

610.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

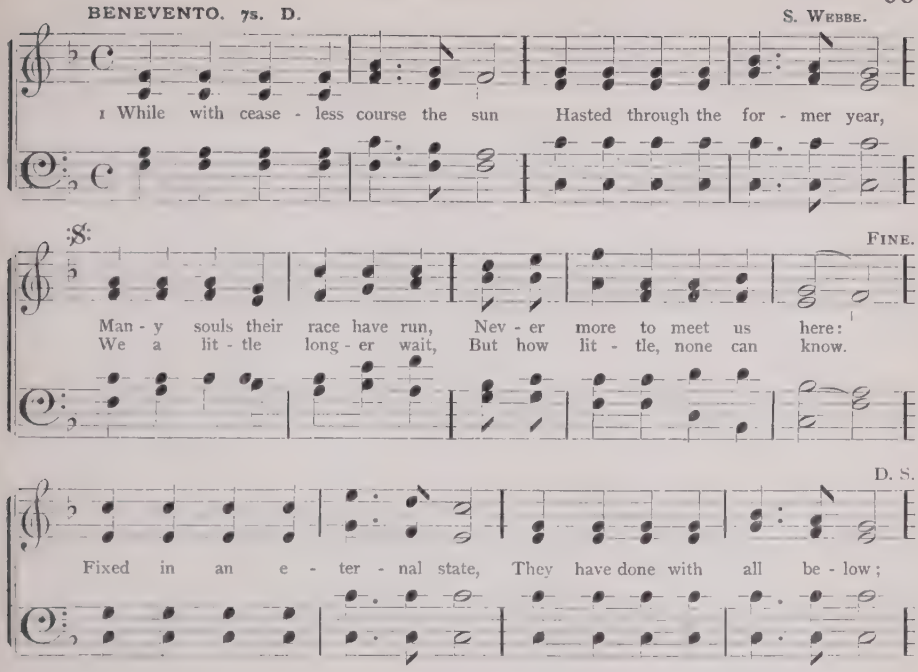
2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O, may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge, 1755.



611.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

John Newton, 1779.

612.

1 For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our songs of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

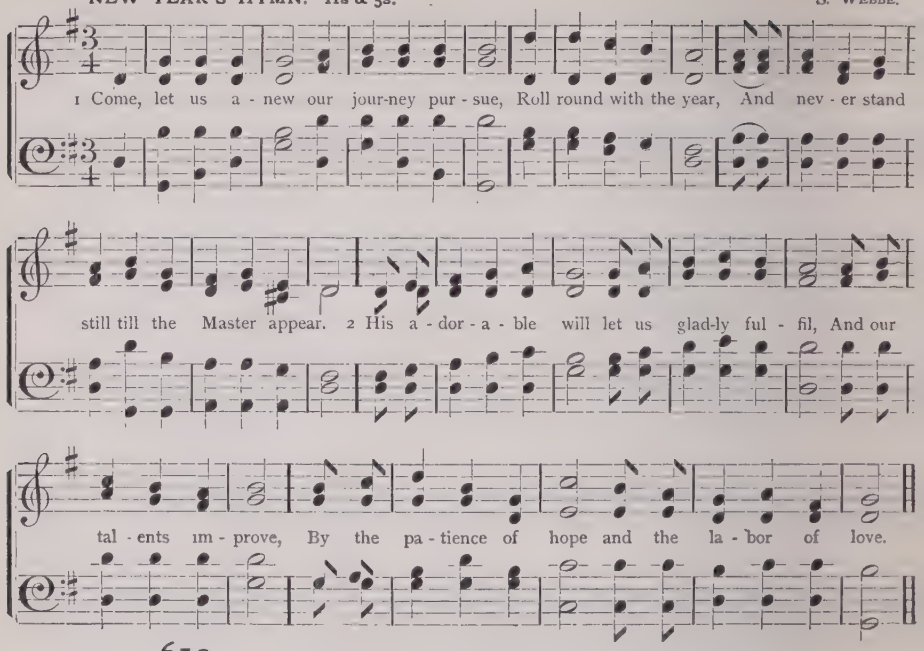
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure;
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings!

Henry Downton, 1839.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s & 5s. S. WEBBE.



613.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream; our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
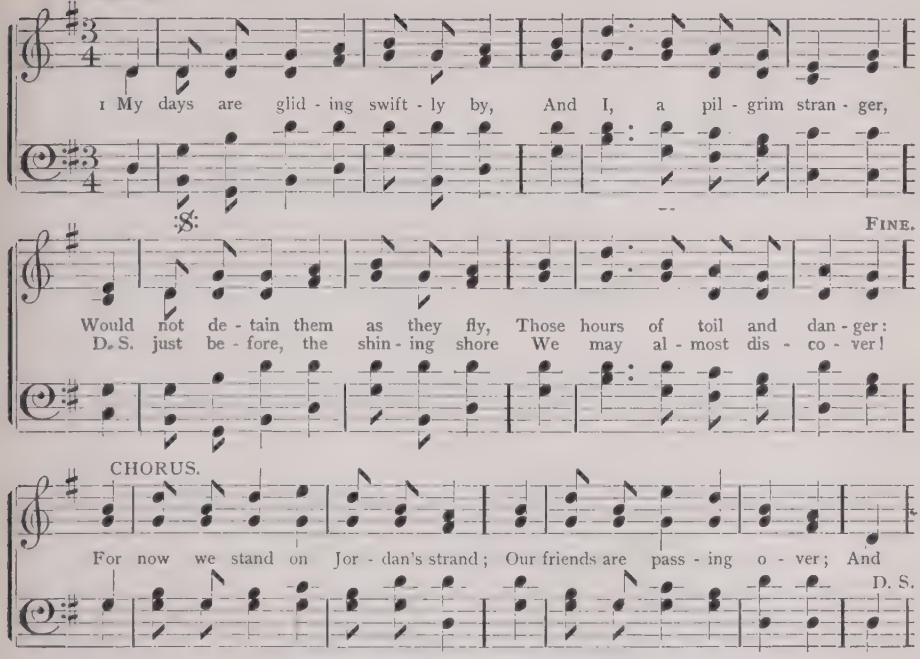
4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O, that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley, 1750.

SHINING SHORE. P. M. G. F. Root.



614. 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger:

Cho. For now we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

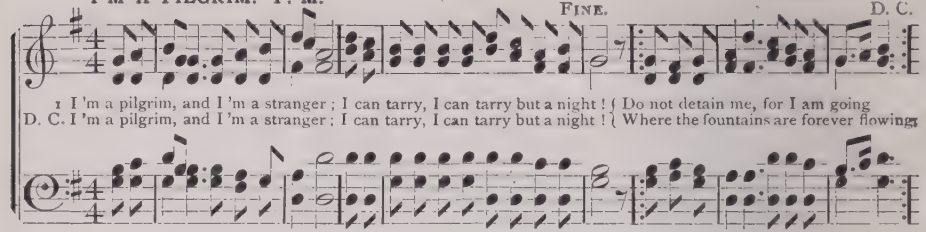
2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning";
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning. *Cho.*

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There 's glory on the morrow": *Cho.*

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There is our home forever. *Cho.*

David Nelson, 1835, a.

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M. German Melody.



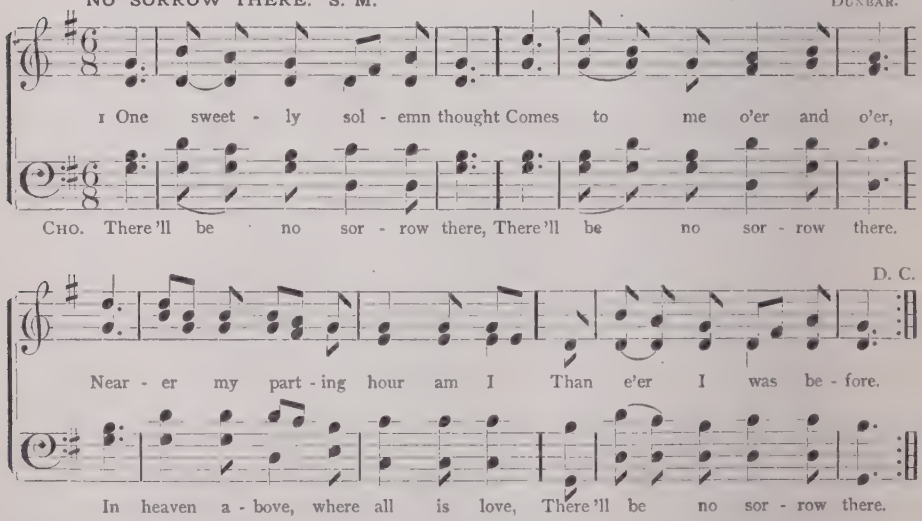
615.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

Mary S. B. Dana, 1840.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M. DUNBAR.



616.

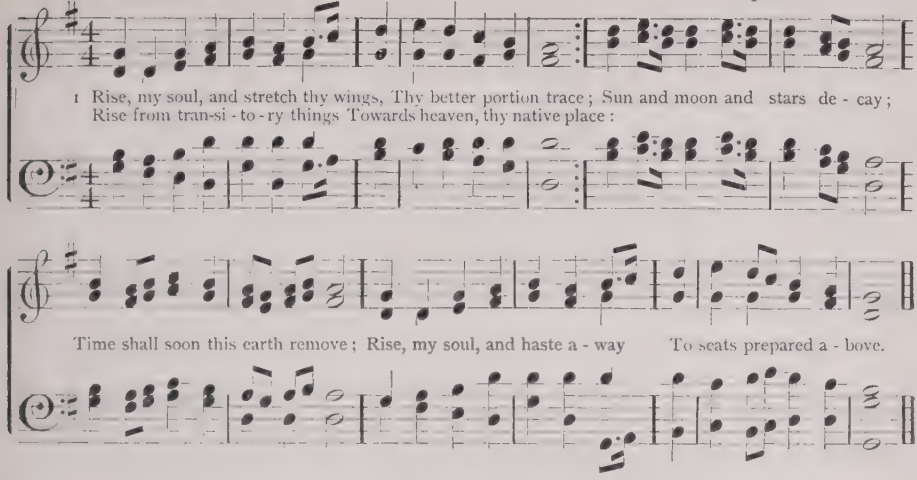
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home.
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my wayworn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Phœbe Cary, 1852. a

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. JAMES NARES.



617.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

618.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

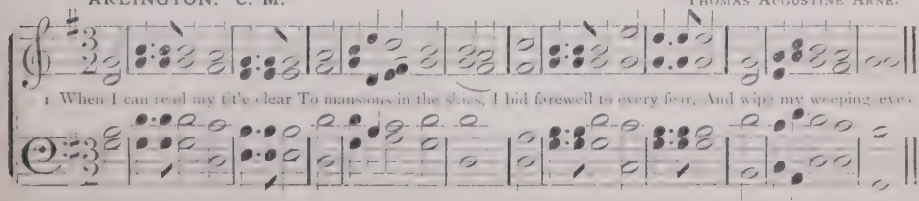
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

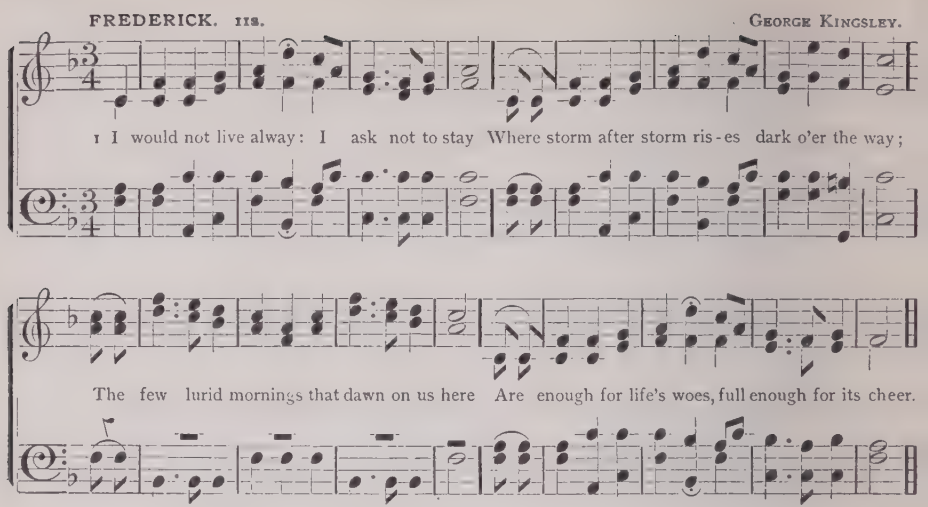
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.





619.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

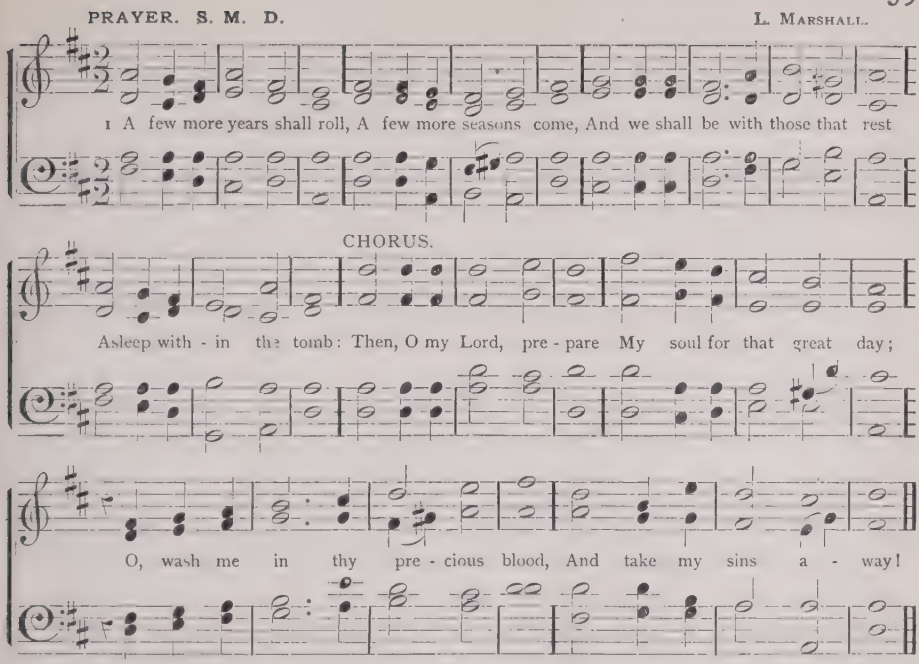
2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,—
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

William A. Muhlenberg, 1823.



620.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:

Cho. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime. *Cho.*

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more: *Cho.*

4 'T is but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign. *Cho.*

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

621.

PSALM 137.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

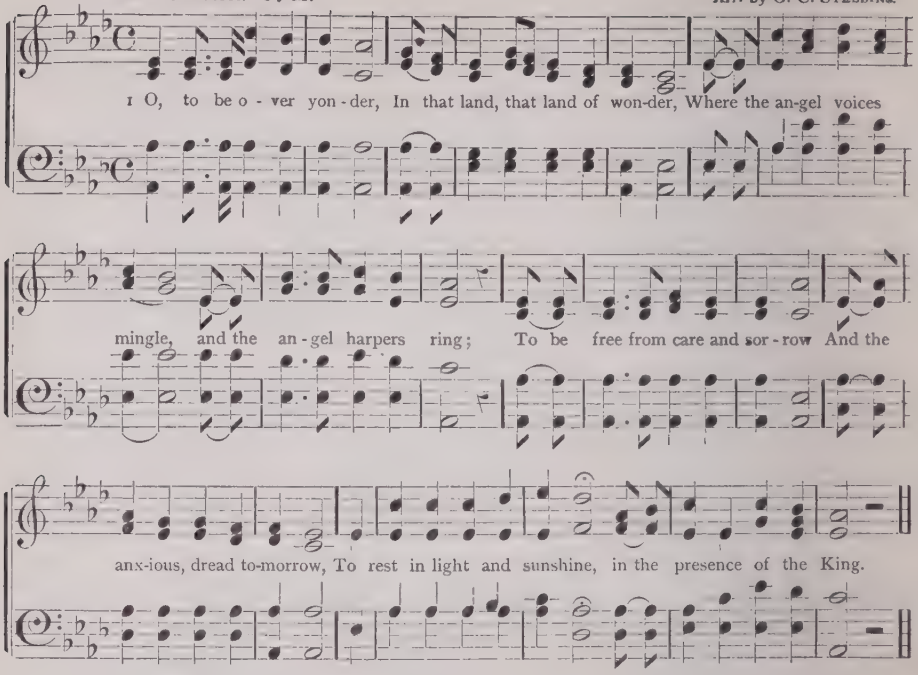
3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast:
O, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

OVER YONDER. P. M.

Arr. by G. C. Stebbins.



622.

2 O, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day breaking:
My heart is yearning, yearning for the coming of the King.

3 O, to be over yonder!
Alas, I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly thing.
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away forever;
But there 's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 O, when shall I be dwelling
Where the angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
O, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

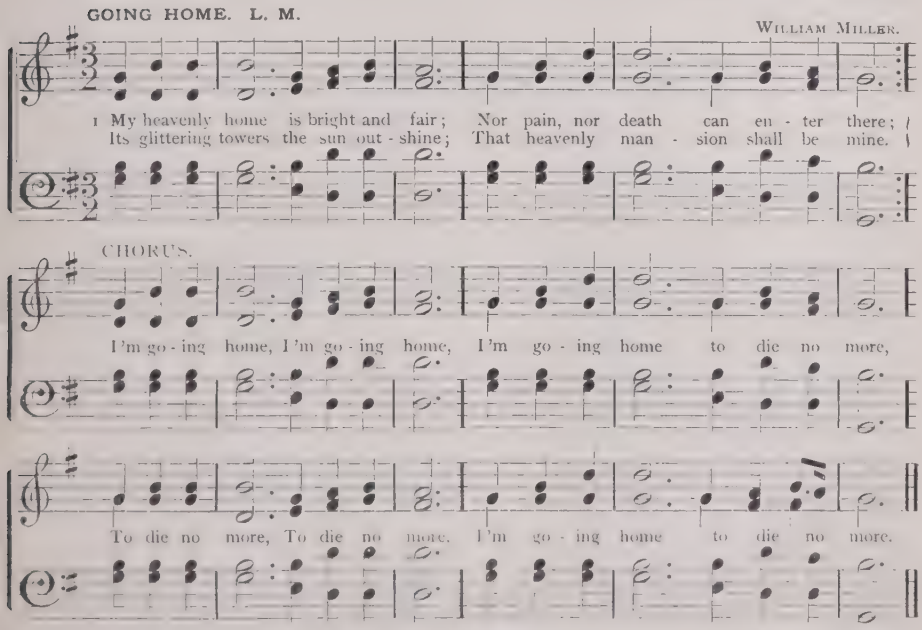
5 O, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeeméd ones do sing;
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 O, I shall soon be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer, longing for the bird's fleet wing.
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there 's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the King.

Florence C. Armstrong, 1864.

GOING HOME. L. M.

WILLIAM MILLER.



623.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
Cho.

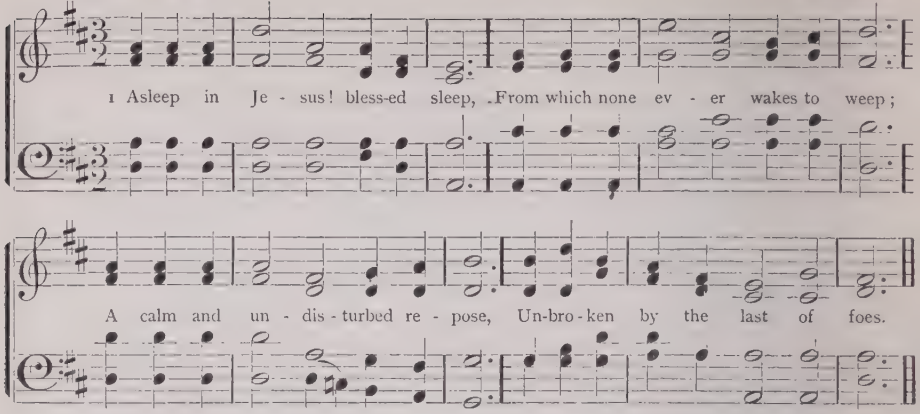
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure. *Cho.*

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
Cho.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
Cho.

William Hunter, 1843.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



624.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

625.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1734.

626.

PSALM 39.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
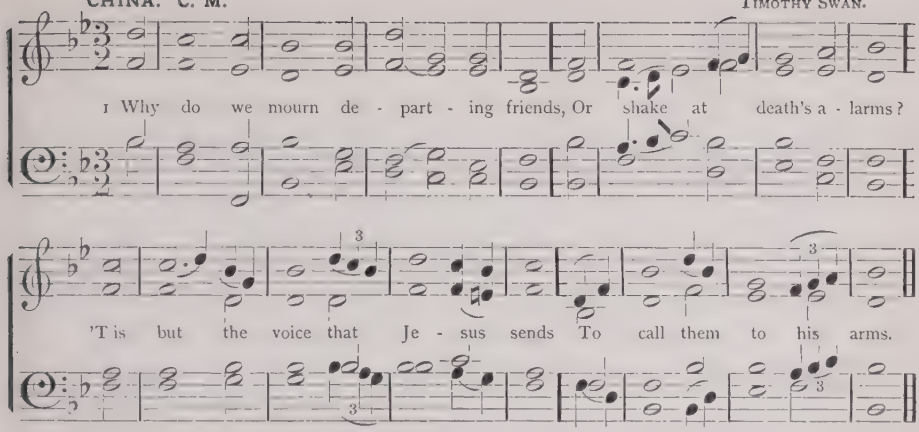
2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

Anne Steele, 1760

CHINA. C. M. TIMOTHY SWAN.



627.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

628.

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry; [grief,
Why should those eyes be drowned in
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 Lo, I am with you! saith the Lord;
My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

629.

REV. 14: 13.
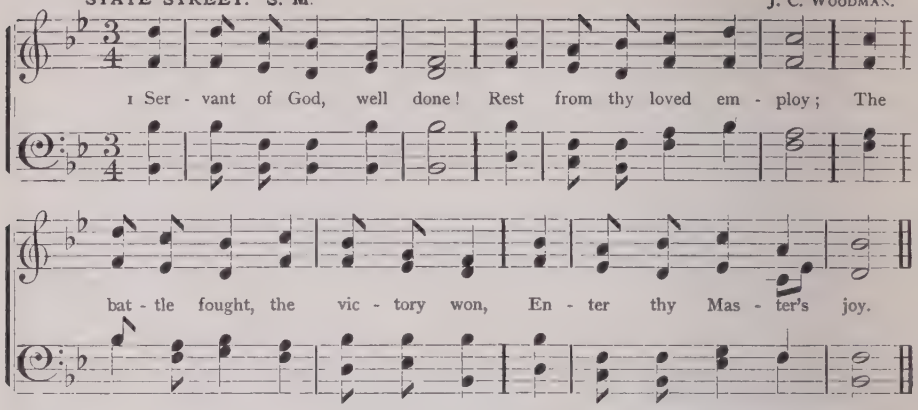
1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



630.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

James Montgomery, 1825.

631.

1 O, FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

632.
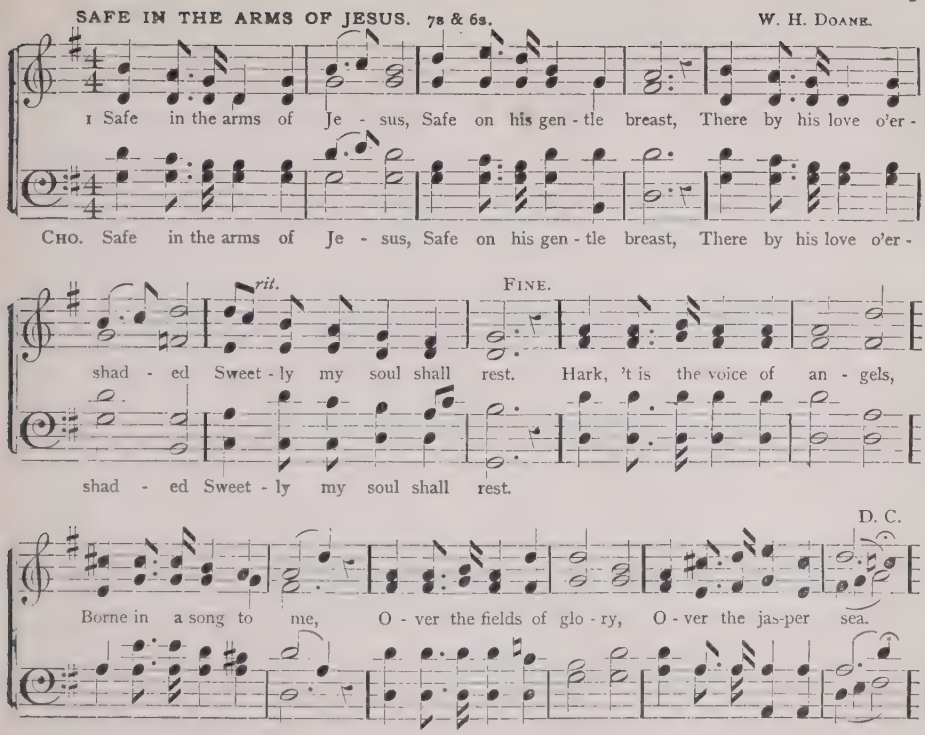
1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Cæsar Malan, 1841; tr. by George W. Bethune, 1847.

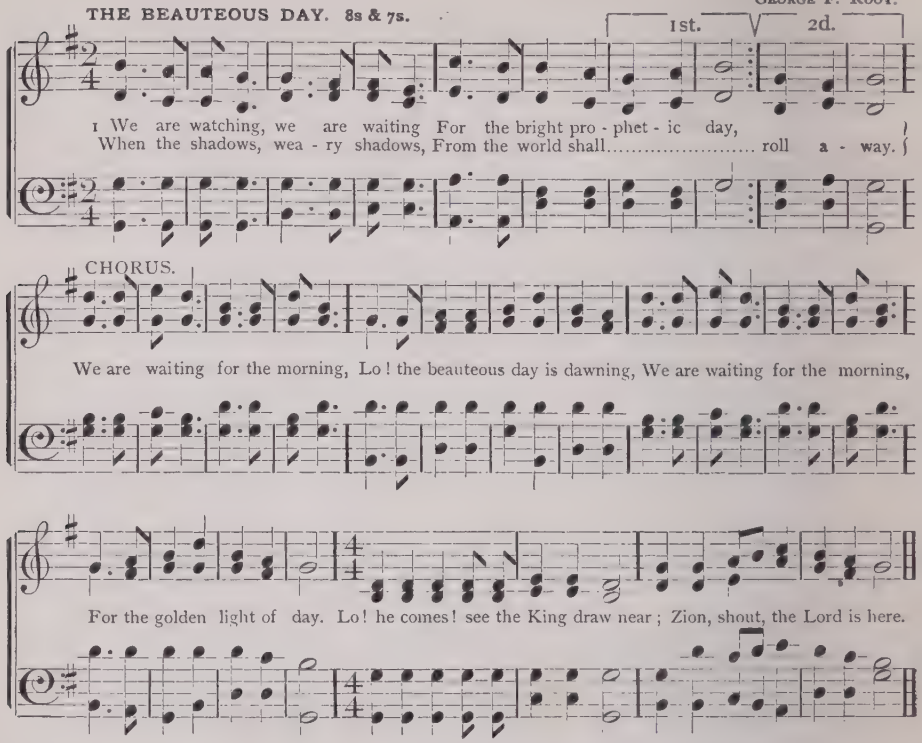


633.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears. *Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore. *Cho.*

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1868.



634.

2 We are watching, we are waiting
For the star that brings the day,
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away. *Cho.*

3 We are watching, we are waiting
For the beauteous King of day:
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
Cho.

Unknown.

635.

1 Lo, the day of Christ's appearing,
Day of life, and day of light,
Day when death itself shall perish,
Day which ne'er shall set in night. *Cho.*

2 Steadily that day is coming,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest. *Cho.*
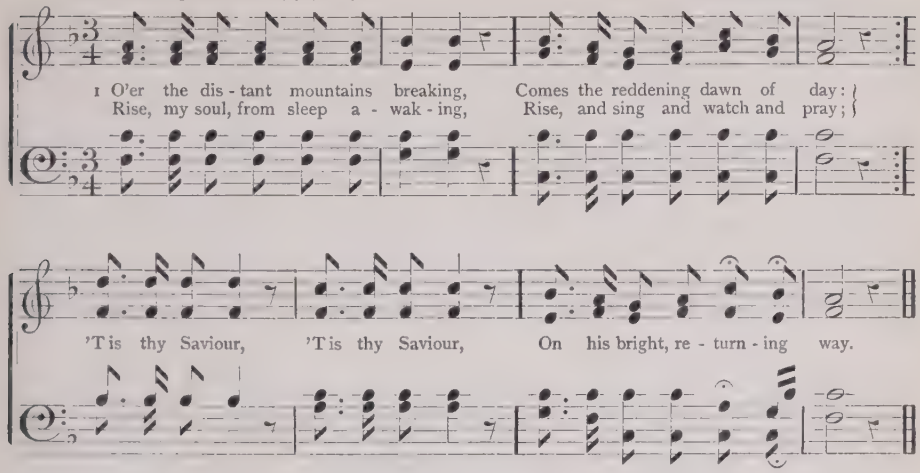
3 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long;
Long implored, at length he hasteth;
Cometh with salvation strong. *Cho.*

4 O, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful will it be!
When they who, unseen, have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see. *Cho.*

5 Blesséd, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for him have toiled and died:
Called to share with him his glory,
With him ever to abide. *Cho.*

Elizabeth Charles, 1865

ALL FOR JESUS. 8s, 7s, & 4s. ASA HULL, by per.



636.

1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day:
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
'T is thy Saviour,
On his bright, returning way.

2 O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me!

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land!

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour, quickly come!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

637.

1 Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

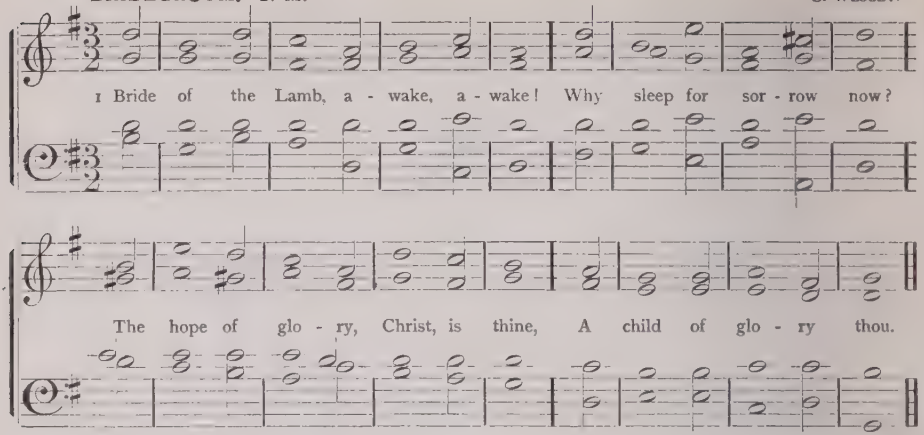
2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come:
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

4 Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O, come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

John Cennick, 1752; Charles Wesley, 1758.
Varied by Martin Madan, 1760.

BRIDEGROOM. C. M. S. Wesley.



638.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that 's far away, —
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

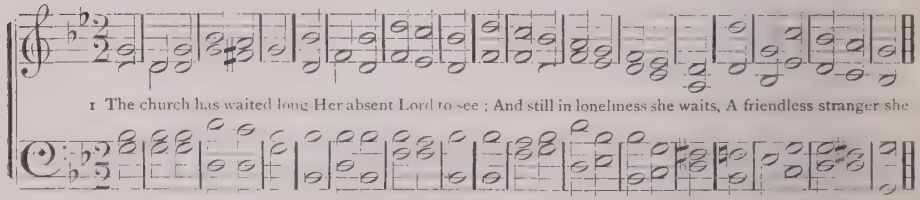
3 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes — for, oh, his yearning heart
No more can bear delay —
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his bride away.

5 Then weep no more; 't is all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine!

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M. Dr. Howard.



639.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

3 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

4 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

5 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

640.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in thy sickle now;
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and reaper thou.

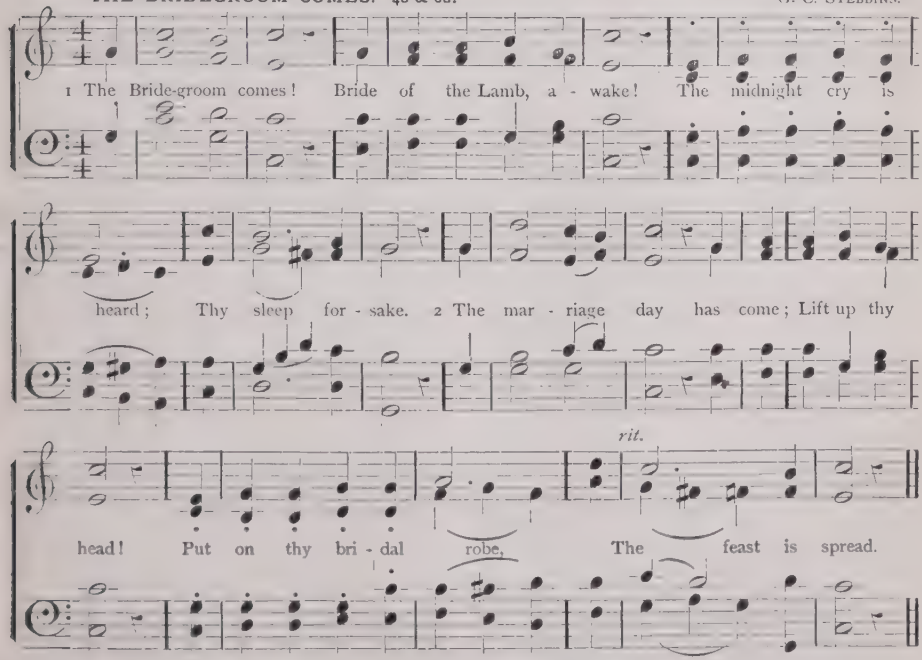
4 Come in thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering thy foes before thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

5 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMES. 4s & 6s. G. C. Stebbins.
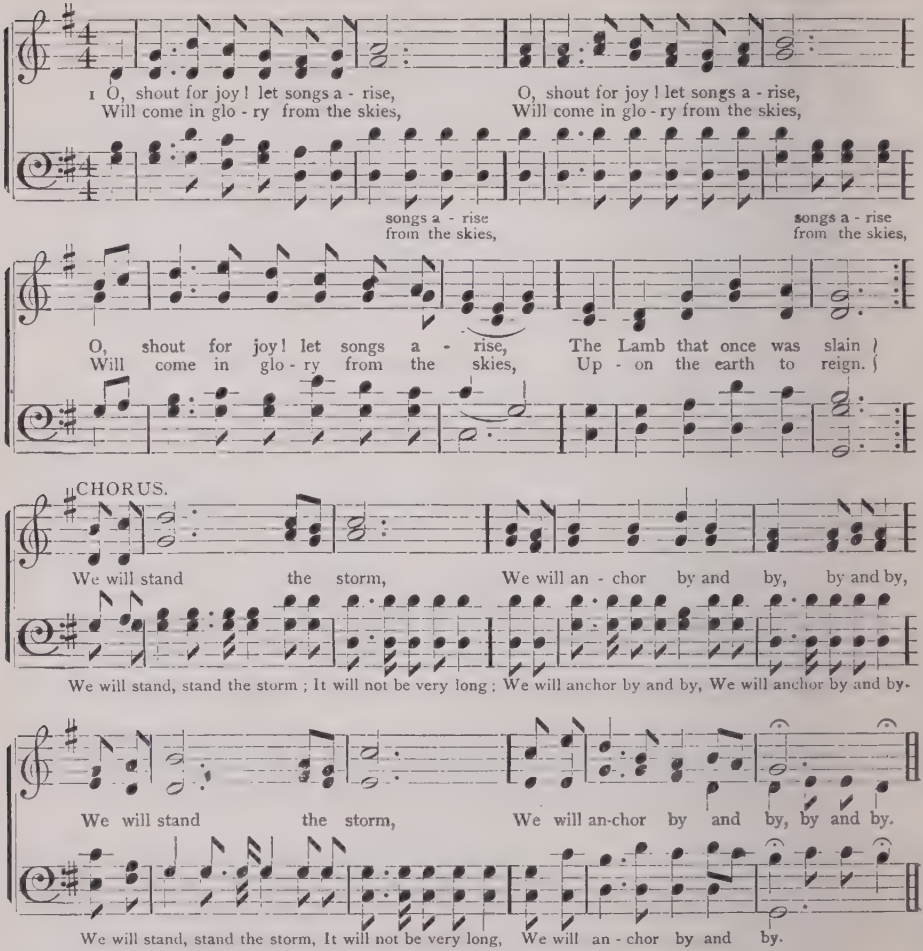


641.

3 Shake off earth's dust,
And wash thy weary feet!
Arise, make haste, go forth,
The Bridegroom greet.

4 Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done!

Horatius Bonar, 1870.

WE'LL STAND THE STORM. C. M. GEORGE E. LEE.



642.

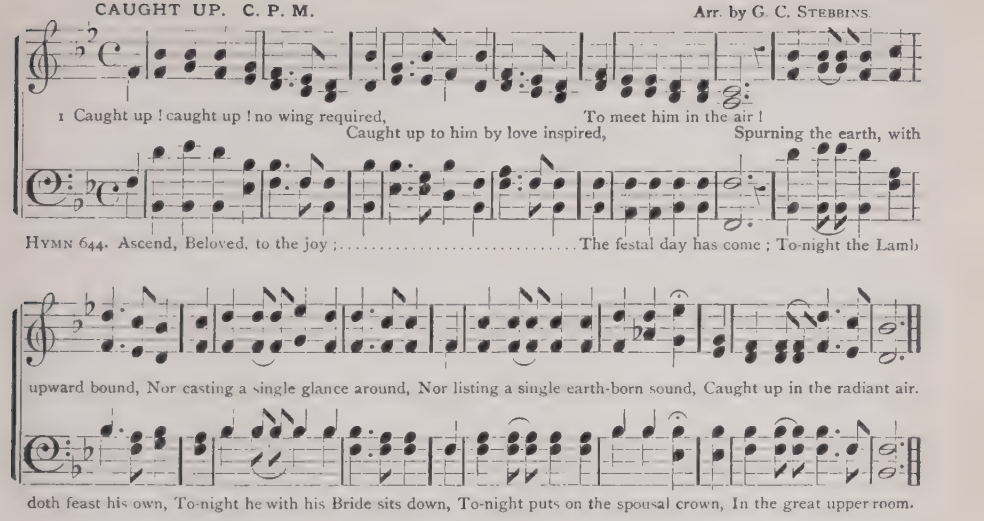
1 O, SHOUT for joy! let songs arise,
The Lamb that once was slain,
Will come in glory from the skies,
Upon the earth to reign. *Cho.*

2 The trumpet sounds; its awful voice
Is heard o'er land and sea;
And saints arising now rejoice
To live eternally. *Cho.*

3 Yes, they shall live forevermore,
Secure from toil and pain;
And on that bright and happy shore,
With their Redeemer reign. *Cho.*

4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
When David's rightful heir
Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
In glorious triumph there. *Cho.*

Unknown.



643.

1 THESS. 4: 17.

1 CAUGHT up! caught up! no wing required,
Caught up to him, by love inspired,
To meet him in the air!
Spurning the earth, with upward bound,
Nor casting a single glance around,
Nor listing a single earth-born sound,
Caught up in the radiant air!

2 Caught up, with rapture and surprise,
Caught up, our fond affections rise
Our coming Lord to meet;
Hearing the trumpet's glorious sound,
Soaring to join the rising crowd,
Gazing beyond the parted cloud.
Beneath his piercéd feet!

3 O blesséd, O thrice-blesséd word!
To be forever with the Lord,
In heavenly beauty fair!
Up, up! we long to hear the cry;
Up, up! our absent Lord draws nigh;
Yes, in the twinkling of an eye,
Caught up in the radiant air!

Times of Refreshing, 1870.

644.

REV. 19: 9.

1 ASCEND, Beloved, to the joy;
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own,
To-night he with his Bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown.
In the great upper room.

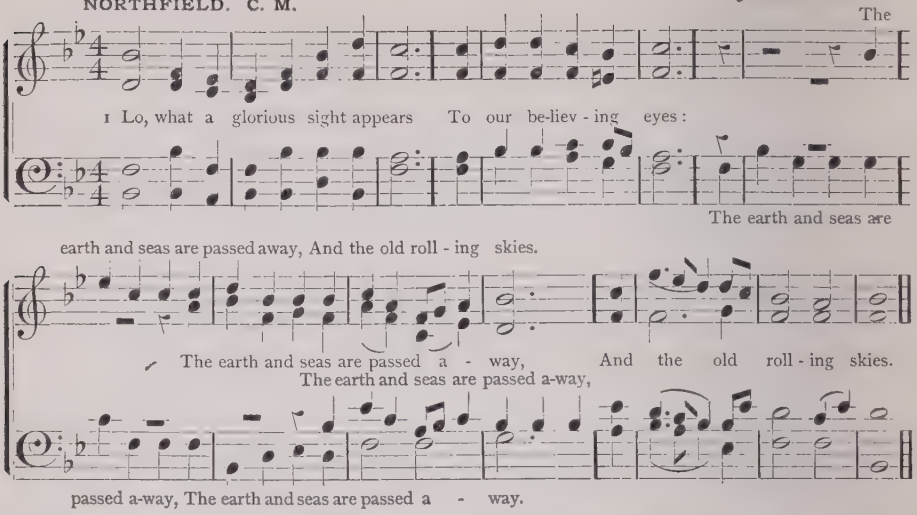
2 Sorrow and sighing are no more,
The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding-robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun;
The crown has come at last.

3 Ascend, Beloved, to the life;
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last has now become the first,
Forever, evermore.

4 Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice blest are they, the Lamb doth call,
To share the heavenly festival,
In the new Salem's palace hall,
Our everlasting home!

Horatius Bonar, 1870.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



645.

REV. 21: 1–4.

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes:
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

646.

1 HARK to the trump! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now;
And lo, the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.

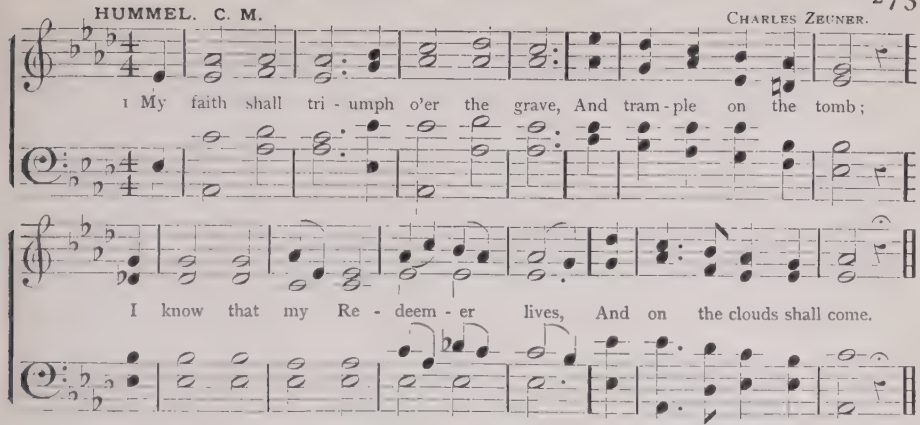
2 Changed in a moment, full of life,
The quick, the dead, arise,
Responsive to the angel's voice
That calls us to the skies.

3 Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.

4 O Lord, the bright and blessèd hope
That cheered us through the past,
Of full, eternal rest in thee,
Is all fulfilled at last.

5 Past conflict now, O Lord, 't is ours,
Through everlasting days,
To sing our songs of victory,
To thine eternal praise.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.



647. JOB 19: 25, 26.

2 I know that he shall soon appear
In power and glory meet,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour,
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day.

4 I in my flesh shall see my God,
When he on earth shall stand;
I shall with all his saints ascend
To dwell at his right hand.

Sabbath Hymn Book, 1858.

648.

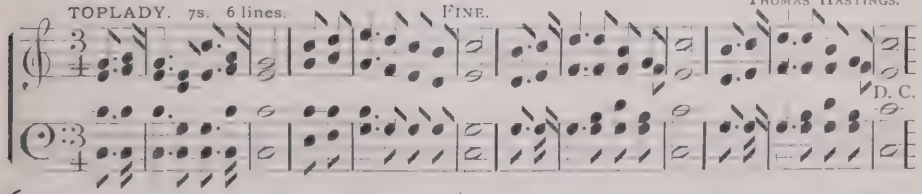
1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



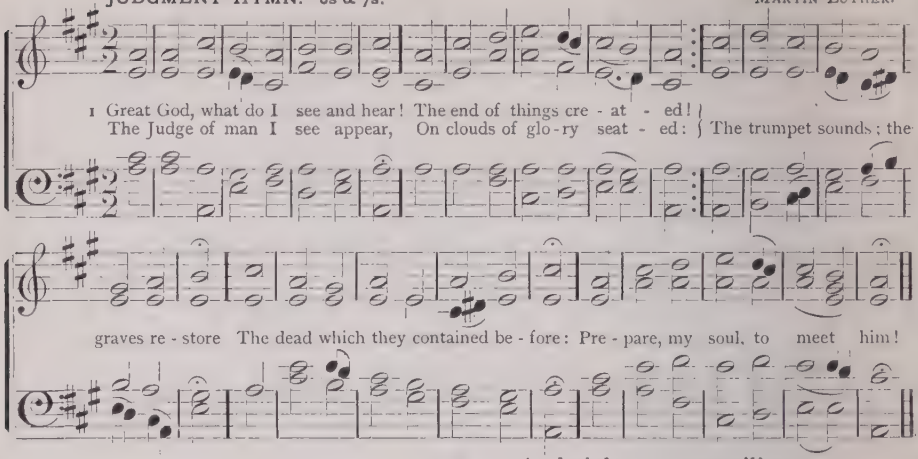
649.

1 EARTH to earth, and dust to dust, —
Lord, we own thy sentence just:
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom, —
All must moulder in the tomb.

2 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all thy people save;
Ransomed by thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

John H. Gurney, 1838.

JUDGMENT HYMN. 8s & 7s. MARTIN LUTHER.



650.
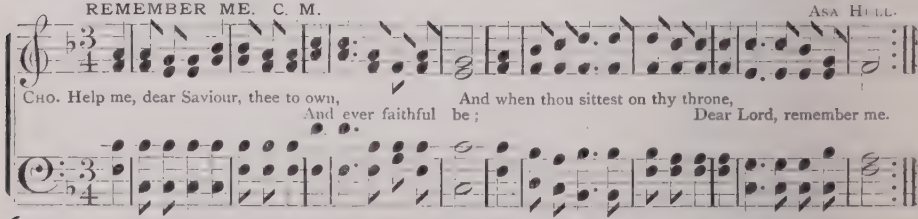
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
And greet the archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing:
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
They shake before the Judge's throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and drop thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring!
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Bartholomew Ringwaldt, 1585;
tr. by William Bengo Collyer, 1812, a.

REMEMBER ME. C. M. ASA HULL.



651.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test. *Cho.*

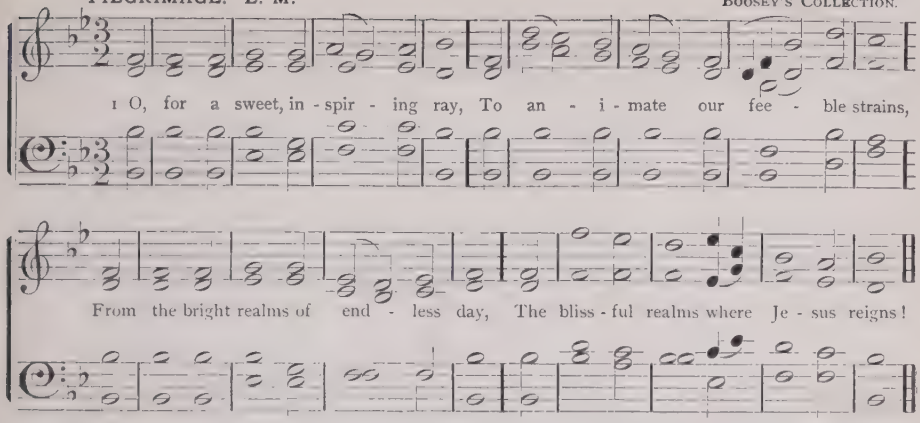
2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!" *Cho.*

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest. *Cho.*

4 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands! *Cho.*

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PILGRIMAGE. L. M. BOOSEY'S COLLECTION.



652.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

Anne Steele, 1760.

653.

1 O, FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand, [fall;
And thrones and powers before him
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

654.

1 LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

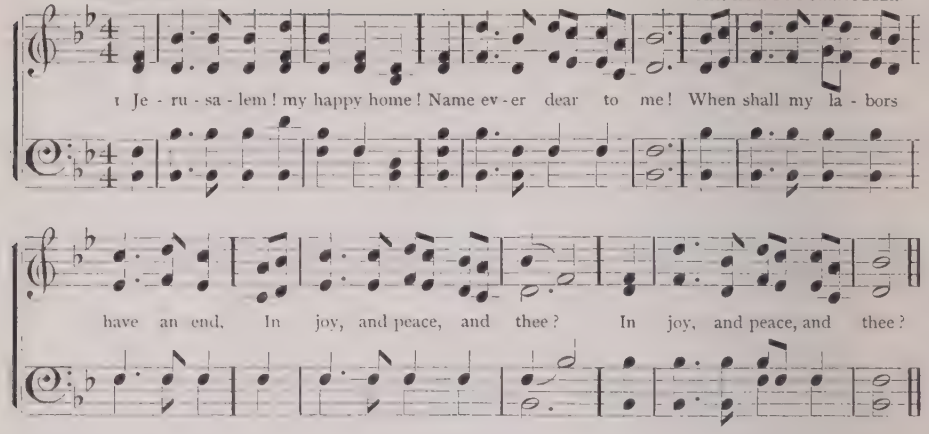
2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1837.

RHINE. C. M. Arr. from F. BURGMÜLLER.



655.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

Tr. from Latin hymn of 8th century, in Eckington Coll., 1790.

656.

1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

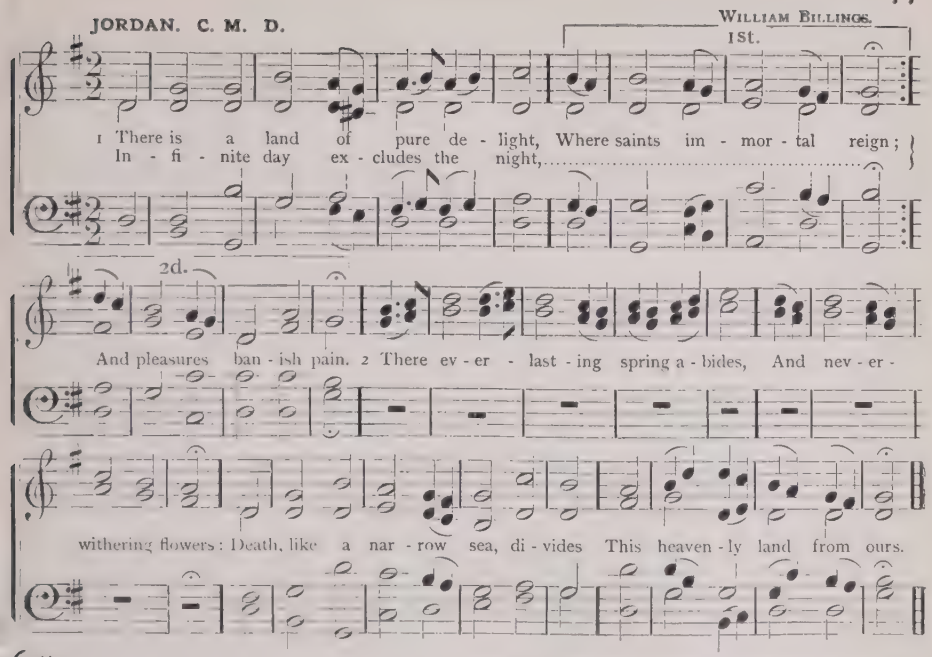
3 There congregate the sons of light,
Fair as the morning sky,
And taste of infinite delight
Beneath their Saviour's eye.

4 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

5 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

6 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life!

John East, 1836.



657.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

658.

1 On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

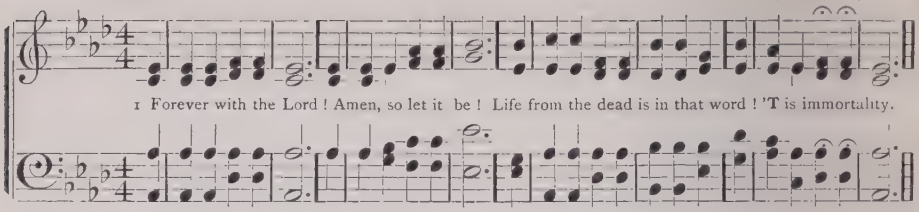
4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

PARNELL. S. M. L. VON BEETHOVEN.



659.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

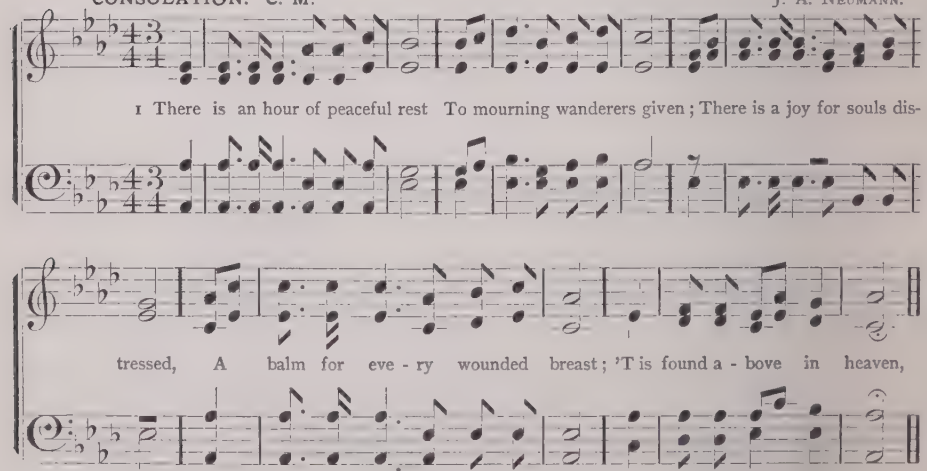
3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1825.

CONSOLATION. C. M. J. A. NEUMANN.
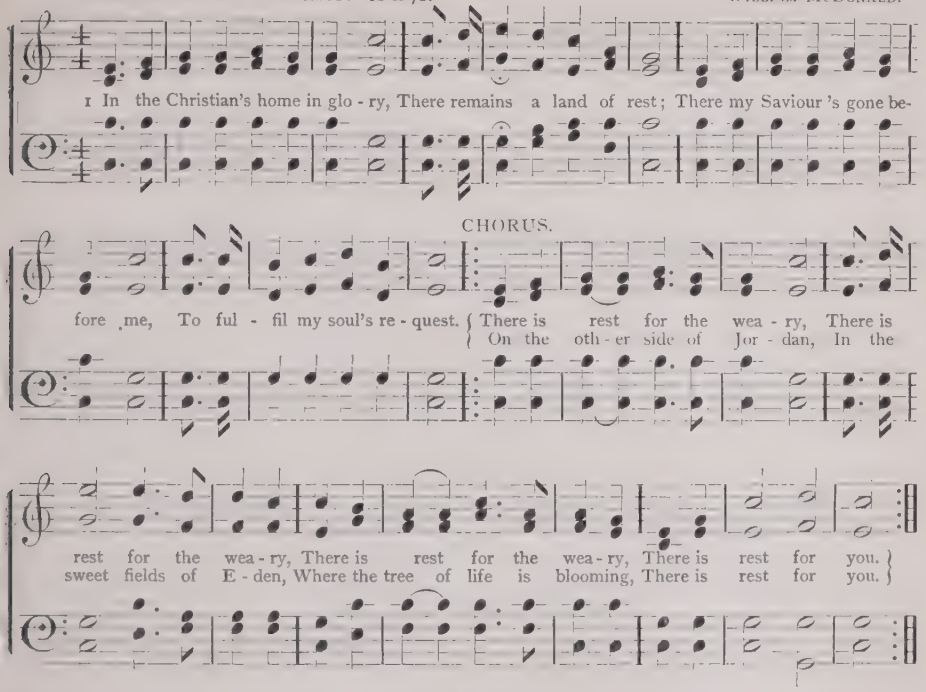


660.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, —
To brighter prospects given, —
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1829.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. WILLIAM MCDONALD.



661.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn! *Cho.*

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through. *Cho.*

Samuel Y. Harmer, 1856.

662.

1 THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home. *Cho.*

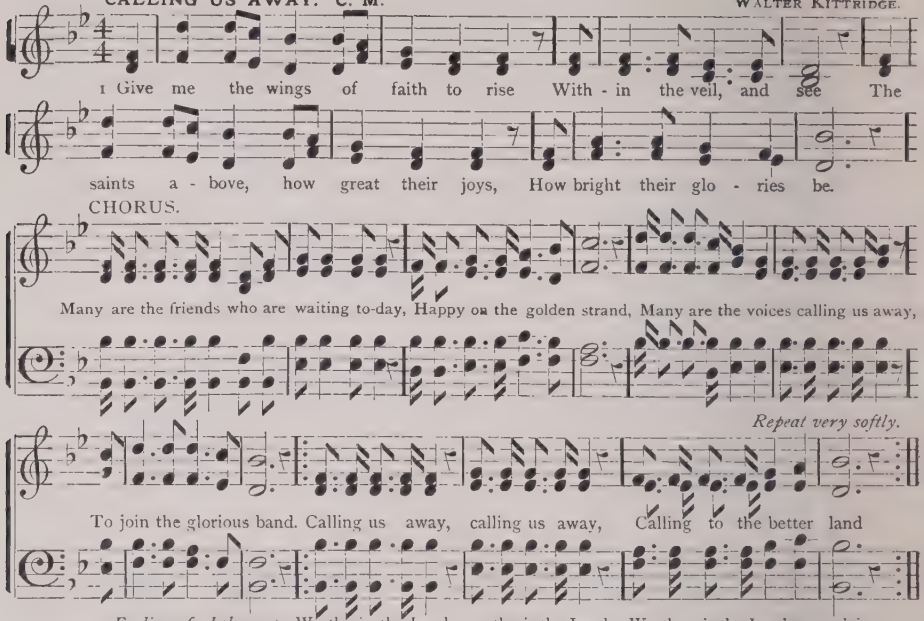
2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away. *Cho.*

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song. *Cho.*

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again. *Cho.*

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

CALLING US AWAY. C. M. WALTER KITTRIDGE.



663.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears. *Cho.*

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death. *Cho.*

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest. *Cho.*

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long crowd of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. *Cho.*

Isaac Watts, 1709.

664.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
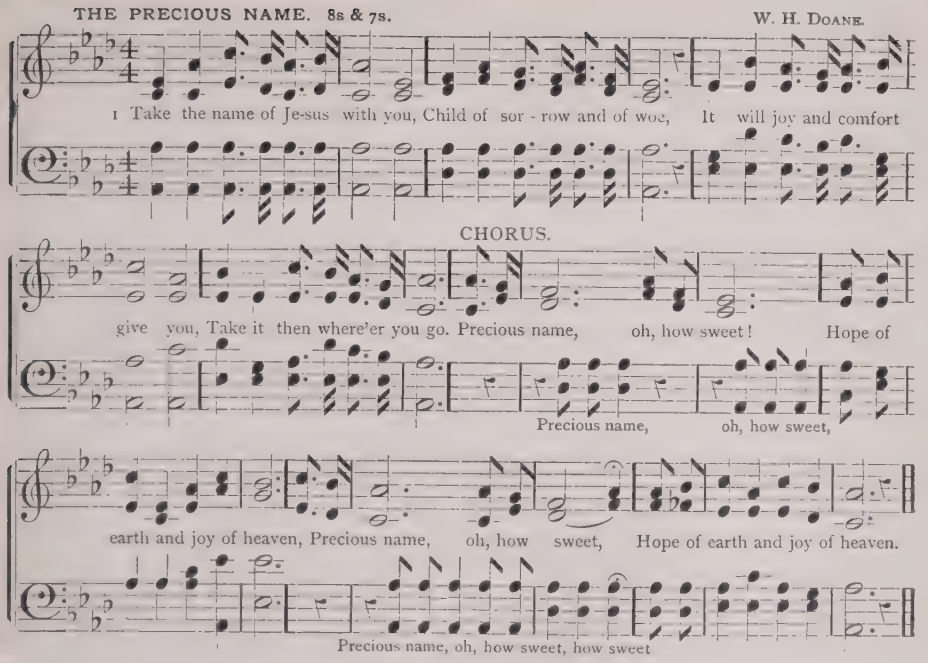
Cho. "Worthy is the Lamb that for sinners was slain,"
Thousands upon thousands cry;
"Blessing, honor, glory, wisdom, power, and strength,"
Let all our hearts reply.

2 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church triumphant's song. *Cho.*

3 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?" *Cho.*

4 Then hallelujah, power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven. *Cho.*

James Montgomery, 1825.



665.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
Cho.

3 O, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!
Cho.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

Lydia Baxter, 1873.

666.

1 HARK, the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Lord, to thee.

Cho. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

2 Multitudes which none can number,
Like the stars in glory, stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Victor-palms in every hand. *Cho.*

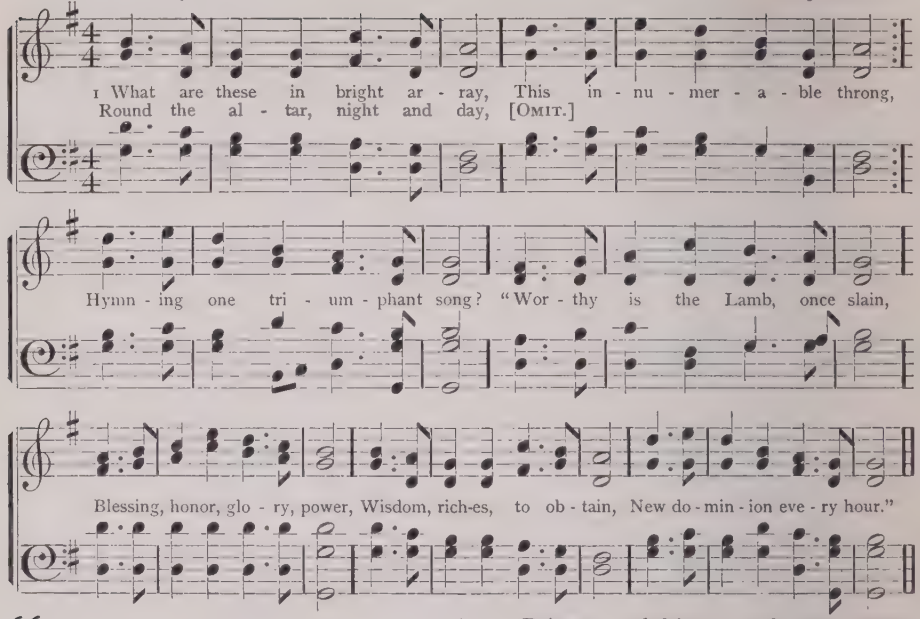
3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood.
Cho.

4 Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified. *Cho.*

5 Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity. *Cho.*

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

GLORY. 7s. D. L. J. HEROLD.



667.

REV. 7: 13.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819.

668.

REV. 7: 9.

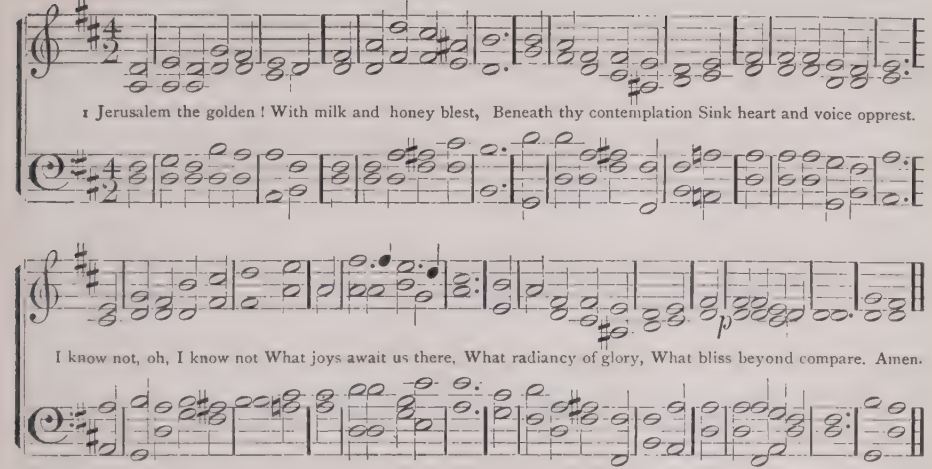
1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was their Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

3 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah, when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

James Montgomery, 1823.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. 7s & 6s. H. L. JENNER.



669.

1 JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Clugny, 1150; tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

670.

1 O, FOR the robes of whiteness !
O, for the tearless eyes !
O, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies !

2 O, for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

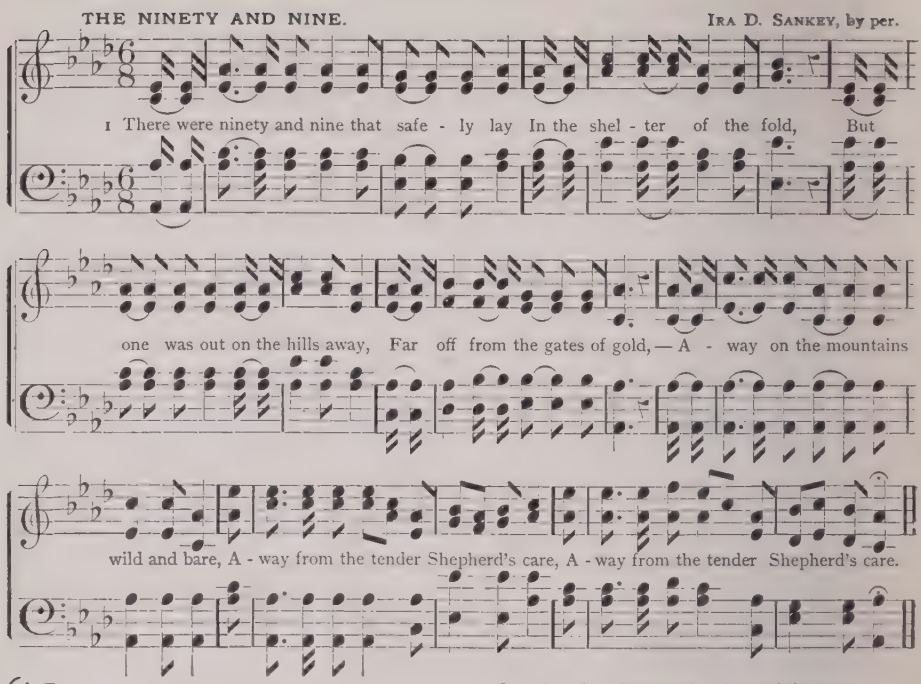
3 O, for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet !
O, for the rest of lying
Forever at his feet !

4 O, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place !

5 Jesus, thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee ;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.

6 Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter,
E'en now, before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On thee, and thee alone.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1861.



671.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

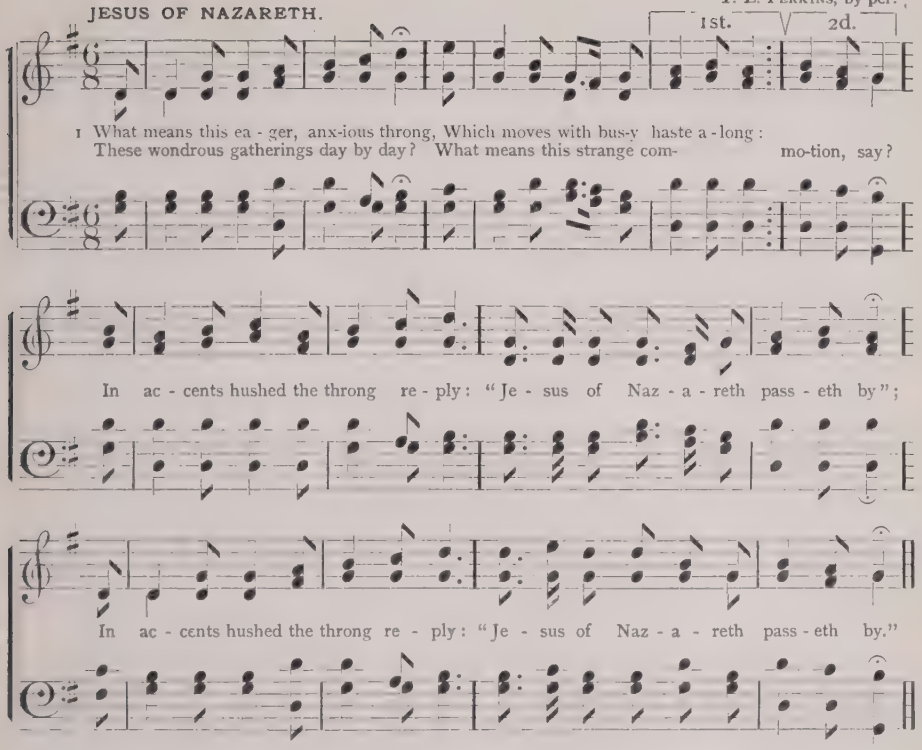
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



672.

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 't is he who once below
Man's pathway trod, mid pain and woe:
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place,
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold — nay,
He enters, condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here 's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there 's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late, too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

Emma Campbell, 1871.

1. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

2. C. M.

Honor and glory, power and praise,
To Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, be paid always,
The Eternal Three in One.

J. H. Newman, 1840.

3. S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

4. 7s.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

Thomas Scott, 1769.

5. 7s.

Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word:
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

6. 8s & 7s.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above.

Unknown.

7. 8s & 7s. D.

Praise the God of all creation:
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

8. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Glory be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

9. H. M.

O God, forever blest,
To thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so forevermore.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

10. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

11. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady, 1696, a.

12. 6s & 4s.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

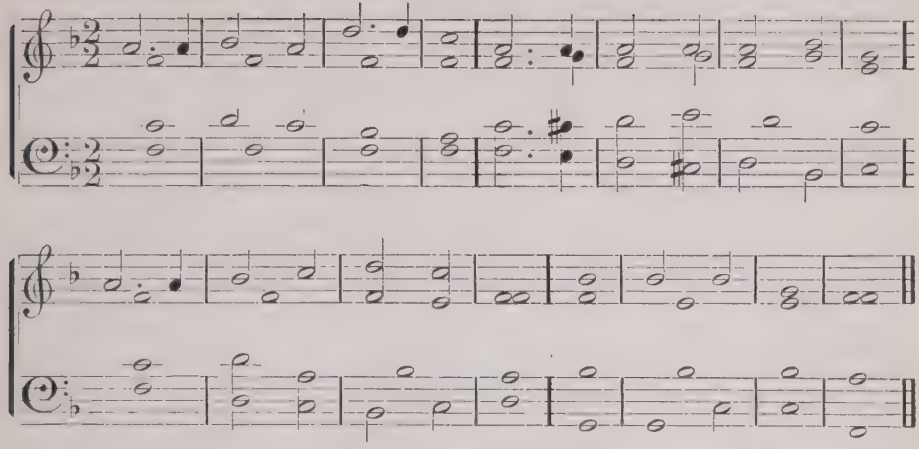
E. F. Hatfield, 1843.

13. 11s.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addrest,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Unknown.

1. MISERERE. W. H. MONK.



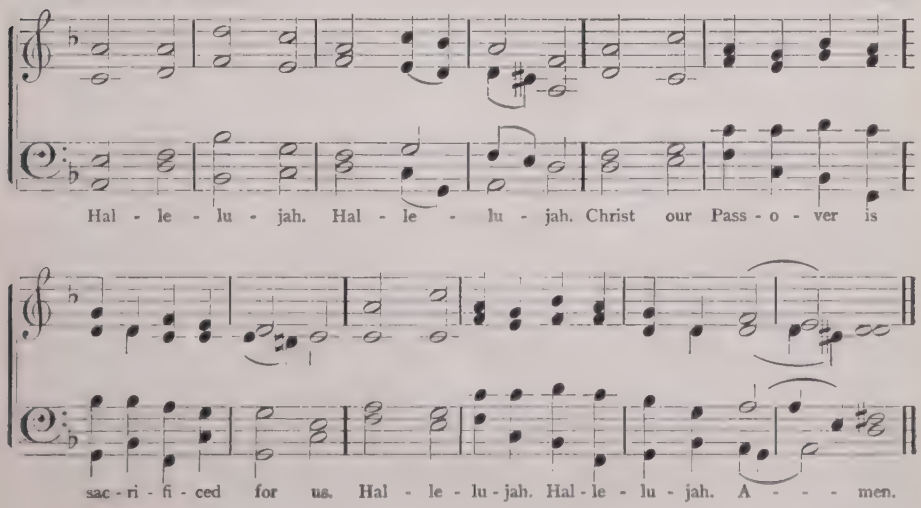
1 O God the Father in heaven, have | mercy | up-on | us. ‖

2 O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have | mer-cy | up-on | us. ‖

3 O God the Holy Ghost, have | mer-cy | up-on | us, ‖ and | grant us | thy | peace. ‖

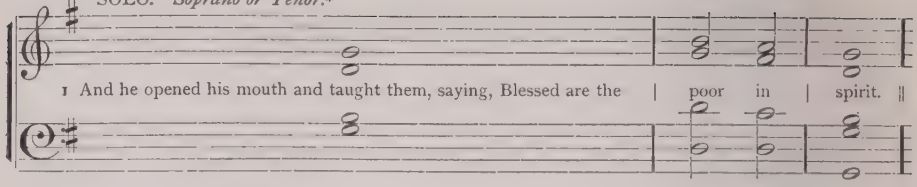
2.

PASCHA NOSTRUM. M. WEISS.

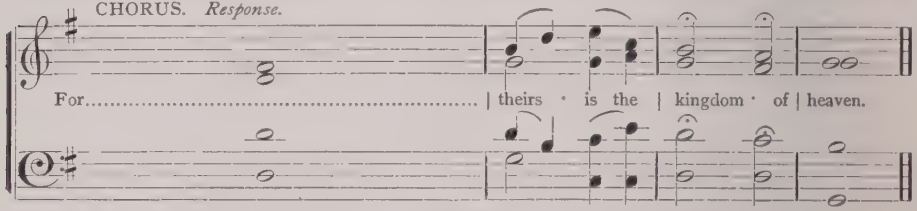


3. THE BEATITUDES.

SOLO. *Soprano or Tenor.**



CHORUS. *Response.*



* *Or by the whole choir.*

2 Blessed are | they that | mourn, ‖ For | they · shall be | com- — | forted.

3 Blessed | are the | meek: ‖ For | they · shall in- | herit · the | earth.

4 Blessed are they which do hunger and | thirst · after | righteousness: ‖ For | they shall | be — | filled.

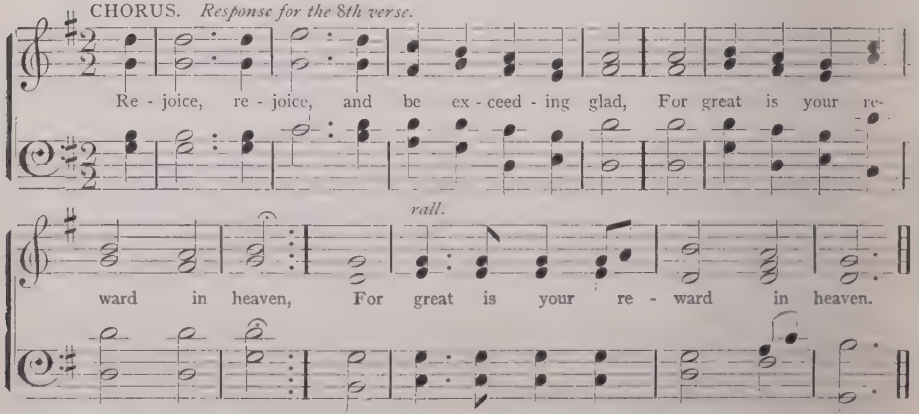
5 Blessed | are the | merciful; ‖ For | they · shall ob- | tain — | mercy.

6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart: ‖ For | they shall | see — | God.

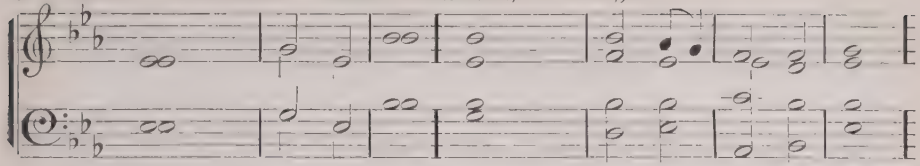
7 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteousness' | sake: ‖ For | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.

8 Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, | for my | sake. ‖

CHORUS. *Response for the 8th verse.*

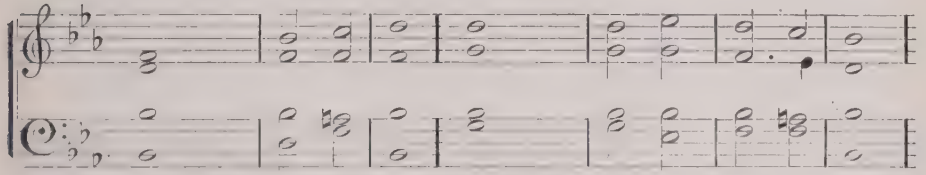


4. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Ascribed to TELESPHORUS, A. D. 128–139.



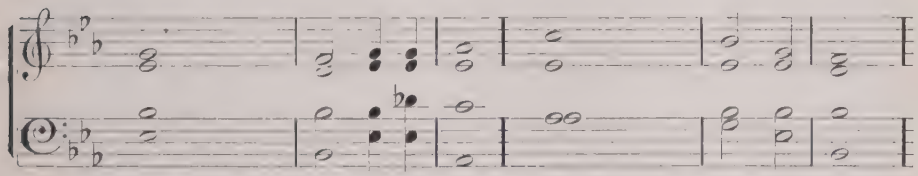
1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory,



3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

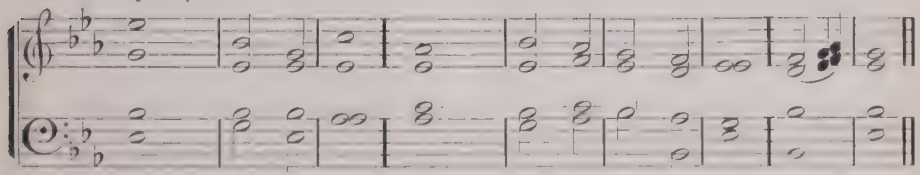


5 That takest away the | sins · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.

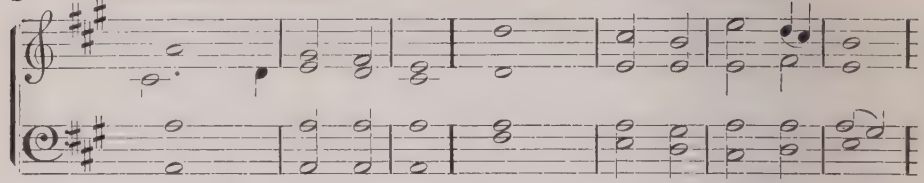
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.



9 For thou | only · art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord;

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

5. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

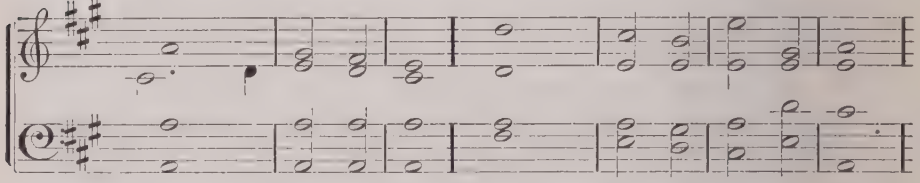


1 We praise | thee, O | God ; ‖ we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord ; (2)

3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, ‖ the heavens, and | all the | powers · there- | in. (4)

6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise — | thee ; ‖ the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — | thee ; (7)

8 The Father of an | infi-nite | majesty ; thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son ; (9)
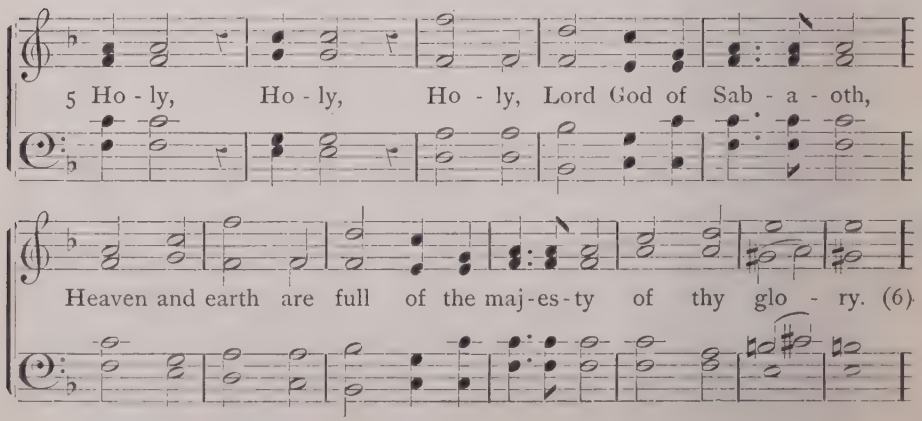


2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, ‖ the | Father | ever- | lasting. (3)

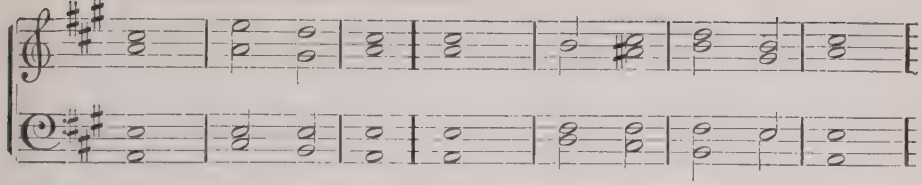
4 To thee cherubim and | sera- | phim ‖ con- | tinual- | ly do | cry, (5)

7 The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee ; ‖ the Holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee, (8)

9 Also the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ the | Com- | fort- | er. (10)



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Concluded.



10 Thou art the King of | glory, · O | Christ; ‖ thou art the ever- | lasting | Son · of the | Father.

11 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin.

12 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death, ‖ thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.

13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, ‖ in the | glory | of the | Father.

14 We believe that | thou shalt | come, ‖ shalt | come to | be our | Judge.

15 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

16 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, ‖ in | glory | ever- | lasting.

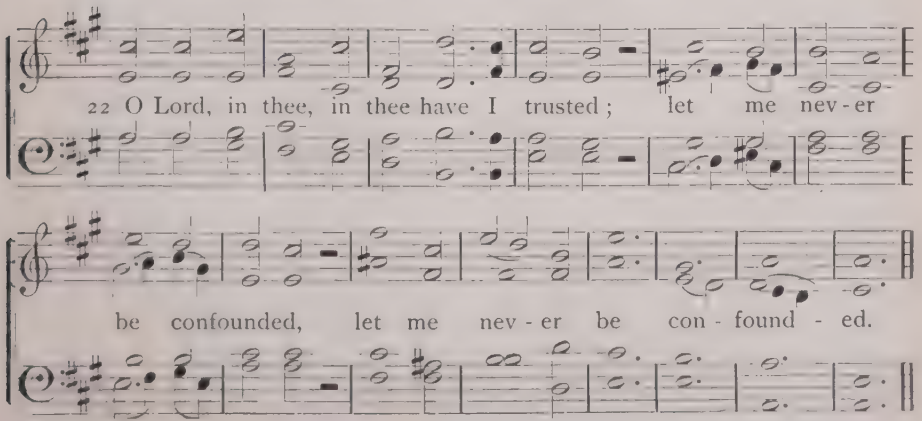
17 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; ‖ govern them, and | lift them | up for- | ever.

18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee, ‖ and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out — | end.

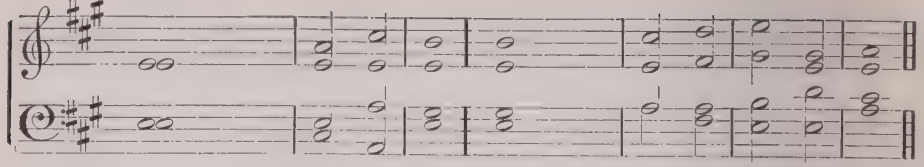
19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, ‖ to keep us | this day | without | sin.

20 O Lord, have | mercy · up- | on us, ‖ have | mercy | up-on | us.

21 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, ‖ as our | trust — | is in | thee.



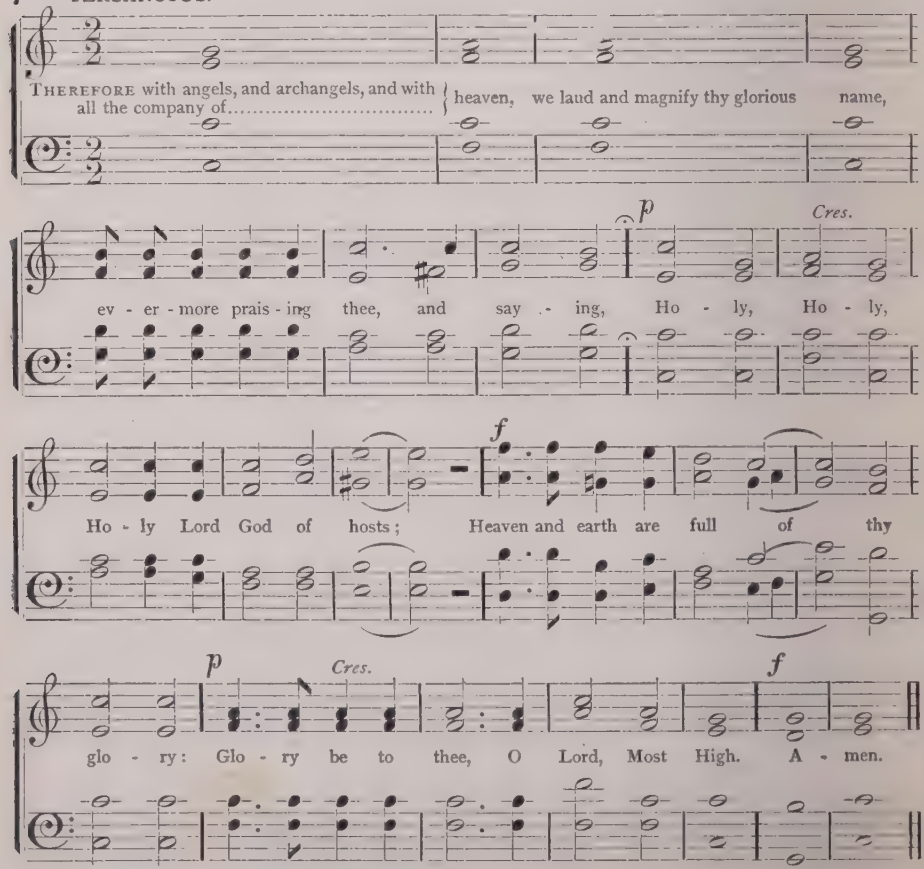
6. TRISAGION.



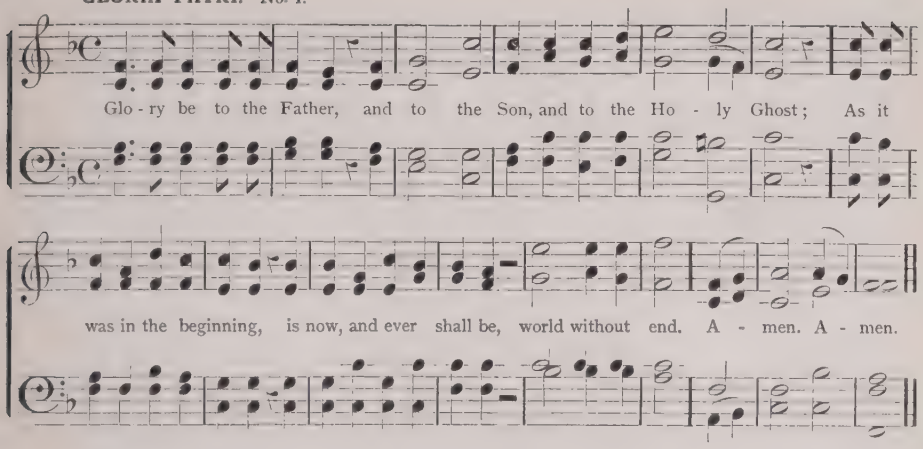
1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and earth are full | of thy | glory.

2 Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Ho- | sanna | in the | highest!

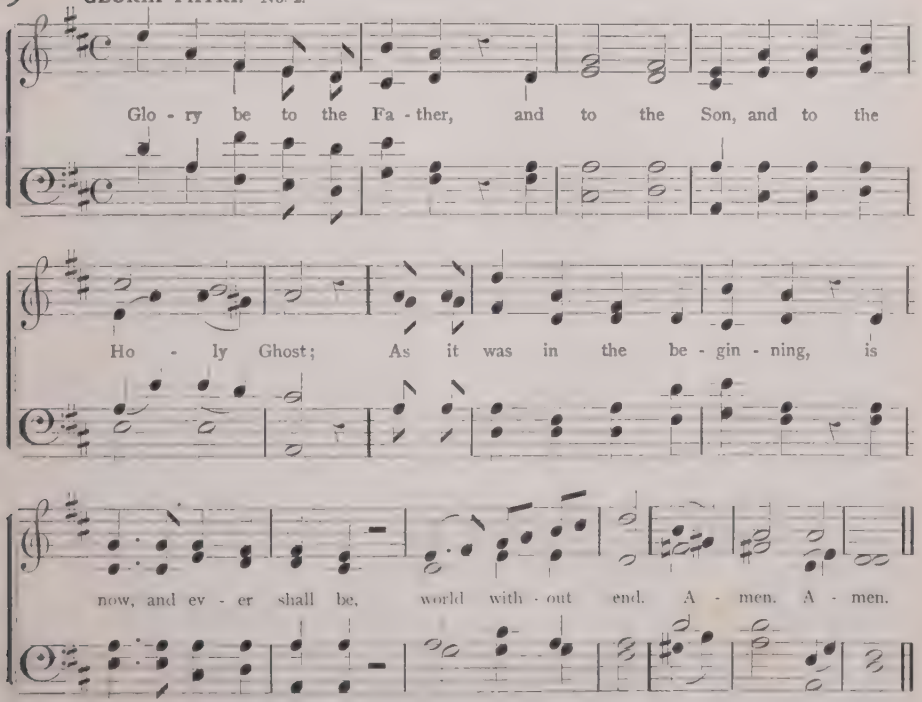
7. TERSANCTUS.



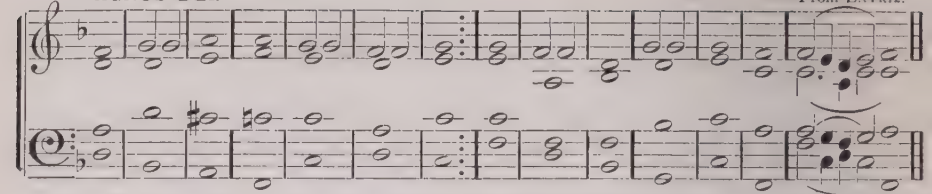
8. GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.



9. GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

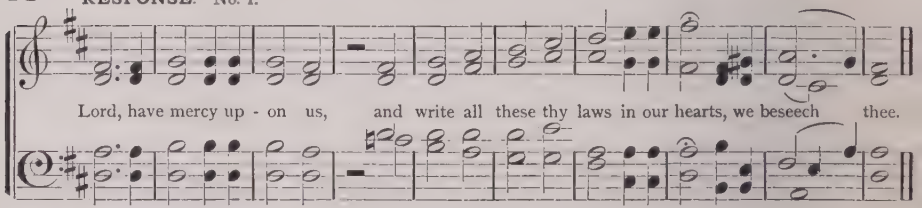


10. AGNUS DEI. From LAVRIZ.

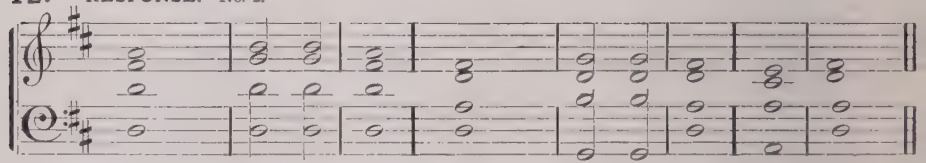


1 O CHRIST, thou Lamb of God, that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have | mercy | upon | us. ‖
2 O Christ, thou Lamb of God, that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have | mercy | upon | us. ‖
3 O Christ, thou Lamb of God, that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ grant us | thy | peace. ‖ A- men. ‖

11. RESPONSE. No. 1.
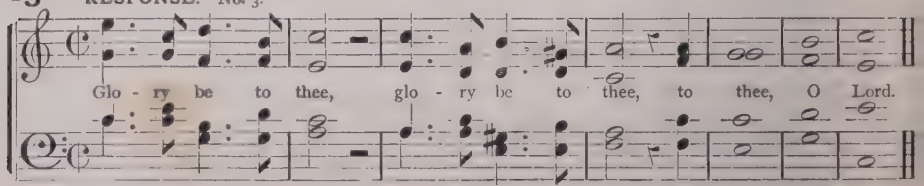


12. RESPONSE. No. 2.

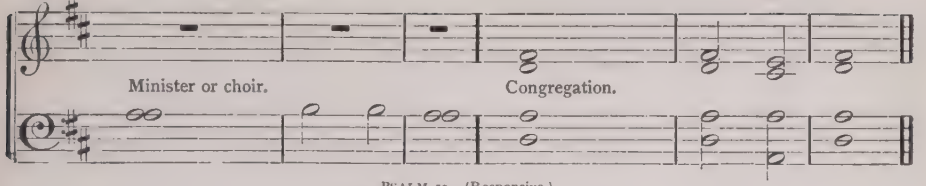


1 THE law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting · the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making | wise the | simple.
2 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing · the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, en- | lightening · the | eyes.
3 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during · for- | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous | alto- | gether.
4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the | honey- | comb.
5 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned:
And in keeping of them there is | great re- | ward. Amen.

13. RESPONSE. No. 3.



14. THE HEAVENS DECLARE.



PSALM 19. (Responsive.)

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God ; —
and the firmament showeth his | handy- | work.

2 *Day unto day uttereth speech, —*
and night unto | night · showeth | knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language where
their | voice · is not | heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, —*
and their words to the | end · of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
and rejoiceth as a strong man to | run · a | race.

6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, —*
and his circuit to the ends of it, —
and there is nothing hid from the | heat · there- | of.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, —
con- | verting · the | soul.
The testimony of the Lord is sure, —
making | wise · the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, —
re- | joicing · the | heart.
The commandment of the Lord is pure, —
en- | lightening · the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, —
en- | during · for- | ever.
The judgments of the Lord are true, —
and | righteous · al- | together.

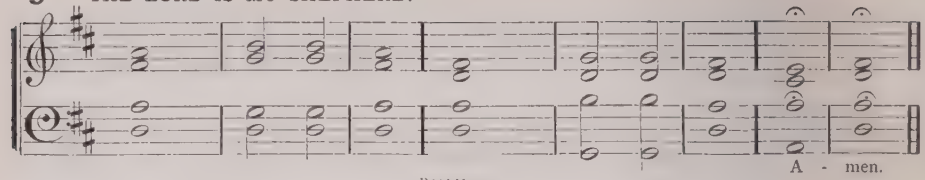
10 More to be desired are they than gold, —
yea, than much fine gold ; —
sweeter also than honey and the | honey- | comb.

11 *Moreover, by them is thy servant warned ; —*
and in keeping of them there is | great · re- | ward.

12 Who can understand his errors ? |
cleanse thou me from | se · cret | faults.

13 *Let the words of my mouth,*
and the meditations of my heart, —
be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, —
my strength and my Re- | deemer. A- | men.

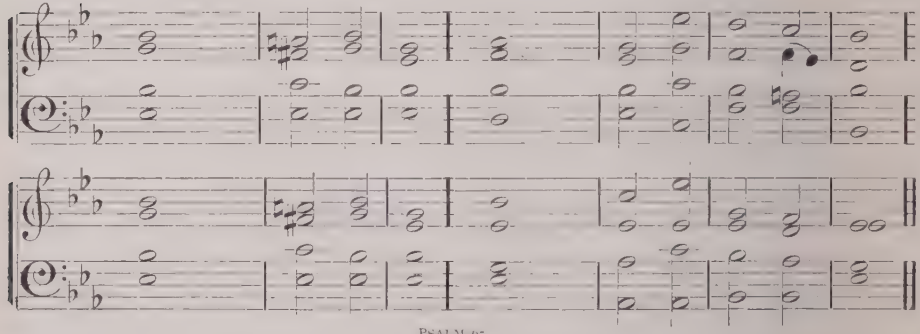
15. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.



PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd ; — I | shall not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; —
He leadeth me beside the | still — | waters.
3 He restoreth my soul ; - he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his | name's — | sake.
4 Yea, — though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil ; — for thou art with me ; —
thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: —
thou anointest my head with oil ; — my | cup · runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; —
and I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever.

16. GOD BE MERCIFUL.

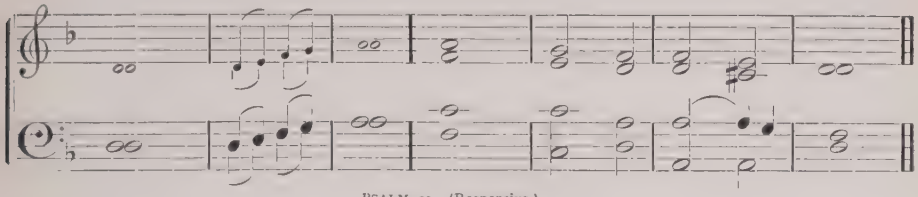


PSALM 67.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us ;
2 That thy way may be | known · upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
4 O, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy :
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.

7 God | shall — | bless us ;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— | him.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

17. LORD, OUR DWELLING-PLACE.



PSALM 90. (Responsive.)

1 LORD, thou hast been our | dwelling- | place
In | all — | gener- | ations.

2 *Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the | earth · and the | world,*
Even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction ;
And sayest, re- | turn, ye | children · of | men.

4 *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday | when · it is | past,*
And as a | watch — | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are | as a | sleep :
In the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 *In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up ;*
In the evening it is cut | down, and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger,
And by thy | wrath — | are we | troubled.

8 *Thou hast set our iniquities | before | thee,*
Our secret sins in the | light · of thy | counte- | nance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath :
We spend our years as a | tale — | that is | told.

10 *The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be | fourscore | years,*
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a- | way.

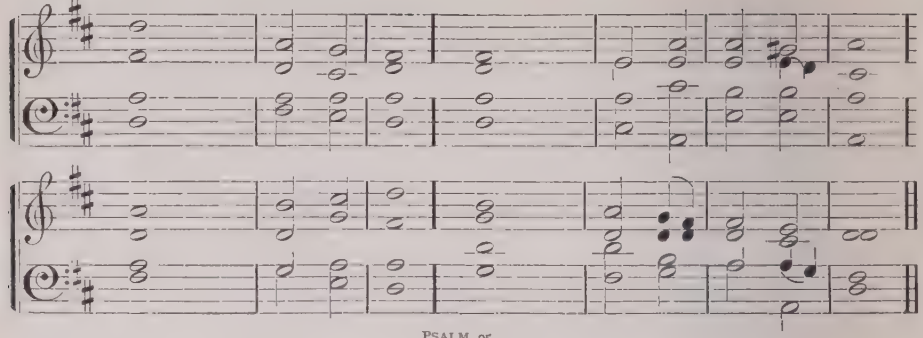
11 Who knoweth the power | of thine | anger ?
Even according to thy fear, | so — | is thy | wrath.

12 *So teach us to | number · our | days,*
That we may apply our | hearts — | unto | wisdom.

13 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

14 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

18. O COME, LET US SING.



PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving;
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God;
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his, | and he | made it;
And his hands pre- | pared the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us worship, | and fall | down,
And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker:
7 For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture and the | sheep of | his — | hand.
8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him:
9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | with-out | end. A- | men.

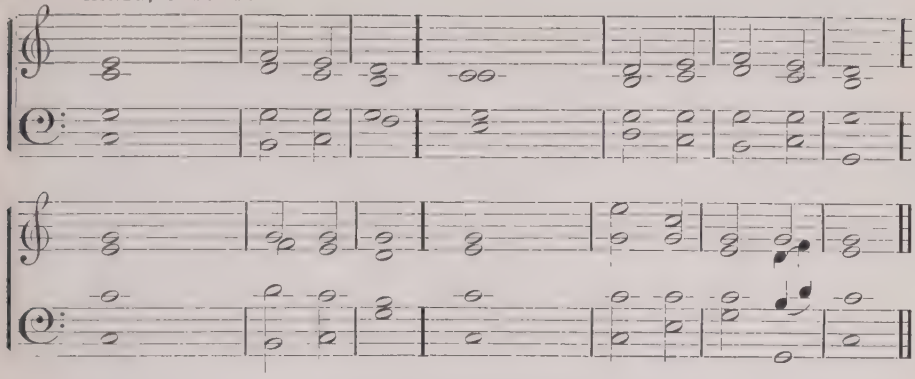
19.

PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, | which made | heaven · and | earth.
2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.
3 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon | thy right | hand:
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor the | moon by | night.
4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,
and | even · for | ever | more.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

20. ARISE, O LORD.



PSALMS 132 and 24. (Dedication.)

1 ARISE, O Lord, | into · thy | rest;
Thou, and the | ark — | of thy | strength.

2 Let thy priests be clothed with | righteous- | ness;
And let thy | saints — | shout for | joy.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord,
Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure — | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto | vanity, · nor | sworn de- | ceitfully,

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors:
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.

7 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord — | mighty · in | battle.

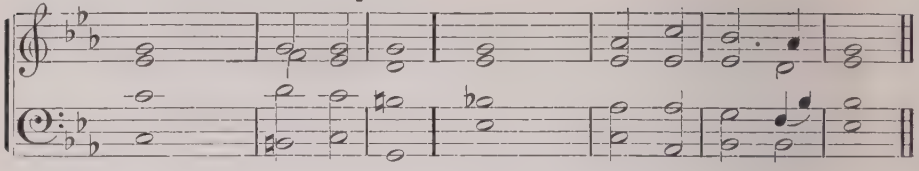
8 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors,
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.

9 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, | he · is the | King of | glory.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

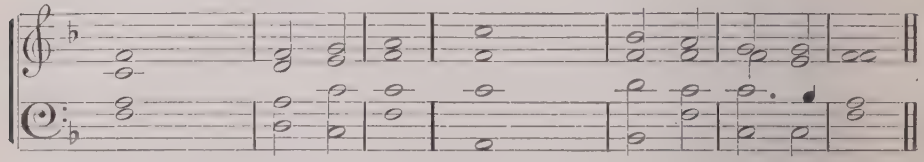
21. HE IS DESPISED AND REJECTED.



ISAIAH 53.

1 He is despised and re- | jected of | men;
A man of sorrows, | and ac- | quainted · with | grief:
2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from him;
He was despised, and | we es- | teemed him | not.
3 Surely he hath borne our griefs and | carried · our | sorrows;
Yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten · of | God, · and af- | flicted.
4 But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions,
He was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities.
5 The chastisement of our peace | was up- | on him;
And with | his stripes | we are | healed.
6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray;
We have turned every | one to | his own | way;
7 And the Lord hath | laid on | him
The in- | iqui-ty | of us | all.
8 When thou shalt make his soul an | offering · for | sin,
He shall see his seed, he | shall pro- | long his | days;
9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper | in his | hand.
He shall see of the travail of his soul, and | shall be | satis- | fied.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

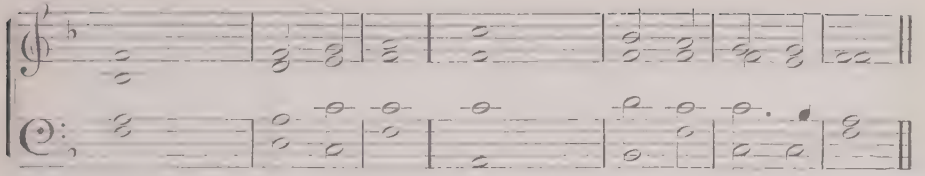
22. BLESSED BE THE LORD.



LUKE 1: 68–71.

1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel,
For he has visited | and re- | deemed his | people;
2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us,
In the house | of his | servant | David;
3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

23. BURIED WITH CHRIST. (Baptismal.)



1 BURIED with Christ by | baptism · unto | death, —
We rise in the | likeness · of his | resur- | rection.

2 If ye then be | risen · with | Christ,
Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the | right — | hand of | God.

3 For as many as have been baptized into Christ, have | put on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your | spirit, | which are | God's.

4 Reckon ye yourselves to be dead in- | deed · unto | sin, —
But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

5 If we be dead with him, we shall also | live with | him;
If we suffer with him, we shall | also | reign with | him.

6 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose | sin is | covered.
Blessed is the man to whom the Lord im- | puteth | not in- | iquity.

24.

1 Go ye therefore, and | teach all | nations, —
Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the | Holy | Ghost.

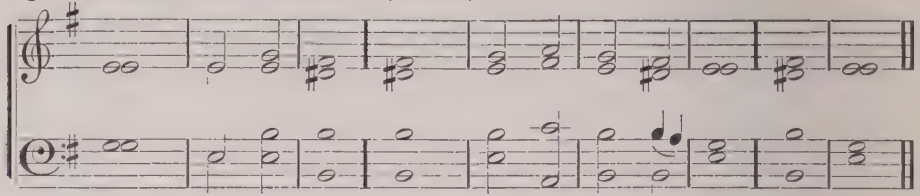
2 Repent, and be baptized every | one of | you
In the name of Christ, for the re- | mission | of — | sins.

3 Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the | name · of the | Lord.
For thus it becometh us to ful- | fil all | righteous- | ness.

4 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

5 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

25. BLESSED ARE THE DEAD. (Funeral.)



1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord, from | henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.

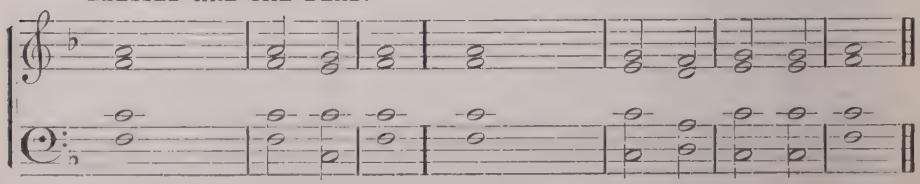
2 For if we believe that Jesus died and | rose a- | gain,
Even so them also which sleep in Jesus | will God | bring with | him.

3 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the | trump of | God:
And the dead in | Christ — | shall rise | first.

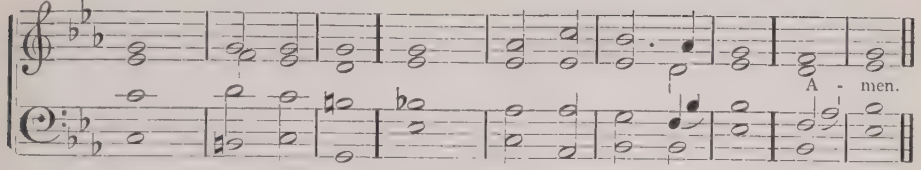
4 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection:
On such the second death | hath no | power;
But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
And shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.

5 Unto him that loved us,
And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father;
To him be glory and do- | minion · for- | ever · and | ever. A- | men.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.



26. I AM THE RESURRECTION.



1 MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and | full of | trouble;
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow | and con- | tinu · eth | not.

2 It is appointed unto men | once to | die,
But | after | this the | judgment.

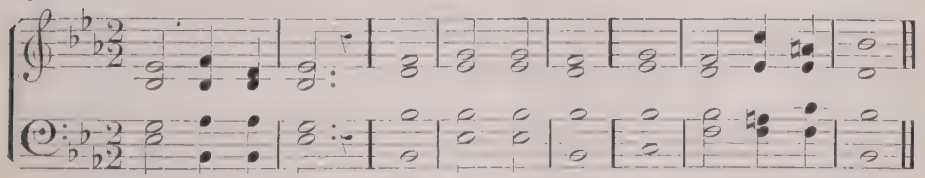
3 I am the Resurrection | and the | Life;
He that believeth in me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.

4 And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall | never | die.
Be- | lievest | thou — | this?

5 Death is swallowed | up in | victory.
O death, where is thy sting? O | grave, where | is thy | victory?

6 The sting of death is sin, and the strength of | sin · is the | law.
But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our | Lord — | Jesus | Christ. | A- | men.

27. THY WILL BE DONE.
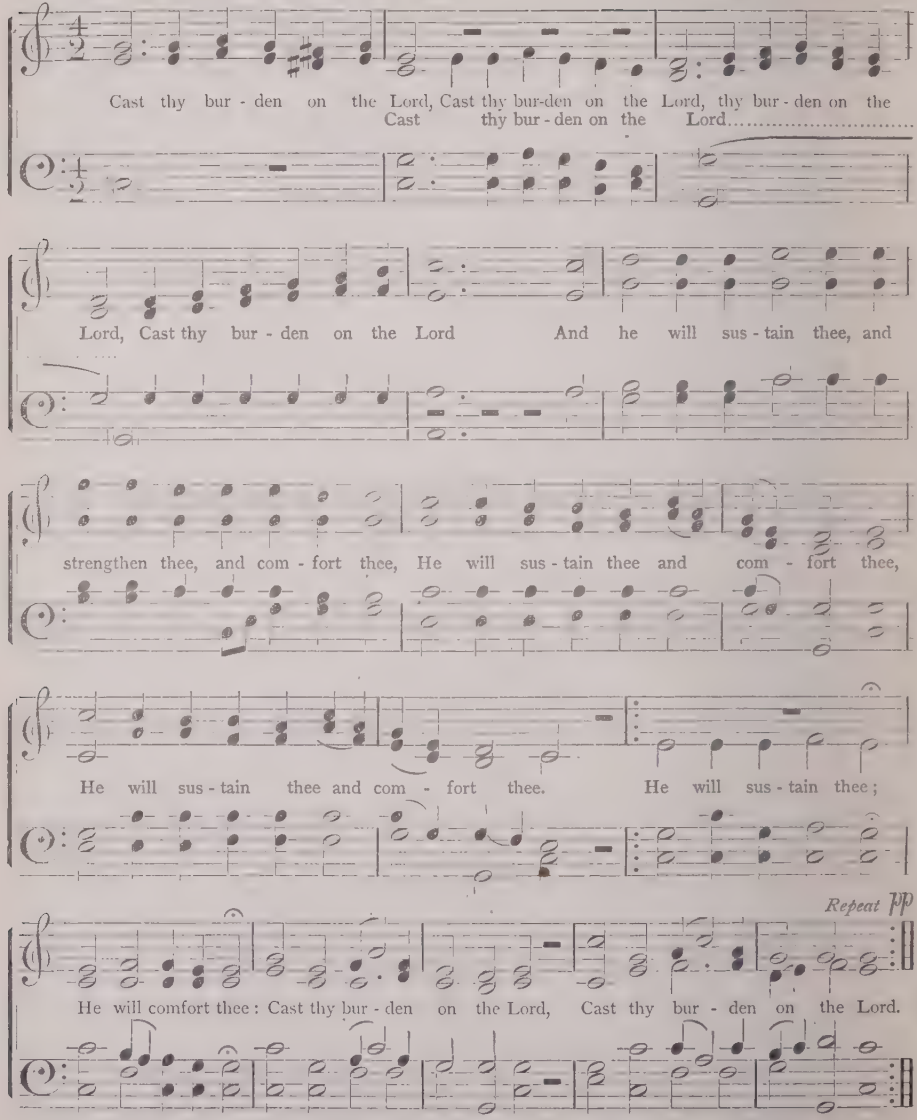


1 "THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine: |
"Thy will be | done."

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort — one
Is ours; to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

(*Close by repeating the first two measures:* "*Thy will be done.*")

28. CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD. W. B. BRADBURY, by per.



PSALM 55 : 22.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

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[Tunes marked (*) are prepared expressly for this work. Others have been contributed, or purchased, and cannot be taken without permission.]

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